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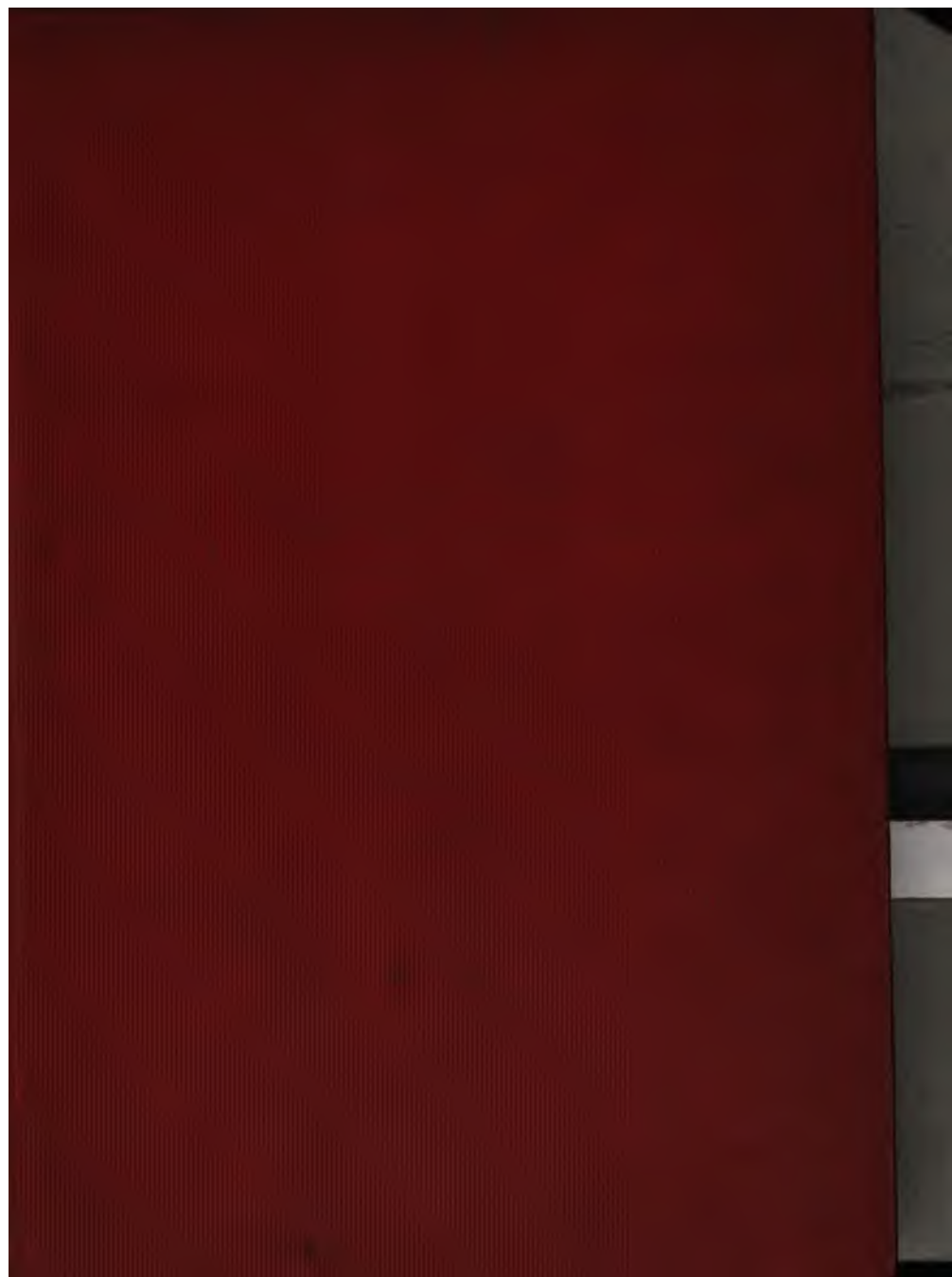
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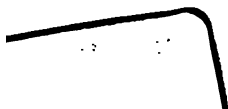
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**LIGHT AND SHADE**

**OR**

**THE YOUNG ARTIST**

**A TALE**



# LIGHT AND SHADE

OR

## THE YOUNG ARTIST

A TALE

BY

ANNA HARRIET DRURY

AUTHORESS OF EASTBURY



LONDON

WILLIAM PICKERING

1853

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## LIGHT AND SHADE,

OR

### THE YOUNG ARTIST.

#### CHAPTER I.



HE afternoon service was being performed in Elchester Cathedral: the rays of a clear May sunshine were glancing athwart the pillars of the nave, where several knots of individuals were lingering before the dark elaborate screen, to enjoy the melody of the anthem without the fatigue of any previous devotion. And yet the strain to which they thus carelessly listened, mellowed in the echoes of the distance, and blending with the exquisitely modulated organ chords, was of that nature which strikes direct into the spiritual part of man—lifting him, as the sun draws the vapour from the soil, up from the vexations and ambitions of a passing existence, to the lofty steadfastness of eternal promise. Slow, simple, was the construction of the air, and sung but by one voice; but that one a boy's,

full, clear, accurate, as none but a well-trained voice can be—earnest, thrilling, impassioned, as can be that of genius alone. Whoever the chorister was, it was evident the city of Elchester possessed a musical wonder of no small merit, and several heads nodded approval, and several sturdy elbows telegraphed, in the manner peculiar to themselves, their secret comments on what they heard and knew. No one spoke, however, till the service ceased.

“Old Warden may well be proud of his boy,” said one to his neighbour, as they moved down the nave.

“Ah, something to be proud of at last must be new life to the old grumbler,” was the reply: “he has been holding up his head for nothing so long, I wonder how high it is now. If he was a Duke or a Dean, he couldn’t think more of himself than as old Mat Warden the watchmaker. Hulloo, friend, where are you coming to? I aint so stout as they say I am, but I’m big enough not to be tumbled over, too.”

“I beg your pardon,” said the person addressed, a young man with all the appearance of a walking traveller—a sketchbook under one arm, and a knapsack slung behind him, “I believe I ran the greater risk of the two; it is as well I have not much further to go, for my foot will remember yours for a week.”

“And by the same rule, my eye remembers yours: sure, it’s young Mr. Ryder, and no mistake,” said the stout man, thrusting out a hand, whose dimensions we should be afraid to calculate, “bless you, I tread as

light as a fly—but you were blind, or star-gazing, or something, and got under my feet. Hope you're not hurt, eh? and where have you been? book full of drawings, eh? fuller than the purse, I'll warrant. Well, you're welcome back to the old place, full or empty."

"Thank you, Mr. Goss: it is flattering to be remembered, and pleasant to be welcomed. I shall pay you an early visit. You ~~were~~ mentioning the Wardens, I think, just now, were you not? Are they all well?"

"No: the wife's gone to rest," said Mr. Goss, lowering his voice, which had raised itself higher than was quite becoming the aisle of a sanctuary, "and not before she needed it, poor soul: the old man is as stiff-backed as ever, though he is my friend: his own shop never owned a rustier, crustier, mustier piece of goods, that nothing will rub smooth or hammer soft. I was just saying—bless me! I had no idea they were so near. I hope they didn't hear me."

"Who?" whispered young Ryder, hastily.

"Why, *them*,"—pointing to two respectably dressed women, passing on the other side of the pillars; one, blind and feeble, leaning on the other's younger arm, "Marian Warden and her aunt. That blind woman comes to church every day, reg'lar, and her sister and that lassie take turns to give her an arm. But where are you off to now, before I have asked you to supper? Oh, I see: well, there, please yourself, and I suppose you'll live the longer."

Ryder did not wait for this encouragement : he was by the side of the watchmaker's daughter as she passed through the cathedral doors. "*Marian!*" It needed but that word, and a bright, glowing, half-frightened, glad face turned to greet his own. "Oh, goodness me! Edward—Mr. Ryder—where did you spring from?" and then more sparkling tears than are usually exposed to public view.

Two years had passed since they took leave beneath the shadow of those holy walls; and in two years how much of change for evil and for good may sweep over the hearts of beings making their first entrance on the contest of life? Two years, of roving and variety, and bold exertion on his part—of patient, silent, yet often weary waiting on hers: and now they were again together, side by side, hand meeting hand, and before a question had been answered, or a word of love exchanged, both knew all between them was as true and stedfast as ever. Marian's tears dried up as suddenly as they had flowed, and she was able to give a cheerful, though rather hurried explanation, to the somewhat startled companion leaning on her arm.

"It is Mr. Edward Ryder, aunt Susan, who used to lodge with us, you know: he has been away for two years; don't you remember him?"

"To be sure I do: I should know his voice among a thousand," said aunt Susan, turning her face in the direction where she supposed him to be; "he told me when he went away, he should come back with a for-

tune. I hope he has kept his word." The young couple exchanged a look of half-sorrowful meaning, before Ryder answered, "I promised to come back at any rate: with a fortune if I could—if I could *not*, without; and here I am, and I hope my welcome will not only depend on the amount at my banker's."

Marian looked at him again, and somewhat reproachfully: though a deep sigh rose from her heart that chilled the glow of happiness with the dread of renewed disappointment.

"To be sure, Mr. Edward," said aunt Susan, innocently, "you don't think so poorly of us as all that: I've heard Marian talk of you so often, and count up the months and weeks you've been away, without an idea about what money you were making; and I dare say she is glad to see you, as I'm sure, if it was God's will, I should be thankful to do."

"It is time you were at home, aunt," interrupted Marian, suddenly drawing her on, and keeping her face perversely away from Edward Ryder at the moment he was most eager to look in it: "aunt Claribel will wonder what has become of us."

"And how is Miss Claribel?" asked Edward, walking on beside them uninvited, "is she as great a politician as ever? Has she set up the Parliament of Women since I left?"

"Oh, fie, Mr. Edward, now you are at your old jokes again," remonstrated aunt Susan, "Clary is very clever, and very good to me, and reads out the paper

all through, whenever there is anything very dreadful going to happen to the country; and explains to me (for I am very stupid, you know), all about the corn laws and the standing army, and the taxes and the wrongs of the people, and that sort of thing: and she tries hard to make me remember, but I can't always. But as to a Parliament of women, she never thought of anything half so wicked!"

"Wicked?" repeated Marian, "that is a hard word, aunt Susan, to come from you. Why should a Parliament of women be wicked, and a Queen good?"

"My dear, where there is only one woman, you may expect a deal of good—where there are a hundred, you will get nothing but chatter and squabble. I was at a meeting of wise ladies once, and I thought my poor head would just split into as many pieces as there were tongues. No, no, let the women keep silence, and take care of their husbands at home, Marian; and if they have none, like you and me, why let them be blessings to their parents, as you have always been, and thankful for others' kindness as I ought to be: and that's my politics, Mr. Edward, though I dare say you are laughing, if I could only see you."

Edward earnestly protested he had never heard better argument or sounder sense, and pressed Marian's hand in token thereof, though she pulled it away from him with a blushing, "Don't, Mr. Ryder!"

"Mr. Ryder? am I only that to you now, Marian?"

To this there was no reply: Marian had none to give, that was not either too cold for her heart, or too encouraging for her prudence.

In the principal street of Elchester stood Matthew Warden's little shop; and there sat Matthew Warden at work morning, noon, and night. A frame, tall when erect, but bent to half its size—a forehead projecting and broad, but deep with furrows—eyes in which the fire of intellect lay smouldering beneath the darkness of disappointment and irritability—a long, pinched face, thin sarcastic mouth, and handsomely cut but ill shorn chin,—such were the most prominent features of the watchmaker when he could be seen in the light of day. Seldom, however, was he visible but in the dim atmosphere of his little den, of that peculiar make and perplexing chaotic arrangement in which the profession seem to delight: early in the morning, late in the night, there he might be found; and his neighbours said if it were not for Marian, there he would remain altogether, from sunset to cockcrow again. But Marian was too good a manager to suffer that; she kept him to his meals by his own pet timepiece, without allowing a second's respite either at breakfast, dinner, or supper, all prepared by her own nimble hands, and always as invitingly as if she had the whole market at her command. She was a natural genius, was Miss Marian Warden, in all that concerns the management of a table or household: strong in re-



source and self-confidence, untiring in energy and diligence. She seemed to be intended for the government of a principality, or the command of a host, instead of the limited household to which her abilities were confined; and being blessed with a buoyant spirit, and gifted with many charms of person, there were few youths in the ancient city of Elcheſter, that had not loſt ſome part of their hearts to the watchmaker's daughter. But this is a digreſſion, and we are wandering from the little cloſe ſhop where Warden is ſitting at work.

He had put on a pair of ſpectacles of extra power, to examine the interior of an ancient watch, left with him to doctor for the twentieth time. There were his old patchings and mendings, reaching far back into memory, that had ſtruggled to preſerve its precarious exiſtence in defiance of rough treatment and decaying material. It was an emblem that ſuited well the cynical mind of the old mechanic. "Aye, your time's come now, old acquaintance," he muttered, after his keen patient ſurvey that nothing eſcaped, "botch and mend as we may, wearing-out muſt be the end at laſt, whether of a watch, or a workman, or a world. Yes, you've been taken to pieces and cleaned and rubbed up and made preſentable more than once, and folks have called you as good as new, but you grew older and crazier each time, poor old thing, and kept your reckoning leſs and leſs correct; and now you may go or ſtop as you will, for Matthew Warden can help you

no longer. And the nation that is so like you—worn out, ill regulated, rusty, and patched—how long will that creep on before the wheels stop from sheer incapacity? Poor old England! I'd give you all I have to give—life, blood, head, and hands—nay, I have given them all in sixty years' hard work, but what is the good? We must e'en rust on to the end."

"Still something rotten in the state of Denmark?" interrupted a voice.

Warden looked up, and saw bending across his counter, a face and figure as unlike his own as could well be imagined: sunburnt cheeks, dark hair, clear brown eyes, careless attitude—the head carried with the pride of independence, and the easy boldness of health and good spirits, softened only by the courtesy of gentlemanly feeling, and the respect due from youth to age: limbs lightly clad, as a good pedestrian loves to be, and in every movement showing the elasticity of constant practice, and a well-used sketchbook under his arm, will enable the reader to recognize Edward Ryder, though Marian's father did not.

"How can I serve you, Sir?" asked the watchmaker, with no comment on the Shakespearian quotation, which he considered ill-timed and impertinent. "How can I serve you, Sir?" in his shortest, driest tone, which was shorter and drier than anybody else's.

"By recognizing me first, Mr. Warden, and shaking hands with me afterwards," said Edward, somewhat disgusted with this reception.

The old man took off the spectacles, whose microscopic power hindered his observation, and shading his eyes with his hand, looked earnestly at the speaker in silence.

"I had hoped, Sir, not to be so soon forgotten," continued the young man, "two years is a long time to be absent, but not too long to be remembered."

"Ryder—Ned Ryder—is it possible?" He turned deadly pale, and shook as if palsied. The name of Marian faltered on his lips.

"She is gone with her blind aunt, to see her safely home," said Edward.

"Then you have seen her, and spoken to her, have you? When did you come? Why was I not told? Two years—oh my poor girl!"

"Why were you not told, Sir?—I'm only just arrived—passed the Cathedral just as service was going on, and thinking you might all be there, waited in the nave till it was over. Could I let your daughter pass without speaking? Was there any reason why I should? I have kept my word faithfully, and you know it, Mr. Warden: and even now I came off to show myself to you instead of walking with her, that you might not imagine we had anything we wished to conceal."

"Two years!" repeated the old man, on whom Edward's explanation seemed lost; "two long years at your time of life: and you had change of scene, and face, and occupation to distract your thoughts, and yet you must persist in your old folly, and show there

is really nothing in this world to be depended upon—not even the fickleness of a boy's love! Did you not see hundreds of pretty faces ready to smile in return for your fair words and gay looks, and could you not fix on one of them to make you happy, instead of coming back now, to rob the poor man of his one ewe lamb, when you know he has nothing to fill its place?"

The young man's beaming eyes grew dim at this appeal. He laid his hand on that of the watchmaker, and pressed it with a warmth that would not be repelled. "Is this fair, is this kind, Mr. Warden? Am I cruel because I am not false? or because among all the fair faces I have seen—and they are many—I have never yet seen one equal to the image in my heart? Is it my fault that Marian is so lovely and so good? Or would you think better of me, and feel happier about her, if I repaid her trust with inconstancy? You remember our agreement when I told you of our love: if I went away for two years, and held no communication with your daughter during all that period, on my return you would give your consent. I have stood the trial, and I claim your promise. Neither line nor word have passed between Marian and myself since we parted, but I have never seen her equal, and will love none but her!"

"*You* have never seen her equal! And what do you know of her value?" repeated the old man. "Boy! what has she ever been to *you*? What do *you* know of her patience, her sweet temper, her

cheerful courage, her self-denying industry,—all the heavenly qualities that she keeps for her father's home, and by which alone she has made his hard life bearable? Has she ever nursed *you* in sickness,—comforted *you* by a dear one's deathbed,—shown you God's heaven when you were crushed down by the weight laid on a weak and wicked heart? What do *you* know of her value? Pooh! you look at her as a pretty girl, and a merry companion, and a wife you need not be ashamed to show your friends, leaning on your arm, or sitting at your tea-table. You love her for her eyes, her hair, or her smile, or her joyous laugh. There are hundreds who can be to you as much as that, but none who can fill her place with me!"

A light step, and a shadow on the doorway, interrupted the discussion. Marian, having seen her charge in safety, had lost no time in returning home, shrewdly conjecturing how much her presence might be required. One glance at the excited features of her usually calm father, and at Edward's flushed brow and troubled eye, confirmed her suspicions. Without hesitation she gave a hand to both, and smiled in their faces till they were obliged to smile again. "Come," she said, "I want my tea, and it is just time; come in the next room, and then we can chat over it as much and as long as we please." And without a word of remonstrance the father and the lover obeyed her summons.

The tea steamed in their cups like the smoke of the calumet of peace, as the two rivals sat opposite, with Marian between. But peace was not in their hearts, each bent (selfish humanity!) on considering the superiority of his own claims over those of the other. And, as if she was not perfectly aware of all they were both thinking of, Marian talked and laughed, and trimmed the fire, and filled the teapot, in spite of all Edward could say or do, and when the coals would not catch, made a show of hunting for waste paper, and pulled out a Valentine, given her by young Simon Lock, the blacksmith, and poked it between the bars, declaring she had so many of those things she must make a bonfire some day, or take to wearing curl-papers, or new paper the room with them, or do something to make them useful. "For you know," with an arch glance, half at Edward, half at her father, "nothing is ornamental, now-a-days, that is not useful too."

"Very true," said old Warden, stirring his tea.

"Very true, indeed," echoed Edward Ryder, who was consuming more bread and butter than was to be expected from a lover uncertain of his fate, excusable only on the plea of having walked thirty miles that day.

"Use before ornament for those who have their bread to get," said the old watchmaker.

"Better combine the two, as is the case with the *really* ornamental," said the young aspirant.

"And what is the really ornamental, if you please?"

"Art, sir."

"Art!—stuff. The chasing on the back of a Geneva watch, to make folks believe the works are as good as English manufacture. So *art* is your profession now, is it?" with a satirical glance at the portfolio under Edward's hat. "I thought you would have been tired of scratching and daubing by this time."

Edward jumped up to assist Marian. "Why will you not let me pour the hot water? What are men made for in this world?"

"Some to scratch and daub," said Marian, with a smile, that went far towards helping him to keep his temper.

"Ah, you may call it what you please," he said, taking up his portfolio as a mother might a favourite, but insulted child; "but scratching and daubing are as necessary to my existence, Mr. Warden, as that eternal tick-tick in the next room is to yours."

"You do not mean, I hope, to compare the importance of the two?" asked old Matthew, indignantly.

"Why, scarcely," returned Edward, busily untying the knots that secured his treasure, "for your art reckons the course of time, but mine confers immortality."

The old mechanic pushed the table and his chair asunder, with an energy that sent the former against his visitor's shins, and brought himself up against the

wall more suddenly than he expected. "*Immortality!* Hear him, a boy that can scarcely make his way through life without a leading-string, talking of giving immortality! Clap-trap phrases; very fine in a speech, I dare say; would make a great effect on the hustings; but all nonsense to common sense ears like mine. Why, boy, nature herself,—mountains, and rivers, and cataracts,—are only things of a season, that must perish in the using; and do you pretend to make your pasteboard and canvas outlive the Alps and Niagara?"

"*Mine?*" cried Edward, rubbing his bruised knees. "I was far from being presumptuous enough to speak of my own performances. They, poor things, may not survive their master; or, at best, can only show what he meant and tried to do. It is of the art itself I spoke, and in using the term immortality, I could only mean in this world. With Nature, Art must perish, as by Nature only can it fulfil its aim: and that aim is to elevate the better part of man."

"Meaning, of course, his head," interrupted Warden; "and so you take a copy of it in your gayest colours, and for fear he shouldn't think enough about himself, you stick it up in a gilt frame, and hang it on a wall, and pay a shilling to go and look at it. Tush, man, the better part of an accountable creature is his right hand, to earn his bread by useful labour, and leave something behind him to show what a man can do."



“And what is the hand without the head?” said Edward. “How can industry advance without the help of science? What would manufacture be without the taste and skill of the designer? By his right hand man may sow, and reap, and hunt, and live a savage’s life, I grant; the red Indian and the New Zealander did it for years; but it is in the opening of his mind, the working of his thoughts, the progression of his reason, the visions of his imagination, that the higher nature becomes apparent, in which we read the image of his Creator. Sneer at portrait painting if you like. I am not bound to defend either the Queen’s Head or the Marquis of Granby; but I still think even a rough sketch is valuable, that preserves a likeness of any one who ought not to be forgotten.”

Matthew Warden did not dispute that,—a good likeness was a good thing, no doubt: that was all very well, for those who could afford it; all he said was, there was no *utility* in those things, and he thought what was useful more important than what was merely *ornamental*. The argument grew long and keen, much more so than Marian approved; but she cleared away the tea-things, and wiped the table, and then took out her work, and sat down between them again.

“You have been talking a long time now, and very fast, and very loud,” she said, “about the importance of the head and the hand, and the useful and ornamental; shall I tell you, now, what I think?”

"Do," said her father, "for I believe you have more sense than either of us."

"Do," said Edward, with a look that said a great deal more.

"Then I think, when all is said and done, the *heart* is more important than either; and before a thing is to be either useful or ornamental, it is necessary it should be *right*. So now, Mr. Ryder, let us look through your portfolio."

"Stop," said Edward, "stop; another time will do for that. Let us now speak on what we are all thinking of,—on what lies nearest to our hearts. Is my trial over? Have I waited long enough? And may I look on you, Mr. Warden, as a father, and call Marian my own?"

"Let me see your portfolio first, and then I'll answer you."

Ryder was about to remonstrate, but a look from Marian kept him submissive, and he bided the ordeal as best he might. The old watchmaker put on his spectacles, drew the book close to him, and began deliberately examining them one by one, as if he was going to wind them up.

They would have been a study for an artist in themselves, as they were then grouped together: the old man sitting intent over the portfolio, and the two bright young faces behind him, whose bloom contrasted so strongly with his wrinkles and white hair. Taking a slight advantage in the way of juxtaposition, Ryder's

arm had stolen round Marian's waist, and one of her hands was on his ; a proceeding that the watchmaker's daughter justified to herself, by the conviction that Edward would require some inducement to support her father's criticism. It is difficult to decide which suffers most from this last-named medicine, the artist or the author : but perhaps there are few sensations more intensely irritating, than to hear a rough bold sketch discussed as if it professed to be a daguerreotype, and reproached for the omission of niceties which would entirely defeat its object : certainly Marian was right to keep her fingers pressed on Edward's hasty hand, if she entertained any hope of bringing the discussion to a favourable issue.

"What on earth is all this ? a confusion of rough blotches, and dabs of white and brown : do you call that painting, young sir ?"

"No, Sir," said Edward, "only a memorandum in sepia : I sold the painting in Scotland."

"Ay ? then the Scotch are changing their character for prudence in bargains : but if you sold it, well and good : you do not flatter yourself you will sell these, do you ? all these bare-legged children, and Highland beggars, and stage-playing figures, not half so well finished as the sun and moon in my old clock outside ? You don't *finish* your work, youngster : boy like, it is all *beginnings*, and hurried scrambling touching up, and nothing clear and distinct to the eye. I like handiwork that will bear the microscope, like my own,

though I'm no boaster. Well, well, you've done your best, as you admire nature's works, to make an imitation: but it wont do, Ryder, it wont do; and so I tell you at once. All this sketching and tinting is a very pretty amusement for young ladies; but it will not keep a house, or maintain a wife: it wont *stand*, man! there's nothing *useful* about it: it only depends for its value on the caprice of public taste, and I've not lived sixty years of hard labour without knowing what that article is worth. No, no!" pushing away the portfolio with the decision of a cōnclave concentrated in one: "till you can show me something really useful that you have done, I can never consent to your taking Marian away."

Marian's hand forcibly stopped the young man's reply. "But when he *can*, father dear, you are too much a man of your word not to remember what you promised when he went away? He has kept all *his* promises, father, you know, dear; hasn't he?"

"I don't deny that. I don't say he has not behaved like a gentleman, or what's better still, an honest man: if he hadn't, he wouldn't be here now, nor I arguing with him about your happiness, Marian. But you must *live*, mind ye, and you can't do that on waste paper, and that's enough. There is a customer just come in—the very man I want to see!"

The old man hurried into the front shop, and the lovers looked at each other.

"Waste paper!" burst from Edward's indignant

lips, feeling more at the moment the insult to his performances than the chill thrown on his hopes, "waste paper, Marian! And real judges have seen them, and bought them, and have told me—no, I will not repeat what they told me, though it did not make me vain, only spurred me on to do better. Is my reputation to be decided by such a judgment? is your father's want of taste to stand between you and me for ever?"

Marian held up a warning finger. "Don't speak hastily of him, at any rate."

"Well, I will not; though he certainly is the most provoking—no, I am not going to say anything disrespectful: but only think what I must feel, dear Marian, to be so received, after all my patience! Do not I deserve *some* reward?"

"Not if you spoil all by being impatient now. Sit down and let *me* look at your drawings, and we will see what can be done."

They sat down together accordingly. Rash old Matthew Warden! what was he about, that he could leave those two young hearts together, if he intended they should learn to throb apart? Blind arguer on prudence and utility, what had he to do, discussing wire, and wheels, and balances, and compensation rods with his customer, and leaving the delicate mechanism of young sympathies and affections to gallop railway pace in his little back parlour? That half-hour over his slighted portfolio made Edward Ryder rich amends. It mattered little whether Marian was or was not, a

judge of drawing: her praise was hearty and unqualified; her sympathy glowing and sincere: and with every view he had a story to relate, and with every likeness a description to give; and to tell her, how when he felt most vividly the deep beauty of the lake and mountain scenery, the tints of the heather, the sparkling of the streams, the endless grace of woodland outline, light and shadow, motion and repose,—then most did he yearn after her; then did her face come back to him most brightly; then, as in all his best and holiest emotions, he loved her with most fondness and most hope. And Marian listened without a word of remonstrance, and her heart beat quick with the consciousness of being so unutterably happy, and yet that it would be over, only too soon. And in her turn, though more sparingly, she let him know that morning, noon, and night, she had always remembered him, always prayed for him in the Cathedral, always loved him dearly, dearly; *but*—he must be patient, and he must bear with her father, her poor father! he had nothing left but her and David, now her poor mother was gone. Mother died a year after Edward had left them, and one of her last words was to mention his name kindly, and hope all would go well with them both at last. And Marian's tears ran *fast* at the recollection, and would not be checked, till Edward, after the great precedent described by Milton, took to stopping them at their source.

Still old Warden did not come back,—imprudent,

inconsistent old Warden ! Ah, there were reasons why he was both at that time—reasons why the whole Royal Academy might have held congress in his back parlour, without his wasting on them a thought. Old as he was, and worn and wrinkled with a hard-working life, in his heart was a secret ambition that only needed a breath to give it flame. He had his airy castle—his day dream—now beginning to assume something like tangible shape in the proposed design, whispered through the city, of providing a new clock for Elchester Cathedral.

The customer on whom he was so devoutly attending, was supposed to be one of the ruling powers on whose vote this mighty concern depended : and it is astonishing what interest old Matthew felt in every pulsation of his large silver watch, old fashioned and perverse as it was, and obstinately resolved on not being hurried, or made to pay a higher dividend of time than fifty seconds to a minute, and three and twenty hours to a day. Matthew Warden the cynic, could be a courtier where the darling wish of his soul was concerned ; and found as many beauties in this family timepiece, as a skilful canvasser would discover in the nursery of his unpledged elector. And while with spectacles on nose, and brow intently knitted, he was examining this portly bijou's interior, his ear was no less keenly turned to the discourse of the proprietor ; a round, rosy, plump little personage, in decorous black, and white cravat, as became a verger of

the great Elchester Cathedral; with a voice of that constitutional huskiness that causes unutterable irritation of the trachea to an unaccustomed listener; the more observable from his incessant hopeless efforts to convert it into a sonorous barytone. A very worthy individual moreover; devoted to the Cathedral from foundation to belfry, and not unmindful of his own dignity, as worshipful vergers to so venerable a pile. Firmly persuaded, too, that his own particular Cathedral and City, were without comparison the finest in the world—Strasburg, Cologne, and St. Peter's notwithstanding—and arguing himself into an attack of bronchitis, on the smallest attempt to elevate York Minster to anything like equality. He was a popular man in Elchester, as such patriots always are: and among his own party, it was whispered that his opinion, quietly and judiciously given, as it always was, went further with the Dean and Chapter than that of any other man in the town. How he loved to hear this said! and how modestly he would deny the charge! and how his compact little person would expand and glisten to hear murmured behind him as he moved through the Cathedral yard, "That's Mr. Dance, the vergers! he's one of the most important men in Elchester!"

"Well, Mr. Warden," continued Mr. Dance, who while we have been describing his position, had been detailing at great length the various discussions, propositions, and fluctuations of opinion among the dig-



nitaries of the town, as to whether or no Elchester should have a new clock, "well, Mr. Warden, and so at the last, with his customary affability and judgment, the Very Rev. the Dean was pleased to appeal to *me*:" (a modest cough, leading to distressing increase of huskiness) "yes, to *me*, Mr. Warden, a poor verger and humble servant of the Cathedral: and to ask *my* opinion—*mine*. Now, I had formed mine long ago, as you are aware, Mr. Warden."

"Ay, sir, and on good grounds," said the old watchmaker, "for the old clock, mend it as you may, will never do you credit again."

"Very true, my dear Sir, very true; though you might have found a happier mode of expressing it. Do us credit! why, Mr. Warden, for what purpose or end is a clock attached to a Cathedral, if not to regulate the clocks and watches—not only in the town, but in all the parishes twenty, thirty, forty miles round—in the same way in which the incumbents of those parishes should emulate the excellence of our venerable Dean, and reverend Canons and Prebendaries;—and their clerks and beadles," (another modest cough) "the unworthy, though sincere examples of the humble servants of the Cathedral; who having such superior advantages in every respect, are called upon to be a model to their brethren? Now I may be wrong, Mr. Warden, being only a poor unlearned verger; but in my humble opinion, a Church is not maintained as it ought to be, unless everything is of the best descrip-

tion—the best clergyman, the best clerk, the best—ahem! in short, from the highest to the lowest, there ought to be as much care in the choice of one as of the other.”

“There is something in what you say, Mr. Dance,” said old Warden. “If your minute hand is not well regulated, it isn’t the diamond that will keep the time correct. And so the Dean spoke to you about the clock?”

“About the clock, as you say, Mr. Warden; and what my notions were about the expense, and the length of time it would take, and various other contingencies. And I answered him, with great respect, that in my poor judgment, for such a town as Elcheste-ter, and such a building as Elcheſter Cathedral, and such a ſervice as the Cathedral ſervice, and ſuch a Dean and Chapter as we were favoured with, the handsomeſt clock that money could procure would only be what was fit and due; and that if I had but the means, I would put it up myſelf, and die happy.”

“And what ſaid the Dean?”

“He ſhook hands with me moſt cordially, wiſhed there were many ſuch churchmen in England,” (the cough again) “and did me the great honour to introduce me to a noble lady ſtaying in his houſe, as a ſpecimen” (Mr. Dance drew himſelf up with much emphasis) “of the true Britiſh verger; and ſhe ſmiled, Mr. Warden—oh, ſuch a ſmile!”

“Ah, ſmiles are cheap,” muttered the old man im-

patiently, "'specially ladies' smiles. And the clock, Mr. Dance;—was any commission given to you about it?"

"Why, not exactly in words; but you see—"

The shop door was gently opened at this moment, and a young lady, simply dressed, and of pleasing appearance, entered, and asked for Marian.

"You will find her in the parlour, Miss Luton," said old Warden, bowing respectfully, though with some irritation at so untimely an interruption; quite forgetful, moreover, that Marian was not alone. "You will find her in the parlour, if you will be good enough to step in."

"I hope," chimed in Mr. Dance, lifting his hat from his brows, for Miss Luton was the Dean's governess, and to be revered accordingly; "I hope, Miss Luton, I see you quite well, and that I may beg respectfully to enquire after the health of the Dean and Mrs. Eyre, and the whole family?"

Miss Luton satisfied him on the general salubrity of the household, and, as she was in the habit of doing, tapped at the inner door, and opened it; and, by her unlooked-for intrusion, first reminded Edward and Marian that there was a world beyond that little back parlour, and other people besides themselves. That they both looked a little confounded, and that Miss Luton was not a whit less so is easily to be conceived; and also the feigned air of ease and unconcern with which Marian tried to receive her visi-

tor, and her visitor to be received, while they dared not look in each other's eyes for a moment, and Ryder felt as if he must knock out a breach in the wall, and fly forthwith. However, as soon as they were all able to think of what they were about, Edward and Miss Luton recognised each other as having met in Scotland; so there were civil enquiries to be interchanged, which broke the ice of embarrassment, and then, with a glance at Marian, promising return, he bowed himself out, and left them to their confidences.

Now, Miss Luton was Marian's dearest friend, to whom she looked up with the devoted reverence of a warm nature, as her superior in everything; appearing to her a mine of intellect and knowledge, indeed, to whom hard words, and crabbed writings, and languages, and calculations, seemed to come naturally, as it were; who could tell you everything you wanted to know, and yet never seemed to have a moment's time to learn anything herself. No time-honoured professor of modern age, at college or institute,—no furnace-dried philosopher or alchymist of olden time was ever more devotedly admired, more firmly believed in, than was Miss Luton by the watchmaker's daughter; who was as convinced that in her one brain lay stored all the wisdom of all generations, as Mr. Dance could be, respecting the supremacy of Elcheater Cathedral and its officers, over all cathedrals and officers whatever. Wherefore, as soon as the glass door closed on the hasty exit of Edward Ryder, her eager eyes and

glowing face turned almost imploringly to her oracle, with the unspoken enquiry—"What are you going to say of him?" And Miss Luton, who had known trials, and difficulties, and disappointments, such as her class only can know, from the day she first went out, a girl of nineteen, to fight in the van of the great social struggle, and lead the forlorn hope of education against a bulwark of prejudice, ignorance, and bad habits; and who had never yet had time to indulge romantic visions for herself, and showed, by a certain delicacy of cheek and overhanging brow, and deepening lines round the earnest intelligent eyes, that her young energies were too largely drawn upon:—Miss Luton, like a true woman, would not see this urgent appeal, and began to talk of indifferent matters, as if she did *not* understand all about it, as thoroughly as the opening chapters of Lindley Murray, or how many ounces went to a pound of avoirdupois weight. She mentioned the weather, the Cathedral, little David's singing, the illness of one of their Sunday scholars, whom she had just been visiting,—all before she would notice the blushing anxiety of her listener, or relieve her of the spell she could not break. But having amused herself thus for the first ten minutes, she suddenly turned round to look at Edward's portfolio.

"Mr. Ryder has left his drawings! Is he giving you lessons, Marian?"

"Oh no, Miss Luton; he knows better than to teach any one half so stupid."

"My dear, is it an infallible test of ability to possess brilliant pupils? If so, my own must have been sometimes of a very humiliating description."

"*Yours!* Oh, Miss Luton! if I was half as clever and learned as you are,—I wish I was,—I should be more fit, more proper, more what he has a right to expect; I mean what people would expect; I mean—"

"Yes, yes, Marian, I know all you mean. You think good sense, good temper, notable habits, prudence, and intelligence are not enough to keep house for Mr. Ryder, without the harp, and piano, and French, and German. You think this spirited sketch of mountain children, rolling on the heather, is not worthy to be called a painting till it has been mounted, and glazed, and framed in costly gilding, and hung up in a fashionable drawing-room. Is that what you mean?"

The tears ran down Marian's cheeks. "How you see into my thoughts always! I suppose I was wrong and silly to think so; but I had begun to feel frightened about myself, and to wish I was more of a scholar and a lady, for his sake, not my own. But it is wicked to wish ourselves anything but what the Lord has made us, so I will not fret about that any more; only, dear Miss Luton, how did you find it all out? I never told you."

"No, I know you never did; but there are some things, my dear, that make themselves intelligible without words. And if truth must be told, I am half

disposed to feel injured that I was never in your confidence till you could not help it."

Marian eagerly protested it was not from want of confidence. It had all been so uncertain, she did not like to mention it to anybody. Their acquaintance had begun some time ago, when her poor mother was alive, and Mr. Ryder lodged in their upper room, poor fellow, having lost his father and mother, and without any one to speak to. His father was an officer with only his half-pay, so Edward was poor; there was no denying it, but so clever! And he was learning to be an artist, and some unknown friend allowed him a little something to live on, and he thought they might manage to make it do for two; but father and mother did not think so, though mother grew so fond of him, she often sat up at night to mend and iron his linen. (Marian did not say how often she had done the same.) And at last his friend sent him money to travel with and improve himself, and he wished very much she could marry and go with him; but father wouldn't hear of it, and he made him promise never to write or attempt to see her for two years, to try his truth; and if that stood fast, then he might try again. "And now he is come back," continued Marian, "more clever than ever, but not much richer, and my poor father doesn't like the thoughts of it at all, and calls his drawings waste paper, and we were talking it over when you came in; and that's all."

"And quite enough too," said Miss Luton. "And so, if Mr. Ryder was better off in the world, your father would consent?"

"Oh, yes, because he promised; but he does not like Edward's profession. He calls drawing idling away time, and says he shall never believe I can be happy with him till he does something *useful*."

"He does not consider *art* of any use, then?" said Miss Luton, with a bright smile.

"None at all; he always points to his old clock over the door, with the Dutch painting outside, and asks if the hands will go a second faster or slower for all the red ochre and prussian blue plastered on the case; and whether the pendulum would stop, or the weights go wrong, if all the figures were upside down."

"Or," interrupted Miss Luton, "if the service this afternoon would not have been as soothing and elevating, if we had exchanged the cherub voice of your brother David, for the cadences warbled by a country performer,

"Through the pressed nostril, spectacle bestrid."

God be thanked, Marian,—I speak it seriously,—God be thanked for the beauty on the earth, and the capacity of loving it! It is one of the wayside refreshments that make life's flinty road cheerful, and help on hearts and heads that are often ready enough to grow weary of glare and hardness. And now, as it



is time for me to make haste home, are you expecting me to waste any advice upon you?"

"Yes, I am," said Marian, archly, "for you know you cannot help giving it, whether it will be wasted or not."

"In revenge for that speech, I will tell you what you do not wish to hear. Your father is quite right in saying you must have something to live upon; so, if Mr. Ryder is in earnest, he must work hard. I will mention him to everybody I can find to listen to me. By the way, you never enquired how and where we happened to meet."

"No, I had forgotten; but it would not have signified," said Marian, simply; "he would have told me all about it the next time he came."

"So there is no making you jealous? Then, as a reward, I can tell you he was spoken and thought very highly of at the house where I met him, and he gave some instances of principle and warm feeling that convince me, in some points at least, he resembles my friend, Marian Warden. Good bye; you will see me soon, no doubt, for we have just had a birthday, and my little Laura's entry into her teens has been celebrated with a French watch, and as it is pulled out twenty times a day, and put under her pillow at night, I leave you to calculate how long it will be before something happens to it, which nobody can account for. Good bye."

As Miss Luton passed through the shop, she found

a vehement discussion going on between Mr. Dance and Ryder, on the comparative merits of cathedrals in general : Mr. Dance stoutly maintaining the superiority of Elcheater, the only one he knew ; and Edward Ryder heaping upon him arguments drawn from Rome, Germany, France, and the Netherlands, with a whole train of British temples as a reserve, to prove, that far from being the *first*, Elcheater, beautiful and venerable as it was, could, at best, fill a third rank in architectural dignity. The strength of the argument being on Edward's side, not only in soundness, but in fluency, rapidity, and lungs, Mr. Dance, attacked on every point at once, waxed more and more irate as he lost ground and breath, and plainly intimated that Ryder was of Papist and revolutionary tendencies : one of your new men, your bold thinkers, who are never satisfied with the good old customs and fashions at home, but must be dancing after Popish mummeries and foreign kickshaws. He had no respect for such gentry, not he. Humble and unlearned verger of Elcheater as he was, he would not change places with the proudest cardinal that ever kissed the Pope's toe ; he knew his blessings, and was thankful for them. Edward now grew provoked in his turn. It is very provoking to be set down with accusations that have nothing in the world to do with the subject in hand ; but that is often the result of a controversy, even among better logicians than Mr. Dance. He boldly maintained that he meant no disrespect to church or

state, cathedral or verger, but that art knew no distinction of country, government, or faith.

"Very well, Sir," said Mr. Dance, choking with indignation, "then the less we have of it the better. And as long as I have the privilege of filling, however unworthily, the post of Verger in Elchester Cathedral, I shall take care how any friends of mine are contaminated with such pernicious and dangerous nonsense as you have been talking now, and which I suppose Mr. Warden approves. Good evening to you both." And lifting his hat to Miss Luton as he passed out of the shop, he walked away in great wrath.

"Beaten out of the field, beaten hollow!" laughed Edward, rubbing his hands, "he had not a word left to say for himself—perverse, ignorant, prejudiced old dolt, with no more understanding than his own bells: all clapper, and no brain! Oh the delight of getting a critic on his beam-ends, and bringing his colours down with a broadside! Did I not handle him well, Mr. Warden? Is not the honour of the day fairly mine?"

"Such as it is," said Warden, with marked dryness; "I give you joy of it, and wish you good evening."

"Wish me good evening? you have not got rid of me yet, I assure you," said Edward, not knowing whether this was jest or earnest.

"So I perceive, but I am a man of few words, Mr. Ryder. I am tired, and I want my house to myself."

"A plain hint to go, certainly," said Ryder, moving unwillingly to the door.

"I am glad you find it so: it saves trouble," said the old mechanic, advancing step for step as his visitor retreated, and holding the door in a most unmistakable manner.

"But I have so many things to say to you, Mr. Warden—"

"I have no time to hear them, Sir."

"But Marian, my dear Marian, I have not wished her good night—I must go back, only for one minute.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Ryder, but I must wish you good evening. Marian will excuse you, I have no doubt." The old man nearly got the door closed, but the young one's arm resisted the movement.

"One word, Mr. Warden! is it, can it be on account of that ridiculous verger that you are angry with me? If it is, I declare I will—"

"Do nothing, I advise you," interposed the watch-maker, "you have done all the mischief you could in so short a time, and in more ways than one, and now I have only this advice to give you. Go and turn your paper into money if you can, and prove it is of some use, boy, before you set up for a judge over your elders, or pretend to be on a par with honest independent labour."

The door shut heavily in young Ryder's face, and the grating of the bolt through its staples convinced him, if inclined to doubt, that the old man was angry

in real earnest. Here, then, he was, on the first evening of his arrival after so long an absence, fairly turned out of doors : the omen was not cheering, and his first sensation was one of intense rage, stimulating him to make wild charges at the inhospitable portal, or to seek out the hateful Dance, and immolate him forthwith upon the door-step. But the thought of Marian's sweet smile brought comfort and good spirits back again. They should meet to-morrow, as he must return for his portfolio (he was delighted to recollect he had left it there), and she would "smooth the raven down of darkness till it smiled," like an angel as she was, and all would go right. He would not lose his temper or his courage for the old fellow's crossness ; all was as he wished between Marian and himself, and the rest would come in time.

Meanwhile there was a necessary affair to be considered, where he was to spend the night? He had left his knapsack at a bookseller's to whom he was known, under the secret hope of being pressed to resume his old quarters at Warden's. Now he must find a lodging forthwith, as a painting room was necessary to his subsistence. The bookseller was very civil : sent his young man to enquire after two or three apartments to let that he had heard of : offered Ryder refreshment, and would be happy to be of service to him, if possible. As to there being an opening for an artist just then in Elchester, the bookseller could not take upon himself to say. People's tastes varied so

often, and somehow they seemed more inclined to buy anything than books or pictures. However, he would look over his portfolio the next day, if he pleased, and try and find him a customer. Did Mr. Ryder take likenesses? "Yes," said Edward, "I have taken several, but I prefer more imaginative subjects."

"But the public do not, Sir. They like something they can recognize. They love better to see their own faces and their families' faces, and anything, or any spot they know by heart, hanging for ever before their eyes, than the finest face or landscape in the world that is new to them. Now my wife, Sir, she is like the rest: she must have my likeness taken (just step this way, there it is) when she can look at the original as often as she pleases, and much oftener than she does please, sometimes."

Oh! what a likeness it was! hard, flat, staring, broad, with a table and a chair like life, and a complete set of brightly bound volumes on the table, gilt edged, and morocco backed, with the titles painfully distinct: every button, every crease in the neckcloth, rigidly represented, and an immeasurable smile on the mouth, giving repose and lustre to the whole. Edward shivered inwardly as he tried to praise, unwilling to chagrin the good bookseller, who though professing to deprecate the act, was in his heart not a little proud of his portrait, especially of the correct drawing of the volumes by his side. "I made the painter alter those half-a-dozen times before they were to my mind. He

was almost angry at last, but you will allow, Mr. Ryder, I was right: my credit was at stake. How could I answer to myself to allow my new edition of 'Faults, Fallacies, and Follies,' to look like Napier's Peninsular War, or the Queens of England? It would have been a disgrace, Sir: a crying disgrace, would it not?"

"Certainly," said Edward, gravely, "the artist had no right to sacrifice your professional reputation to his own."

"Sacrifice, my dear Sir? Has he not great reason to thank me for my pertinacity? I assure you several members of the trade were here, a few weeks ago, and saw the picture, and the books were the first things they noticed; and every one said what an eye the painter must have had for a good binding. Men of taste, too, Mr. Ryder, so that was no light praise."

The bookseller led the way back into the shop as he spoke, and Edward was going to consult him further on the subject of employment, when a boy ran in, to ask if the music was arrived yet, for Mr. Belton, the organist. It was expected to arrive every minute by the London train, just due. "I will send it to Mr. Belton," added Mr. Thorpe, "there is sure to be a parcel for the Deanery, and the music shall be left at the same time."

"Thank you, Mr. Thorpe, then I need not wait, and I am very tired."

"Ah, you do too much, my little friend," said Mr.

Thorpe, "what will your sister Marian say when she sees you so pale and heated?"

"His sister Marian?" Edward's attention was fixed in a moment; but the large gleaming eyes and thin white cheek perplexed his memory: he could only recall a rosy, plump playfellow of his, two years ago. The boy's recollection was more vivid: with a joyful shout, "Oh, it's Ned! dear Ned!" he was in his arms, and clinging round his neck in a moment. "Why, David, David, I did not know you," said Edward, as soon as he was allowed breath to speak, "where are your fat cheeks and your roses, my little man?"

"All that's bright must fade," warbled David, in the sweet notes Ryder recognized at once as the chorister of the Cathedral, "singing birds are never fat, you know, and I am one now. And where have you been, and what have you been doing, you darling Ned? And are you come back to stay altogether, and live with us as you used to do?"

"Not with you, David; I am looking out for a lodging in the town."

"And I am sorry to say, Sir," said Mr. Thorpe, whose emissary had just returned, "that the lodging I thought of is taken. I am particularly sorry, for it was the one occupied by your brother in art, whose work we have just been admiring. It would have been a pleasant omen for your success."

Edward begged that that consideration might not



trouble him ; he had no doubt he should find a nest somewhere, though no singing-bird, like David.

"But the singing-bird shall find you one—I know one for you—the very thing !" said David, eagerly: "Aunt Clary has a room to let, and it has been to let I don't know how long, so it must be ready to jump into. They will be overjoyed of your company, for they have nothing in the world to amuse them, except the newspapers aunt Clary reads to aunt Susan."

Edward coloured at this proposal ; for next to lodging with Marian, ranked the advantage of being with the relations she visited so often : his only doubt was of her approving the scheme. His scruples, however, were not very deep, and his decision was hastened by Mr. Thorpe's recommendation. It was a good situation, he knew, and convenient in many ways : "Miss Newton's company alone," he added, with a courteous, yet significant smile, "would be an attraction for any intellectual tenant. Perhaps Mr. Ryder has not seen the prospectus of a work that lady wished to publish by subscription," and he laid some papers before him. "We shall be happy to put your name down, Sir, as soon as you please."

"What is all this ? '*Woman as she ought to be*,' in four volumes. Heavens ! very well, Mr. Thorpe, you may put me down for—a frontispiece."

"Ha ! ha ! very good, sir:—a model—such as you have in your own mind. It will add tenfold to the value of the work, no doubt. Oh ! here is the Lon-

don parcel: will you have the goodness to wait a moment? There may be a little book Miss Newton ordered, and perhaps you would oblige me by giving it to her.

Open flew the tempting-looking package, and out came ensnaring volumes of every shade of colour; Easter offerings on the shrine of literary fame: the last cheap edition of priceless science—the last bright dream for poetic childhood—the last pair of green leaves from England's favourite tree, for which all Elchester would be scrambling on the morrow—the last trumpet of alarm on the subject of national decay; the last silent evidence of its intellectual maturity: everything, in short, but Mr. Belton's music, and Miss Claribel's volume of reference. Mr. Thorpe could therefore only apologise for having detained them, and as Edward was leaving the shop, offered him a pamphlet from the parcel. "I do not know your political opinions, Mr. Ryder; but this will interest you, as a man of taste. It is only just published, and the demand for it in town is immense—Mr. Templeton's Letter on the subject of education.

Edward almost sprang on the intellectual banquet: thanked the goodnatured bookseller warmly, and carried off his prize.



## CHAPTER II.



HE dwelling of Miss Claribel Newton and her blind sister Susan was a little antique house, in the most antique part of Elchester: the street being a steep narrow hill, leading down to the one where Warden resided: with no two houses in it of the same size or shape; and few of more modern date than Elizabeth or James: with arched entrances and jutting windows of black and white wood, alarmingly susceptible of high winds, and tempting to fire; indifferently arranged for comfort, but venerable, and not unpicturesque in outward garb, and by no means strange to the eyes of Edward Ryder, who had often visited the Mistresses Newton during his early residence in their city. Accustomed during his two years' rambles to quiet observation of every salient point in a village or town through which he passed; his eye wandered with pleasure over the irregular shapes and blended colouring of the old tenements; revolving changes of opinion and epochs in artistic history, and whether it really was better to have straight formal streets, well

ventilated and comfortable, or narrow rambling places like this, with gables and bay windows, affording rich shadows for the painter, and richer still to the historic antiquary. The useful and the beautiful rose up again to torment him with their rival claims, and to recal the sweet image of Marian, and the rough adieu of her father; and so lost was our hero in this absorbing subject, that he would have passed Miss Claribel's door, but for David. But David, not at all surprised at his abstraction—shrewd little David! kept hold of his arm, and brought him safely in; and introduced him into the little low-roofed parlour, with its deep window and panelled walls, and the tidy round table with the modest tea equipage, where sat Miss Susan, sipping her tea in serene resignation; and the larger, hopelessly burdened square table, sacred to literary litter, where Miss Claribel, elbow deep in papers, was reading aloud to her sister the last political production of her pen.

Edward's entrance was agreeable to both sisters: they had expected him to call, but not so soon after his arrival; and he rose many degrees in Miss Claribel's estimation, by what she considered so delicate a mark of respect. When too she heard he was come to be a lodger, her satisfaction was difficult to veil under the dignity of a freehold proprietor. Ryder was requested to sit down, David was motioned into silence, and the question was to be solemnly discussed, as became its importance.

No feudal baron ever gloried more in his stainless shield, or his chivalric pennon, than did Miss Claribel in the long-descended proprietorship of her house. How long the Newtons of Elchester had swayed the sceptre of its household keys—how many had been members of the corporation, bulwarks of political rights, and oracles to benighted constituencies,—nobody could presume to tell: Stonehenge might be easier counted, or Seeva's lotos tree measured from corolla to root. They had been in trade of course; always in trade: not of the modern fashion, of advertisement and competition, but of that steady, plodding style of business that does not believe in improvement, considers progress a myth, and cheap selling an inroad on the British constitution,—built in their opinion on small profits, short accounts, and moderate expenses. Not a money-loving or money-making race, but cordial and friendly and full of the spirit of kindred, that made it a duty to help on every branch of the great tree, no matter where or how: on this principle had acted the father of Claribel and Susan, and Marian Warden, mother to our Marian: having no son to inherit his snug little business, he had disposed of it before his death—bequeathed a frugal competence to his daughters, and the family dwelling to the eldest, and the rest among struggling nephews and cousins, just in time to give them a lift in their several positions.

Miss Claribel, therefore, the genius of the family,

was chatelaine of the freehold; with power to bequeath it by will to whom she would: no wonder she felt her dignity, and that she received her proposed lodger as if he was a feudal vassal, proffering homage for a fief. Her tone of voice was in general solemn—it now deepened into majesty.

Did Mr. Ryder smoke?

Mr. Ryder *could* do such a thing—but never where it was an annoyance to ladies.

“Very politely said, indeed,” observed aunt Susan.

If her dear sister Susan would kindly refrain from remarks just at this moment, while business was being transacted, Miss Claribel would be obliged to her. Was Mr. Ryder in the habit of keeping late hours?

Mr. Ryder bit his lip to preserve his gravity, and disclaimed all such dissipated intentions. He hoped so fully to employ his days, as to tire himself by the time night came.

Miss Claribel approved graciously: aunt Susan only ventured to nod. Was Mr. Ryder—he must excuse these questions on so serious an affair—very fastidious and delicate about his living? or would he be satisfied to board with herself and sister, as they were accustomed to do? plainly, but with all due attention to what became their station and circumstances?

Edward paused a moment: but a vision of Marian dropping in at tea hours, as so dutiful a niece must do sometimes, brought him to a speedy decision. He would be happy to be received at Miss Newton's

table, and had no doubt whatever, of finding every thing as it ought to be: much better than he had been accustomed to lately.

"Then," said Miss Claribel, "it only remains that you should take a survey of the apartments you will occupy. David, ring the bell."

David did so once, twice, three times, in obedience to his aunt's desire; and the third time a gruff voice issued like those of the cooks of Riquet with the Tuft, from the bowels of the earth. "There, don't keep on for ever: give a child time to move."

"What is that?" asked the startled visitor.

"My maid, Sir," was the stately reply. Aunt Susan added apologetically, "She is a country lass, you see, Mr. Edward, and a little rough: you will excuse her, I hope."

"Well, here I am—now what is it?" asked the gruff voice, which by this time had heavily climbed the kitchen stairs, and stood embodied at the door, in the hugest female form the young artist had ever contemplated—five feet ten in height, large-boned, stout, and good natured; only wanting a little more of the intellectual to make her handsome, and a little less disconsolate indolence to make her useful. A few graces of manner, might also not have been ill bestowed, so as to lighten the ponderous tread, and quiet the movements of the great awkward frame, that had much more of the ploughboy than of the tight country maiden.

"Did you want anything, Miss Claribel, that you

keep on ringing like that?" asked this gentle hand-maid, in a tone expressive of no resentment, but of much wounded feeling, "you've done with the drinking, perhaps, so I'll just rid up the table."

"Stop, Helen," said Miss Claribel, arresting with a lifted finger the huge arms that were about to sweep off the whole tray, "wait, Helen, till you have heard my orders." The docile Helen relinquished the tray, and stood like a domestic genie, ready to walk off with the house, if required.

"Helen, show this gentleman the apartments to let; and take his orders about them."

"Has he taken them for good?" inquired Helen, looking reluctantly up the staircase.

"He has not yet decided: do as I desire you."

Helen gave a deep groan; tucked up a slippery sleeve above her massive elbow, and with a resigned glance at Edward, began to stamp up the stairs. Ryder, finding the narrow staircase would not allow him to pass his guide, followed as patiently as he could, and apologised for giving her so much trouble. She made no answer till they had attained the landing place, and then threw open the door of the apartment: "There's your sitting-room—in there's your bedroom;" and sitting down on a chest outside, panted leisurely. "I am sorry to have caused you so much fatigue," said our courteous artist again.

"Oh, it aint that: I don't mind trouble—I don't mind work—it's only stairs," sighed Helen, "do take



the rooms, and ha' done with 'em; you'll not find better."

Edward glanced hastily round; and perceiving a window with a favourable light for drawing, made up his mind at once.

"They will do very well: I am not particular."

"That's a blessing," said Helen, "then you wont ring your bell more than you can help?"

"I will never ring it if I can help it," said Edward, "if you will promise not to disturb me till I do."

"Promise, yes, and I'll do all you want down below: I don't mind work, only stairs. It's the plague of my life, is stairs. A dozen times a week have I to climb up here to show them rooms, because nobody likes 'em, and nobody ever staid who took 'em; and if you don't, I'll leave my place. I can't stand it. I shall be ill. I aint half so stout and well as I used to be, and it's all along of stairs."

"Well, well," said Ryder, not trusting himself to look more closely into such unpopular lodgings, "your delicate health shall not suffer from me, my good girl, so long as the place is clean. And if it is not," he added aside, as he hastened down stairs to conclude his bargain, "and if it was twice as dingy and old fashioned, it would be worth while to be a lodger of Marian's aunt."

The bargain was soon made, for Miss Claribel thought much more of the importance than of the lucrativeness of letting apartments: and then David,

snatching up the knapsack, persisted in carrying it to his rooms, that he might see him installed there with his own eyes. "I like this room particularly," he said, as he threw open the window and let in the fresh air: "it is so high up, you escape the view of the street, and catch the towers of the Cathedral, and that bend of the river. When Marian was ill once, I came here to sleep; and I used to watch that bit long after aunt Clary thought I was in bed, and listen for the chimes the first thing in the morning. Don't you love the Cathedral, Ned?"

"Not as you do, David, perhaps: but I am ready to love everything connected with this place, except your fat verger."

"Ah, never mind him; he is good natured when you don't put him out, though he does think himself a judge of music, and cannot tell Purcell from Crotch, or bass from counter tenor. But I do not wonder he boasts of the Cathedral, for since I have belonged to it myself, Ned, I do not think there is such a place in the world; no, that I don't."

"And you like being a chorister, David?"

"Oh, that I do: and since my voice has grown so strong, I can sing out, so loud and so high, it feels as if my heart was pouring away with it, and it is ready to burst with strange happiness. And the anthems are so beautiful, and it is so grand to spend one's life singing praises to God. I remember longing so much to be a lark, when I saw one go spinning up to the sky

with its joyful song, as if it could not help bursting out into gratitude and delight: and now I am like it myself, and with the services and the practising, I am singing all day long."

"And does it not tire you?"

"Yes, it tires me very much sometimes; but I should be much more tired without it."

"Sit down, then," said Edward, "and sing me something now."

David complied immediately; and the dusky little old room was in a few minutes vibrating in every cranny with silver sound.

The boy was gifted, not only with powers of utterance, but with that delicacy of taste by which the musician instinctively modulates his cadences to the space they are to occupy, and the ear they are to reach. The voice that burst like a flood of song through the arches of the Cathedral, warbled bird-like in Edward's little room: but such a bird as might have sung in Paradise, when every musical sound was only prayer and praise. The young artist's hands dropped on his knees, and his eyes became rivetted on the singer, drinking in at once the melody that acted on his genius like a breeze on a wood of spices; and the contemplation of the thin face, radiant eyes, and abstracted air, that presented him the model he had so often desired. A dim outline grew before his fancy of a picture, such as he had dreamed of in aspiring reveries, though never clearly traced out: he began to see it now—

that sweet pure look, parted mouth, raised head, with the fading light on the hair: there it was, the "Samuel inspired" on which his fame would depend: the object for which he had studied, for which he had lived. Yes, a Samuel—not the infant of Reynolds, nor even the simple messenger at Eli's knee, but the boy prophet, recognised by Israel; the child champion of holiness when the Ark of God was lost, in a white ephod, with one of the golden vessels of the sanctuary in his hand; whose antique chasing and dim splendour just set off his own simple dignity as the boy that God loved: he saw it all, and his heart beat high with the glad pulse of the art that was its life blood; with the joy that is more to the child of genius than any golden recompense or crown of fame—the joy of a new-born ideal.

"David, you must sit to me forthwith."

"Must I?" said David, brought down from his sweet eminence to what appeared to him a very dull matter of fact: "I do not think I will, Ned. I have not patience enough."

But Ryder was used to that answer, and minded it not at all, and he sketched with his pencil on the wall, reckless of Miss Claribel's feelings, an outline of the attitude he wished, and spoke so warmly of what he could do, and what it might lead to, that his little friend caught his enthusiasm, and pledged himself to be at his service to the last inch of bone in his body. "And I would rather be Samuel than anybody, Ned,"

added he, as he rose to go, "for he must have been so happy, always in the temple : much happier than when he was a judge. Yes, I should like to sit to you for Samuel, if I could only be good enough, and holy enough, Ned, which I am not, I am sure."

"You are a dear boy, and very like your sister," said Edward, caressing him, "and much too good for me, both of you."

"Too good for *you*, Ned? why, it was you who taught me first about those things, and you used to hear me the Catechism, and explain the Bible, and tell me about the Martyrs and good men of old time. You first taught me to love right things, Ned, and I have loved them ever since, and you for teaching them to me. I always prayed for you, every day, while you were away, and so did Marian—though perhaps I ought not to tell you that: and we felt sure you did the same for us. Did you, Ned?"

Edward Ryder's brown cheek grew darker with emotion. "My dear boy," he said, "you are not old enough to understand how weak men's hearts grow, as their bodies grow strong; and that we are tempted, every step we take, to forget what we know we ought to keep in mind, and offend what we ought to love. I who taught you once, need teaching myself now: a great deal of teaching, David, to make me fit to be your tutor again. You must be mine, my boy: listening to your anthems will be the best schooling I can ave. Good night: I shall call early to-morrow for

my portfolio, and we can then settle about your likeness."

The brightness of imagination seemed to go out with David, and Edward Ryder was beginning to be aware how tired he was ; tired in mind and body, and strongly disposed to dejection of spirits. Like most young men, rather heedless in serious matters, he yet possessed at heart a deep sentiment of religion, cherished in childhood, and rooted too deeply to be easily removed, though it might droop for want of water. And the low spirits that stole over him now were just what every human heart feels at times, when the nerves are wearied, and life looks joyless, and hope flags, and we are yearning for something, we know not what. It is that internal evidence of Christianity's truth that no sophistry can argue away : the soul must have something to lean upon—and who can support a soul but a living spirit ? the heart will put the question, "Am I going right or wrong ?" and what but revelation can answer it ? Edward had never doubted—he had only neglected to believe, distracted by change of scene, companions, and incident ; but his solitary reflections were sure to show him the truth, when there was no pride, or shyness, or levity to blind him.

"Perhaps the old man was right after all—have I done anything useful ? Am I of any use in the world ? I have not thought much about it as yet, and perhaps have been mistaken altogether. It is a serious thing to make such a mistake. Suppose I fail in trying

to make my way; and can never win my Marian at all—what shall I have lived for then? Well, to die disappointed, like many others.

“To die—to sleep—

To sleep—perchance to dream—aye, there’s the rub  
That makes calamity of so long life.”

I used to love to think of that dream; that immortal, glorious existence promised us hereafter. It is strange how careless we grow, we men; the foremost in the ranks of creation, and who ought to be in earnest in winning life, if any inducement could make us so. Ah, it is the habit of never mentioning it, of careless talking and joking, of reading nothing serious, of letting Sundays slip away unhallowed I am afraid, that is at the bottom of it all. And two years have passed, and I am no further than this, but nearer death—who knows how near? and if I have devoted my time to useless trifling, and neglected the service of my God, what a life mine will have been!”

So spake conscience and reason, as they *will* speak, if we will only hear, in the hours of solitude and wholesome depression. Well would it be if men would listen oftener! Is there anything derogatory to human dignity, anything opposed to true philosophy, anything that manliness, and courage, and spirit need blush at, in giving a little time to considering—“Am I in the right road?” One would imagine there was, by the contempt with which such a question is generally treated. One would be led to suppose science

and learning had discovered that man is an isolated, self-upheld, irresponsible being, owing neither duty to those of his own species, nor allegiance to the Infinite; and that, therefore, to expect from him, in the midst of his business, his amusements, or his studies, one profound, earnest thought on faith and repentance, would be to insult every principle of reason and common sense. For one will cavil, and another will laugh, and another will be silent *because* of the laugh; and sooner than be detected in prayer—though the whole range of his philosophy would fail to find him a sublimer employment—a young man will be content to bear the reproach of conscience, and the aching of an unsatisfied spirit, which *will* be felt, however brilliant his career without a God.

Still, as Edward Ryder sat and mused, the echo of David's anthem thrilled in his ear—"Grant to thy faithful people pardon and peace:"—thrilled so strongly as to force itself at last on his serious contemplation. He needed both—standing as he did in a hard world, to fight his way alone against a host of difficulties—liable, in his precarious profession, to failure, to disappointment, to utter ruin; often tempted to do wrong; often yielding to the temptation; yet, with an inward thirst for the good and true, that transgression only kindled into fever:—eager to leave a bright name behind him, yet almost inclined to despair of overtaking those he emulated;—believing religion to be real, yet never really embracing it heart and soul;—*pardon*




and *peace* seemed exactly what he wanted most. And there were no friends at hand to laugh at his seriousness, or to throw doubts in his way as to whether these things were so or not—so that the still small voice could be heard, listened to, and at last welcomed. And Marian's prayers for him that night did not go up alone.





## CHAPTER III.

 DWARD slept soundly, disturbed by nothing till Helen's heavy foot stamped into his sitting room, and her knuckle fell hammerlike on his bedroom door.

"Seven o'clock, please, sir—and Miss Newton's compliments, and did you sleep well, and will you please to get up, and what will you like for dinner, and breakfast is at half-past eight." And without waiting for any answer, down she went again.

Before Ryder was dressed another step came up the stairs, but it was a flying one, and David's face peeped in at the door.

"It is only me—how are you? I haven't a minute, but father told me to leave your portfolio, that you mightn't have the trouble of calling. Very considerate, I say, isn't it? Poor Ned! You had better just peep into it, though, to see if all's right. Good-bye." Then, when half way down stairs, he came rushing back. "Ned, I should make haste down if I were you, for Aunt Clary's tea is none of the strongest to begin with; and if you are coming to morning service, you'll

hear such an anthem! The Dean chose it himself, and he is a judge, I can tell you. Now you don't look half so much obliged to me for bringing your drawings as you ought to do; you look almost cross, considering. Poor Ned!"

Away he went singing, three stairs at a time. Edward flung on his coat in a whirlwind of indignation. "The suspicious, tyrannical old—no, he is Marian's father, after all; but to serve me this trick, just to prevent my seeing her. I'll see her for all that, in spite of him. It is that verger's doing, I'll be bound; and I dare not go to service, for fear of assaulting him. I hope old Warden has sent the drawings all right, with his officiousness." He opened the portfolio, and a slip of paper fell out, that gave him some consolation.

"Do be patient, and don't anger father. God bless you!"

"God bless her," repeated Edward, mollified in a moment. "She is an angel, that she is, and I will not vex her. But what a tasteless, prejudiced old fellow he must be to call these waste paper. Well, well, I'll make him proud to invite me yet, before I have done." And with this magnanimous resolve, he went down to breakfast.

Miss Claribel received him graciously. "I rejoice to see, Mr. Ryder, you are not of that class of young men who delight to reverse the order of nature, and turn day into night and night into day. The sweet

hour of prime is the most valuable for study, and I have no doubt for art also. I have been at work for the last two hours already."

"You shame my laziness, Miss Newton, indeed; but I am glad to see I am not late for breakfast," said Edward, with a glance at the bare table.

"Oh, no, I have just ordered it; it wants a minute to the half hour. Are you a politician, Mr. Ryder?"

"Why, I can scarcely claim to be considered one, ma'am—I have only taken up hasty views on the great questions. My politics are principally confined to admiration of our great minister, Templeton."

Miss Claribel smiled. "Very natural for a young man. He has attractive qualities, certainly; but I would recommend independence of judgment to any one who wishes to distinguish himself. Templeton has views strangely inconsistent with his professed desire to improve the world. He entirely overlooks, in his calculations, *one* branch of society—*one important branch*, for whom, he must feel, so much is reserved."

"Very true, ma'am," said Edward, absently, for his attention was absorbed in watching Helen's entrance with the breakfast tray, which she carried in her hands, the tea-kettle hanging on one arm and the cloth tucked under the other. She set these articles down severally with a deep sigh, and began to lay the table, glancing at the amused lodger, and repeating—

"I don't mind work, or what I carry—only stairs."

"Helen," said her mistress, "prepare the morning

repast in a quiet, correct manner, and do not interrupt me with any inapposite remarks. As you seem to be aware, Mr. Ryder, it is a very serious consideration, that a minister of state should overlook so influential a body—should be so blind to the *immense reserve of power* placed under his hand. It is a proud thought—scarcely warranted, may be—that one so unknown as myself, Mr. Ryder, *may* be the means of awakening that great mind to a sense of its vital duty.”

“If she would awaken that great body to a lively sense of duty it might be more to the purpose,” thought Edward, who watched Helen’s slow progress with mingled curiosity and irritation, the more pardonable that his repasts the preceding day had been of the lightest description. The fair attendant had, in fact, just discovered that the butter had been left below, and was ransacking her ingenuity to avoid the dire necessity of fetching it.

“I suppose, Miss Clary, the gentleman will be for some jam, just handy, yon, in the cupboard.”

“Whatever Mr. Ryder prefers,” said her mistress, with dignified hospitality.

Edward, however, entered a vigorous protest against the proposed condiment; a crust of bread and butter would be all he required.

“Ah, yes, or a biscuit,” interrupted Helen, still moving to the cupboard: “a nice, big biscuit, brought by the captain of a ship as a curiosity. Just the thing a gentleman would like.”

"On board ship, may be, with salt junk and cock-roaches," said Ryder, "but not on British ground, Helen. It wont do, my good girl; down you must go for the butter, unless you will let me come and fetch it."

"Well, if you like—the pantry's darkish, you wont mind that, I dare say, and then the black beadles never come out after sunrise; and then you can look round, and see if there's anything else you fancy, you know," said Helen, cheerfully.

But Miss Claribel angrily interposed, and seemed so disturbed in her dignity that Edward found he must apologise, and pass it off as a joke. The entrance of the blind sister caused a diversion, and the warmth of manner with which he hastened to greet and hand her to a chair confirmed both ladies in their good opinion of their lodger; and the fair Helen having been spurred and goaded into bringing the comforts of life, the breakfast proceeded amicably. Miss Claribel, between her occupations at the head of the table, found time to continue her discourse.

"It must be evident to you, Mr. Ryder, as an intelligent member of society, and a young man of literary taste, that *something* is palpably wanting to regenerate the human family. Things have gone on in the old way age after age, and still we have mistakes, and abuses, and quarrels, and revolutions, and are likely to have, unless this great want is supplied."

"Please, what is it you want now, Miss Clary? I

am sure I've brought up everything I can think of," said Helen, with a groan.

"Helen, be silent, and fill the teapot. Now, Mr. Ryder, to come to the point at issue without further preface, how would you classify the human family?"

"Upon my word, ma'am," said Edward, startled out of a reverie by the question, "it would take me some time to arrange my ideas on the subject. Black, white, and red, I suppose, with a little gamboge for East Indians."

"Are they not divided by our Lord," asked Aunt Susan, mildly, "into the two classes, the sheep and the goats?"

Miss Claribel shrugged her shoulders with impatience. "You only allude to colour, Mr. Ryder—to religion, my sister Susan. Your views, correct as they are in themselves, are too narrow for the subject. I ask, in a social point of view, how do you divide the human family?"

Aunt Susan timidly observed, what she thought a profound idea, "Queen, Lords, and Commons."

Ryder suggested that *dividing* the human family was the most unsocial thing in the world, and digressed to enquire if Miss Newton often visited her brother-in-law?

"Our mutual duties—" began Miss Claribel, but her sister interrupted her with expressions of affection for Marian and David, that Edward was determined to hear, and he was deaf to everything else until they were over. Then Miss Claribel started afresh.

"In two words, Mr. Ryder, you may thus divide them—*married* and *unmarried*."

Edward was all attention at this, and observed it was very true, and the sooner the difference was put an end to in some instances the better.

"The better for the young," said Miss Newton, with a calm smile, "but not for those who, like myself, have a higher calling to follow."

Aunt Susan smiled too, but more archly, and Edward had no idea before how shrewd a blind face could look. He felt as if she must be looking at him, and covered his emotions by an onslaught on Helen's peace, by insisting on her fetching the mustard from below; which, as he had only an egg on his plate, seemed luxurious, not to say unnecessary.

"Setting personalities quite aside," continued the literary lady, "let me beg your attention to the point at which I am just arriving. Hitherto the moral and political government of the world has been unfairly divided. Your sex, Mr. Ryder, married or unmarried, have grasped the lion's share, and have been found unequal to the task. Consequently, it has happened more than once that, to meet the pressure, women have been called suddenly into action, and their domestic duties, the care of their household and children have been neglected, while they wrought their husbands' work. Do you clearly understand me?"

"Quite, and thoroughly agree with you."

"So do I, dear," said Miss Susan, "there is no-



thing so bad as for a wife and mother to neglect her family, I'm sure."

"Then where lay the error?" asked Miss Claribel, triumphantly. "Was it not in overlooking that *reserve* of the great host, standing idle on the flanks of the contest, if I may use the metaphor—sent into the rear, as if only fit to guard the baggage, instead of charging in the van for victory and renown? Excuse my growing poetical, Mr. Ryder"—for this sentence was part of a favourite peroration in Miss Claribel's unpublished work—"I always grow energetic on this topic."

"And may I ask where this ill-treated body are to be found?" asked Edward.

"In every town, village, household, sir: at present branded with a contemptuous epithet, which should be in reality their proudest boast. The unmarried women—if you choose, the old maids of England—it is from *them*, if from *any* class, you may hope to see her become what she might be."

Attributing Edward's silence to admiration, she proceeded to unfold her great plan.

"What ties, what social duties has the unmarried woman after she has lost her bloom? None. She is become a supernumerary—society requires her not, and she is in herself nothing. But supposing that all these were made part of a vast system, by which the whole class could be incorporated in a body, communicating with each other through some central point of govern-

ment, how vast would become their influence and power! Give them privileges, position, libraries, debating rooms, means of knowledge and discussion—let them become the arbiters of disputed points—the judges of new discoveries—the censors of literature—which may be done without leaving their families, except on great occasions—and you have at once a mighty Order spread over the nation, in which every enquirer may find a guide, an instructor, a parent. Young girls will cease those frivolous pursuits and amusements which foster their vanity: no longer thirsting for idle admiration, they will early begin to store their minds for the great position they may attain, if they escape the bonds of matrimony. You will have no more maternal manœuvring—no more of that speculating for matches, which disgrace the dignity of woman now. She will wake to her real position, as ruler and guardian of the human family. This is my theory, Mr. Ryder, more fully developed in the pages of a MS. in the possession of Mr. Thorpe, the bookseller, who will admit you to a perusal at your leisure. The first part of the work is completed; I hope ere long to be ready with the second. Whether I shall live to see my theory realized I know not; but I cherish the hope that my dear niece, Marian, may see our Order flourishing; herself and her accomplished friend, Miss Luton, being among its most distinguished members.”

“Miss Luton, by all means,” said Ryder, swallow-

ing the ejaculation that rose to his lips, as he thought to himself, "as to Marian, there are two words to that matter."

"And, my dear," interrupted Susan, "you don't mean *every* unmarried woman to be included, do you? Some are very useful in their way, you know, especially in a large family, when there are measles or hooping-cough."

"There are nurses to be had for such offices," replied her sister, "though I would not forbid a member of our Order from performing those acts of kindness which lie in her province. Only everything must be done as *part of a system*, with that grand comprehensive view, that concentrates in one the wisdom of a thousand."

"But, my dear, is there not something a little popish in all this?" asked Aunt Susan; "an order of women would be very like a nunnery; Mr. Ryder, don't you think so? I am sure Marian is too good a Protestant to like that."

"I am sure she is," chimed in Edward promptly.

"You are mistaken," said Miss Claribel, delighted to argue the point, "there will be nothing like conventual rigour in my system, which combines all the energy of Loyola with the philosophic freedom of the present age. The bond of union will be *social*, not *spiritual*: it will be the unmarried woman's privilege, her birth-right, to be ranked in the Order, not a yoke hung on her neck to make her a slave. For to be of any real

use in the world, Mr. Ryder, freedom of thought and action is indispensable."

"Very true, madam," said Edward rising.

"Must you leave us, Mr. Ryder? I had hoped for a longer discussion, and to have shown you some interesting documents I have collected bearing on this subject; and to ask you as a literary man—"

"Excuse me, Miss Claribel, but I am only a poor artist, and if I do not bestow myself to find employment, I am not likely to obtain any. I must therefore postpone that intellectual treat."

"Till tea-time," was Miss Claribel's amendment to his phrase, as she allowed him to depart.

"Till I have more patience," was his own, as he ran up for his portfolio, and proceeded to the shop of Mr. Thorpe. "No wonder Miss Claribel's lodgers do not stay long; and if I am to be regaled with this at every meal, I shall pay dearly for the privilege of boarding with Marian's aunt."

Mr. Thorpe was engaged when our hero entered, but received him cordially, and begged he would try and find amusement among his literary stores, till he had leisure to give him more serious attention. Edward accordingly retired to the back of the shop, and took the opportunity of reading what he had hitherto only glanced at—Templeton's popular pamphlet. At first, indeed, his thoughts wandered to his own precarious prospects; but taste was too strong within, and in a little while he had become so absorbed in the work

and the train of thought it excited, as to forget where he was, and not even to hear the entry and departure of several customers in succession.

Templeton !—the man of the age, the wielder of his country's thunders, the Christian sage, keen-eyed statesman, classic orator : the idol of the rising generation, literature's selected champion, with the thews of Goliath and the anointing of David :—authorship in authority, science on the Treasury bench, undisputed member of the constituency of intellect and progress ! What had *he* to do, the man of the large heart, and enlightened philosophy, with the cabals, the intrigues, the party spirit, the paltry wrangling of political life ? He, trained by study and deep thought to trace out Creation's mighty plan—to calculate the eras of dead worlds, the weight of suns, and the birth of planets—to read the promise of the future in the disappointments of the past, and see in man only a part of a glorious system to be carried on throughout eternity :—what had *he* to do with despatch boxes and red tape, with audiences and cabinet dinners, to be badgered by fire-new patriots and miraculous arithmeticians—to be anathematised in leading articles, and caricatured in Punch ? This was, indeed, calling down glorious Apollo to a sheep-washing, and using diamond scales to weigh out clay-cross coal. If such a mind was to govern a nation, it should be in perfect independence : its wing should be free, its glance unimpeded, and all inferior spirits subject to its teaching : conventionali-

ties, forms, the shackles of law and custom—what were they to an inspired genius, bent only on elevating his country, and by her, the whole race of man?

So thought our young artist; too young, as yet, to have lost his romantic belief in the great and the gifted; a hero-worshipper, every inch of him, and an especial worshipper of large-minded intellect. He had not yet arrived at the period for that *smoked glass* view of the sun, which makes his spots visible; and however mistaken in this loyalty, it gave a keener zest to his eagerness as a reader, than could have been afforded by the subtlest faculty of criticism.

Templeton's language was that of a man deeply in earnest: sometimes almost pathetic, as if wrung from feelings that could only thus find relief. And if his feelings were oppressed, who shall wonder,—compelled as he was to see the dark side of nature in its lowest deep—forced to the anatomical knowledge of evil, and called upon for remedies in which he could scarcely even hope? It was such an appeal against the ills of ignorance as the captain of a blazing vessel makes to his crew, to try at least, if something can be done before it is entirely too late. But that which touched Edward most nearly was the appeal to the genius of the country; a call to the gifted, the imaginative, the children of art, whether aimed at the soul through eye or ear, senses or intellect—poet, painter, minstrel, architect—all who ministered to the higher part of man, to join in the work of raising their brethren, and *teach the igno-*

*rant to admire.* He—this weather-beaten minister of state,—in whom the faculty of admiring must have been well nigh worn out in the struggle with the mean and the treacherous and the narrow-minded ; with his hand on the throat of crime, and his foot on the neck of sedition ; armed magistracy watching the lifting of his finger ; vice, hardened and ubiquitous, daring and eluding him by turns, as if it would madden him into a failure of charity—he it was who now appealed to the artists and writers of his time, “ Teach the ignorant to admire ! The power that gave their actions to the law, and their consciences to the Gospel, gave *you* the dominion over their imaginations : and it is as much at your peril to neglect or mis-employ, as at that of the magistrate who licenses murder, or the church that preaches an unknown God ! ”

There was a spirit of sadness in the whole of this production, which revealed how much of disappointment and foreboding had taken possession of the over-tasked mind of the author. A brief but comprehensive summary of the moral condition of the poor, in both town and country, the number of schools and institutions, and the evident disproportion between the work to be done, and the means of doing it, led him again to the subject of the above apostrophe. He argued from the peculiar organisation of man, that no one of his faculties could be neglected, without endangering the others, by unnatural distension, or over-work. The effect was palpable enough in an artist

who destroyed his health, or an imaginative writer who wore out his intellect: how was it that so few recognised the urgency of the opposite case—the evil that must ensue from the imagination being left a *blank*, or only filled with ideas that debase and disease it? In the one case the unbearable vacuity is remedied by *drink*, and knowledge and happiness are at once shut out: in the other, the excited fancy, with neither reason nor faith to guide it, will hurry the hand into crime—crime that recoils on the cheap theatre, or the penny novel, where they learned its existence first! Starvation or poison—the intellect of the poor man had too often to choose between the two. Even among those whose taste or principles kept their productions from allurements to evil, how few there were whose tendency was to elevate, to point out the true and beautiful, to animate to noble deeds!—To raise a laugh is so much easier than to kindle a glow—to point out a weakness than to teach a force—that satire and irony, outcries against abuse, prophecies of ruin, are the popular subjects of pencil and pen: the witty caricature, the sarcastic article, the burlesqued drama, the presumptuous, and sometimes infidel essay—the public imagination must grow and improve upon this; learn heroism by doubting its existence, and to admire by being skilful at a sneer!

This then was the evil against which he would call the genius of the age to combine; that every man, whose ambition sought a higher object than his own ad-



vancement, would set before him this noble end—the elevation of his poor untaught brother.

“Yes,” he continued, once more abandoning his argument for an appeal, “whatever is meant for the public eye, should be for the public good. Poet, dramatist, novelist, artist, musician! it is yours to portray human passion, suffering, and vicissitude—show them in their true colours! show the beauty of truth, the sublimity of devotion, the dignity of fortitude, the magic of perseverance, the grandeur of forgiveness, the blessedness of holy charity! Help the moralist, support the evangelist, whose appeals to faith and conscience are never so powerful as when the intellect is enlisted in the cause. Scientific lecturer, philosophical essay-writer! if indeed the love of true wisdom dwell in you, show yourselves worthy to be its shrine! instead of stooping to the common mind, lift it upon your wings: till it perceives the great truths of harmony, of order, of development, of adaptation—all that the works of creation reveal, and which Revelation explains and simplifies:—in a word, show them God speaking in His own works, and deigning to be interpreted by yours!”

Whatever might be thought of Hervey Templeton's theories, (and he had as strong an opposition in literature as in St. Stephen's), he was generally popular with the young spirits of his day, and Edward Ryder's reverence for his name gave more than usual depth to the impression this pamphlet produced on him. So

completely was he absorbed, that it was not till at its conclusion, the words broke unconsciously from his lips, "That were indeed something to live for!" that he was aware his friend Mr. Thorpe was standing at his elbow. With a start and apology he rose from his chair, and laid down the precious pamphlet.

"You have been interested, Sir, I see: what do you think of it?" asked the bookseller.

"What it would be to know such a man—to consult, and be advised by him!" exclaimed Edward, so energetically as to draw the eyes of all who were in the shop. Mr. Thorpe smiled at his confusion, and significantly pointed out to his notice an elderly gentleman and young lady, examining some books and prints at the counter. "Do you know who those are, Mr. Ryder," he asked in a whisper.

"No, I think not. Yet that face seems familiar: the dress too—is it Dean Eyre?"

"The Dean himself: he is a constant customer of mine, and the lady—you cannot see her face at present, but she is the greatest beauty in England, they say; a Countess in her own right, only eighteen, and engaged to be married to your greatest of men, Mr. Templeton."

He took up the pamphlet Edward had laid down, and hurried back to his distinguished customers, before our roused artist could ask any questions. He listened, however, for his curiosity was keenly excited.

"This is the very last, Sir, I assure you, though

they only came in yesterday evening ; and as you may have seen, I have just rescued it from a young gentleman, who was quite lost in the perusal. But I shall send for a fresh supply of copies, and your ladyship shall have them the instant they arrive."

The beautiful young lady dignified by Templeton's choice, received the pamphlet with eager curiosity, but only turned over the pages. " You will read it, my dear Dean, and give me your opinion. All his writings are much too clever for me."

" And yet," said the Dean, smiling, " he probably thinks more of your approval than of that of the House of Commons."

" Oh, how little you know him ! he has never shown me one of his pamphlets yet : I should not have heard of this, but for you. But I will really read this one, out of contradiction. Can I take this copy, Mr. Thorpe, or did you say it was bespoke ?"

" I had given it to the young gentleman who was reading it, Lady Moore, but I have no doubt—"

" Nay," interrupted the Dean, " if he admires it so much, it would be cruel to take it away. It is a great thing for a young man to become an admirer of such an author : Lady Moore's zeal for Mr. Templeton's fame will help her to wait patiently."

" Oh yes, but send me a dozen copies, Mr. Thorpe, as soon as they come, and any notices or reviews that you see about it : I really mean to get up the subject thoroughly. And pray have you any views of Elches-

ter Cathedral, or could you send for any at the same time?"

Mr. Thorpe produced all he had, all that he believed, had ever been taken, but they were quite below the lady's wishes. She wanted more detail, more finish; and a complete set of all the finest points in the building: where could they be found? Mr. Thorpe pondered a moment: glanced across the shop, and then bending over the counter, said something in a low voice, that made Edward's cheek burn, though he could not catch the sound. He felt too, immediately, that the Dean and the lady had turned to look at him, although he had plunged into the Morning Chronicle to appear unconscious of their presence. Presently his friend tapped him on the shoulder. "Allow me, Mr. Ryder, the Countess Moore is enquiring for an artist to execute a series of views; may I introduce you? Mr. Ryder, your Ladyship; Mr. Ryder, the Dean of Elchester."

Both gentlemen bowed formally: Lady Moore honoured the artist with a fashionable curtsey, lifted her bright eyes to his face, and then gave a quick glance and smile at the Dean that did not escape Edward's notice, and encouraged him mightily. He began to think he had only dreamed of beauty hitherto: he saw it now for the first time in its full radiance: the slight, aerial figure, the glossy hair, the childish bloom and delicate features, and those eyes of light and mirth and softness, meeting his so sweetly and pleasantly; and

all those minor charms of dress, colour, and carriage, that though only the varnish and framing of the picture, yet, like them, gave effect to its light and shadow:—never, thought our hero, was it given to mortal eye to look on a lovelier creation; worthy indeed, if the exterior were all, of being the beloved of Hervey Templeton.

She was indeed a dazzling creature, this favourite of nature and art and fashion, this new planet on the bright field of ton; whose entry into hall or palace chamber was heralded by the rush of the curious and admiring; whose costume was a pattern, and whose style a model: this Angel, Countess Moore—this orphan of eighteen! Set up in the world's pantheon to be worshipped, when she required a prop and not a pedestal—appointed a guide and leader over a region, of whose perils she knew nothing—the chosen idol of a heart, of whose standard of merit she had no more conception than she had of his schemes of policy; who looked to her for the realization of his visions, the sharing of his hopes and fears, the consolation of his disappointments—to her, this child in experience and resolve, who had stepped into the world as into a pleasure ground, from the school-room that had taught her so little! But Edward Ryder saw nothing of this: he knew too little of the great world to think of it at all: he only felt, what so many had felt already, and without any conscious violation of his duty to Marian, that he would take up the gauntlet against the universe for the smile of Angel Moore.

The Dean had been for many of the best years of his life, Head Master of a certain great school—too great to be named here : and though failing strength had compelled him to exchange it for the quiet of Elchester Close, yet it was done with the deepest regret, and left a blank in his daily existence. He missed the voices, the footsteps, the hubbub, the distant laughter, the manly respect, the bright fresh faces, growing up before his eyes : he forgot all his weary hours, all his disappointments, all his anxiety and irritation ; and in his secret soul yearned upon his boys. His only son was in India, and his little ones were entrusted to his care ; and this was some consolation ; but for little girls the best he could do was to give them such a governess as Miss Luton : he could not expect the pleasure of taking them through Virgil and Æschylus. Kind and benevolent as he was to all, it was a known fact that his partiality was for the young of the nobler sex ; from the pinafore and petticoats of mother's darling just stammering out his first catechism, to the white neckcloth of the shy young curate, beginning life with a long engagement and a hundred a year—they were always the first to be thought of, feasted with gingerbread, or invited to dinner, as the case might require ; aye, and assisted in a solid shape, often beyond his means—for he was far from wealthy, and his hospitality truly patriarchal. And patriarchal too was his manner and address, such as strikes the young mind at once with reverence, while it does not repel its love : a little old-fashioned in his politeness,

and formal in his phrases, about which at times yet hung a speech-day effect, as if he were still presenting prize copies, and commending sixth form genius : but dignified withal and kindly, full of charity and good works, and a most earnest and learned preacher ; rather too learned sometimes for a good many of his audience, for when he got upon a word of disputed meaning, he could not bear to let it go till he had tried every way of setting it right : which, among Arabic, Coptic, and Samaritan Versions, was apt to be a work of time. When, however, his congregation had listened as best they might to a curious and elaborate collection of various readings and derivations, and were becoming more or less bewildered, he would suddenly change his tone, and make every one of the readings tell like hammers on their consciences, in the plainest, homeliest application that good Saxon English would admit of.

His greeting of our hero was given with that paternal grace that filled his pupils of old with chivalrous loyalty : it was a fascination he loved to employ, and which could not have been lodged in safer hands. Ryder's frank nature felt the influence as quickly as his perception of the beautiful had vibrated beneath the glance of Angel Moore, and in a few minutes they were gathered round his portfolio, and discussing the wonders of art and travel as freely as if they had been acquainted all their lives. The Dean's good taste saw at once the merit of Warden's "waste paper," and so far from expecting like his verger, unqualified

homage to his own Cathedral, was the first to admit its inferiority to the stupendous monuments of taste and skill abroad.

"But now I must entreat one favour of Mr. Ryder," interrupted the young Countess, "and that is, that he will be indulgent to my whims and bad taste in the views he is good enough to promise to take: so that I may have every point, every corner, every old chapel or monument I have a fancy or love for, whether it is correct or picturesque, or artistic or not. I know nothing whatever of architecture or of painting, so I am sure to admire the wrong part, and to see no beauty in the very place where I should be in raptures. You must be prepared for this, Mr. Ryder, and not think me a rude barbarian if I insist on your violating a rule of art now and then!"

Edward Ryder bowed good humouredly. "But," thought he to himself as he did so, "if I am to undertake the performances it must be in my own way, and nobody else's: charming as you may be, Templeton's lesson shall be enforced on his own bride. I will teach her how to admire."

So all was arranged and agreed upon, and he was to set to work the following morning, and the Dean wrote him an order of admittance into the Cathedral at all hours, and Lady Moore, eager as a child about a new pastime, dropped some pretty hints of impatience, and then blushing, apologised, and looked more lovely than ever in so doing. "Ah," said Dr. Eyre, "when our young friend considers his performances will meet



the eye of the great man whose work he was reading so intently just now, it will give wings to his pencil, and outstrip even a young lady's impatience."

The beautiful face grew dazzling with the bright glow that suffused her cheeks, and gleamed in her eyes, swimming in tears of quick feeling. "Do you indeed admire him so much, Mr. Ryder?"

"Admire him, Madam? he is a man to die under," was Edward's answer, too heartily given to be misunderstood. "And his writings?" asked the Dean, smiling well-pleased at his enthusiasm.

"Oh, Sir, what a noble spirit they breathe; what a lofty aim! He makes us feel our work holy; consecrates our pens and brushes; teaches us to find a motive, a purpose, in the study of the beautiful: and it is all so true. Directly I read it, I know I must have felt it all before, though I never understood how till then."

"Let me hope you will follow up such good counsel, my dear Sir," said the good Dean, his eyes glistening, "I may well rejoice to hear the young of this generation stirred up to imitate his excellence, for he was my pupil, Mr. Ryder—my favourite pupil; the pride of ——— School, where I was master so many years, and I feel towards him as a son. Ah! you should have heard him at sixteen, recite his own prize verses: he has no time for poetry now, but he has a soul formed to appreciate art, let it be what it may, with the profound research of a philosopher, and the keen fore-

sight of a statesman. And best of all, he dares to acknowledge his God in the face of his country and Europe. God bless him: I can never speak of him without warmth; you must forgive me, dear Angel," caressing the little hand that rested on his arm.

The tears were falling from Angel's bright eyes like the drops from a sparkling cloud on a sunny day. "If I have anything to forgive," she said, "it is your being so much more worthy to praise him than myself. And yet I can tell you, learned as you are, and able to understand his works, which I am not, I know more of his goodness than you can ever know, or all the world besides. You will not forget the books, Mr. Thorpe."

Mr. Thorpe would as soon think of forgetting to exist. Like everybody else, he felt an insane desire to perform impossibilities to please Angel Moore, and resolved to get a telegraphic message despatched forthwith. She bought a variety of other things meanwhile, with that enviable carelessness that shows the Fortunatus purse, and then they took leave of the shop and of their artist; the Dean courteously shaking hands with him, the Countess giving him a gracious bow, and that smile that had even fascinated Mr. Dance. And then Edward shook hands vehemently with Mr. Thorpe, and declaring he was a made man, hurried away to find Marian, and tell her the good news, whether her father liked it or not.

Miss Luton sat in the Deanery school-room next day, with her three pupils, very busy, as usual: there was no

dawdling allowed wherever she had any control. The children saw she was in earnest, and the energy of her eye kept theirs on the alert, and though it was a bright sunny afternoon, and the old cloister garden looked very inviting for truants, not one of them had an idea of going to play yet for an hour. It was their history lesson, and they were trying to receive what she was trying to insinuate into their understandings: the change that passed over the world on the fall of the Roman Empire: a difficult period for most superficial readers, and particularly so to children. Under her teaching, however, a ray of light was gradually breaking in on the dim obscure of Barbarian colonization, when the door flew open, and light of a more meteoric description came dancing in about the light dress and graceful head of the Countess Moore.

"Up, little students, one and all! I have begged for a holiday for you, and my requests, like those of royalty, are always law. Put away books and atlases, and away to the garden! Don't look at Miss Luton so wistfully: I tell you, it must be as I wish, wherever I go: quick, quick, and away!"

There was no need of much persuasion: Miss Luton knew the case was hopeless, so submitted with a good grace, and the children went away rejoicing, to play as merrily in the garden, as if Alaric and Attila had never existed.

"Oh the joy of such an emancipation," said Lady Moore, watching the rush down the garden walk,

"the joy of suddenly finding the harness taken off, and the world of freedom and pleasure opening round you! Just what I felt, when I left the school-room, which was only last year, Miss Luton. Good, generous Miss Luton! how very good humoured and indulgent you are, to allow me to behave in this way; when all the time you feel I am impertinent and trifling, wasting my own time and everybody else's—which is very true."

"Where one cannot help oneself, it is as well to be indulgent," said Miss Luton, smiling, but it was a grave smile; for these interruptions were against her wishes, however charming the instrument. The young Countess threw herself into the armchair, placed by Mrs. Eyre for Miss Luton's private accommodation, but which she only used when her labours were over: and with her cheek resting on her hand, watched her proceedings, as she quietly marked the unfinished pages of history, and restored the volumes to their places. Her conscience not quite at ease, she began deprecatingly, "Have I done any real mischief, Miss Luton?"

"Only thrown us back a few hard paces," said Miss Luton: "there are some things which, if left unfinished, must be begun over again."

"I will not offend again, Miss Luton, I promise you, if I can help it; but I do love to make children happy in a moment."

"And for a moment," said Miss Luton, still smiling

gravely, "I would rather prefer a slower process, with a more enduring result."

"Do you mean that they would have been happier here than in the garden? Oh, Miss Luton, hark at those laughing voices, and maintain your position if you can!"

"It is just half-past two," said Miss Luton, glancing at her watch, "I would not be too positive of even that laughter enduring till tea-time. If the difficult lesson had been mastered first, there would have been less time to grow tired, and more capacity to enjoy."

"That may be, but is it really necessary, Miss Luton, for so much of a child's time to be spent over books? I would much rather see them playing about."

"So would I, if playing about would give them knowledge, but neither child nor woman will learn that way."

Lady Moore's quick blush showed how she felt this truth; she moved nearer Miss Luton, and dropped her light tone for one of much more humility. "Do you know why I have been guilty of this liberty to-day, Miss Luton? I have risked your anger on purpose to engross your attention: I want your advice."

"Do you?" said Kate Luton, with an arch glance; "does your ladyship ever take advice when it is given you?"

"Not often: never, unless I ask it, and I only ask where I am sure of hearing plain truth. Tell me, then, Miss Luton, what a woman is to do, who is not

clever, and yet is in such a situation where cleverness is absolutely necessary?"

"Improve her mind by reading, by reflection, by conversing with well informed people, by exerting herself in every way," said Miss Luton, uncompromisingly.

"Oh, but to do this she must be clever; but I am supposing her to be just the reverse, and very idle besides."

"The greater reason for improvement, and the less time to lose," said Kate.

"It will not do, Miss Luton, indeed: suggest something easier."

"Let her go to sleep, then," said Miss Luton, composedly.

"To sleep? Hervey Templeton's wife sleep away her existence? that would be a frightful picture."

"I beg your ladyship's pardon: you never told me it was for Mr. Templeton's wife. You supposed a woman not at all clever."

"Did not you know her by that description, Miss Luton? or is it only your politeness? Sad to tell, it is but too true; and he will find it out, I am afraid, and be disappointed after all."

And she looked sorrowful for a minute, like a fairy queen who has broken a flower. The next she had sprung to the window to watch the children.

"How they do laugh! how happy they are! No I have not done wrong; I am in charity with myself

again, and Hervey will always think me perfection, as he does now : but he will be mistaken, Miss Luton, will he not ? ”

Miss Luton did not contradict her : the Countess, who perhaps expected to be contradicted, bit her lip, flung herself again into the arm-chair, and began turning a splendid diamond ring round her small finger.

“ Miss Luton,” she said presently.

“ Lady Moore ! ”

“ No, do not look so ceremonious, or speak so coolly, for you frighten away all my confidence, and make me feel more insignificant than ever. Tell me, if you were in my place, what would you do ? ”

“ Were I Glenallan's Earl this day,  
And you were Roland Cheyne ? ”

said Miss Luton, pleasantly : “ indeed, that is a serious question. In the first place, I should require a little time to accustom myself to homage and admiration, and the homage of *one* person in particular, which would more than turn my head, I fear.”

“ Well, suppose that all got over, and you could think of your position quietly—what should you do ? ”

“ Stay, your ladyship must allow me to think quietly, as you suggest. I must think of my possessions, my tenantry, my influence, my authority,—all to be employed usefully and accounted for : I must think of my name becoming history hereafter, as joined to that of which present History says so much ; and of its rest-

ing with myself, whether future generations speak of me with respect, or with aversion."

"Oh, Miss Luton!"

"I must consider that the great mind linked to mine, holds in its grasp the destinies of so many millions; and that a false movement of mine may turn it aside: that if he finds in me a hinderance to his great work, instead of a support, his wearied powers may prove unequal to the strain, and I may be the rock on which his glory founders: but that if my tenderness and sympathy just supply his need when seeking their shelter and refreshment, the nation may owe to me its reformer, Christianity its champion, and heathenism its God."

"Oh Miss Luton! and I am such a child, so ignorant, so weak,—I can never, never do it!"

She looked such a child when she spoke, with her large eyes swimming with tears, turned up to her monitor's face, that Miss Luton's heart yearned upon her, as if she had been given into her charge. She drew her seat close to hers, and took her hand.

"I had not finished yet, dear Lady Moore: you asked me what I should *do*."

"And what would that be?" she asked eagerly.

"I would set it before me night and day, as an object to live for: and I would read, and listen, and furnish my mind with knowledge, and cultivate my taste, and prove myself worthy to fill my great position. And knowing myself to be weak and young, and ex-



posed to temptation, I would take up Solomon's prayer, '*I am but a little child: give me a wise and understanding heart:*' and I would keep close to my good Shepherd, who would carry me in His bosom when I was weary. That is what I would do, if instead of a poor governess, I were the Countess Moore."

The Countess's answer was characteristic of her impulsive nature: she sprang from her chair, took Miss Luton's hands, and kissed them. "And a much better Countess Moore you would make, for all this would be no labour to you, so well informed already and so religious. But I am not religious, you know: I think I could become so here, with the good Dean, and the Cathedral every day, and you for a pattern, Miss Luton. But when I go back to town, or to my own home, or to my uncle's, I hear nothing about it: and we go out so much, and there are so many things to think of, and to see and do, and so many people to speak to, and the opera, and balls and so on, that really one has no time. One ought to have, I know: but so it is; you do not think about it, just because it does not come in your way."

"May be so," said Miss Luton, "but what must that way be, Lady Moore, into which religion cannot come?"

"Well, I am afraid it is not quite right: but what can one do? One must be like other people, you know."

"One must indeed," said Kate, "in one respect:

however brilliant, admired, and gifted in this world, one must be like other people in leaving it."

"Oh, my dear Miss Luton, I did not think you held such gloomy views. I have no idea of leaving the world yet, I promise you. No, I do not mean to be presumptuous: I know my time must come like others, and I hope I shall be ready; but—"

"But"—repeated Miss Luton, "you do not like the trouble of the preparation. Yet I believe Mr. Templeton would tell you—"

"Yes, yes, I know Hervey's opinions are very strong on the subject: but they are not quite like yours, Miss Luton: they are more mysterious, and learned. He does not approve of my going out so much, but he never shows me any harm it can do: only that it is not *rational*: and I always say, it would not be half so agreeable if it was."

"So the children thought just now, when your ladyship broke up their lesson, and gave them an afternoon's idleness. It appears much pleasanter to play than to work, certainly: but if the work *must* be done—and in this instance it *must*, would it not be more rational to persevere in doing it?"


Angel Moore sighed deeply, and a shade of sadness clouded her brow. The ringing of the Cathedral chimes broke the silence that followed, and appeared a relief to both. "Are you going to service, Miss Luton? and may I go with you? And then we can visit my artist, who is busy at the West entrance, and you shall

help me choose where the next view shall be taken."

As they walked across the cloisters, admiring and criticising by turns, Lady Moore accounted to her companion for her partiality for the building, and her desire to carry away with her as complete a representation of it as she could. All her earliest associations were connected with Elchester Cathedral: one of the Canons, now dead, was a friend of her father's, and a child's first love had endeared to her the memory of the joyous holidays she had passed, the kindnesses she met with, in the old cloister. "It is now several years since I was here last," she added, with the conscious dignity of eighteen, "but ever since my godfather, Dr. Eyre, succeeded to the Deanery, I have meditated renewing my old acquaintance with my favourite place. It is very odd, I never feel very great pleasure in going to church anywhere else, but here, I like to go every day. The very sight of the old carving, and the sound of the organ I used to admire so much, seem to help me to feel serious. I wonder if Hervey was ever here!"



## CHAPTER IV.

UNT Susan sat in the little panelled parlour, her fingers engaged in a simple kind of knitting—for she never could learn anything intricate ; and beguiling time by repeating a Psalm from the Bible. This was her favourite occupation every day, and very rarely could she be detected in an error. She was quite alone, for Miss Claribel was at Mr. Thorpe's, consulting references, and it was too early for Marian to call and take her to the Cathedral ; but her placid face was as unruffled as ever, and she looked the picture of content as she knitted on, reciting aloud, and stopping at intervals to commentate.

“ ‘ *The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy-work.* ’ Aye to be sure they do, as I can well remember, and I should like to ask those poor creatures who don't believe in the Lord, can they tell me anybody else who would have made them better. Ah, we are sinful, unbelieving creatures, the best of us. ‘ *Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.* ’ And that is

a kind of speech too, poor weak folks like myself can understand : there's no Latin or Greek there to puzzle unlearned souls ; all is plain as God's finger can make it, that those who run may read—and written so brightly that even *the blind* can see it, praised be His Name ! And that knowledge too, it isn't like sister Clary's, all full of difficulties and fault finding, making one unhappy to think what a wretched state we've been in all along without knowing it : but it is about 'the love that passeth knowledge,' the love of the Lord, who sees all our blunders, and makes everything come right at last : a choice comfort that is, to be sure ; but when one comes to think of it, how very difficult it must be !"

"Too difficult for us to understand, sister Susan," said Matthew Warden, gently ; he had entered without her noticing it, and sat down by her side.

"Well, to be sure ! what were my ears about that I did not hear you, Matthew ? Find a chair, will you, dear brother ? Claribel will soon be in, I know."

"No matter if she isn't," said the watchmaker, "for I came to talk to you, Susan. You have taken a lodger, I hear."

"Yes, your old favourite, Mr. Edward Ryder, and a very pretty behaved young man he is."

"Humph ! well, I dare say he may be. Marian thinks so too."

"Ah, brother Matthew ? you have found that out, then, have you ? I do not think sister Clary will make our Marian one of her Order, myself."

"As to Clary," said Warden, who like most people that have a pet hobby of their own, felt very little respect for any one else's: "if she chooses to waste her own time in scribbling nonsense she cannot understand, that is no reason why she should try and make my girl as great a fool as herself. No, no," softening his tone, "Marian is made for a good wife, sister Susan, but it must be a working man's wife, not a fine gentleman. I always hoped she would fancy some one who would succeed to my business, and perfect some of my inventions, which I am too old to hope to do: there's young Greenlow now, my apprentice, going to set up for himself, and a sharp likely lad he is, and well-disposed to Marian, I know: that would have been the thing for her—Ah me!" He rested his head on his hands, and sighed heavily: Susan sat thinking in silence for some minutes.

"But, dear brother, isn't Mr. Ryder a working-man too, though he is a gentleman? He is very busy now I am sure: he couldn't stop a minute this morning, even to hear a chapter of Clary's great book: he has so much to do for his Countess—think of that, brother, a Countess!"

"Much good may she do him," muttered Warden. "I wish all those trumpery titles were drummed out of old England, I do—and that every Englishwoman was made to work for her living, and only respected according as she did it well or not. We want a little more of old William Cobbett's plain speaking nowadays."

"Oh, the man who wrote that book about brewing and baking that I used to hear so much about. Very clever good receipts they were, I believe, Matthew, only he was always saying angry things about the Bible. I never could understand why people should not be able to bake a loaf, and keep a pig, and read the Bible too. I am sure Marian could."

"Aye, no doubt, sister: but she couldn't contrive to do all that, and useless jingling accomplishments besides. She couldn't run from her baking and brewing to strum on the piano, or paint a gray house, and blue sky, and green trees on a hand-screen, or read sentimental poetry about love and cut-throats. She must be one or the other—she can't be both: and yet that's what I see she has set her heart upon. There she was this morning, putting together her poor mother's books, (her mother loved reading, you know, Susan: Clary taught her that,) and I could see by the careful cast of her little face, she was puzzling how she could get it all into her head at once, so as to talk book learning with Mr. Ryder when he came. Oh, I saw it all—and I know it will all end in grief and disappointment, for she will be out of her class, though it's quite as good as his, or better, and out of her sphere, and they'll be poor, and discontented, and miserable, I know they will."

And the old man, who seldom spoke so freely on any subject, fairly ground his teeth with vexation at the picture he had drawn. Aunt Susan tried to comfort him—spoke of Marian's goodness, and Ryder's

constancy, and that things turned up sometimes just when you least expected them, and that young people would be young people, and one couldn't blame them. That if Mr. Edward was, as he seemed to be, a good respectable young man, and God-fearing and diligent, she could not see why they should not keep house as comfortably on pictures as on watches, and he certainly had a much sweeter voice than young Greenlow's. And besides, if they turned out to be poor, why, then they would both have as much hard work as their father could possibly wish, and might find Mr. Cobbett's receipts very useful, except the pig, which would be difficult to keep in Elchester.

"But don't you see what the difference will be, woman?" said old Matthew impatiently, "a plain tradesman expects to work, and that his wife should work too, and they're not ashamed to be seen doing it: but a gentleman's wife must do her work behind the curtain—on the sly, when there's nobody likely to call; and keep her sitting-room in company order, and her piano, and her books, and her wools, and her dabbling with paint and paper, as if she had nothing else to do. Do you think Ned Ryder would like his countesses (faugh! I hate the sound of those aristocracies) his countesses and duchesses who come to look at his drawings, and pretend to understand them, would he like them to see his wife mending his stockings, or cooking his dinner? Not a bit of it; don't believe him if he tells you he would."

"But, my dear Matthew, surely you will be able



to give Marian something to live upon, wont you? You have been a saving man so many years, we always consider her a bit of a heiress in her way, you know!"

"You were very foolish then," said he sharply, his wrinkled face flushing crimson, while an expression of acute pain passed over it; "well I have no time to stay talking now. Only one word more. I have no right to forbid their meeting: I wont do that—I only want it *prevented* as much as possible. Give them both good advice, and show them the folly of it all, and don't be asking her here while he is in the house; and now good bye."

He strode away rapidly, the last words having been uttered with a forced composure, that showed how strongly he was agitated. His sister's words, in truth, had touched on a very sore point, and one the old man could never bear to face. For the fact was, he had not saved at all. The money his wife had brought him, the savings of his father, his own—all had been swallowed up, as remorselessly as if he had been an alchymist of old, flinging coin into crucibles by handfuls; yet how little return had it made hitherto! It had all gone in his mechanical inventions—in expensive experiments—in wonders of clock-work machinery, that were now lying in chests and boxes, choking up his premises, unknown and uncared for; nothing had yet succeeded in winning that reputation and eminence he toiled after, and they were all the heritage he had to leave his child. No wonder he disliked the

thoughts of espousing her to a youth who could make no use of such a dower when he got it, and settled in his own mind how much happier she would be with young Greenlow, who had worked under his own eye, and imbibed all his own republican principles. And as he was revolving the matter in his mind, and considering the best way of bringing her to look at it in this light, his apprentice, who had been absent a few days on his master's business and his own, met him at the turn of the street, accompanied by no less a personage than Mr. Dance, the verger. Warden thought Greenlow started at the sudden rencontre, but forgot to notice it in his anxiety to learn the verger's state of feeling, as they had not met since his skirmish with Edward Ryder. Mr. Dance was rather cold at first, but mollified by the civility of the old man's enquiries after his health, condescended to relax, and to inform him that the committee to whom the question of the new clock was entrusted, had agreed to open a subscription for voluntary contributions, and when the funds were collected, to receive plans and estimates for the same, and entrust the construction to the most skilful and approved. And he added, with a significant gesture, that though the competition was open to all, it was thought probable the partiality of the judges would lean to an Elcheater manufacturer, in preference to a stranger.

“ For our great men, Mr. Warden, are not of your young friend's opinion, that Elcheater is of third rate

consideration: very far from it. I understand *that gentleman* is taking sketches of the Cathedral. I wish it may improve his taste and judgment. Is the report correct, Mr. Warden, may I ask, that that gentleman is your intended son-in-law?"

Warden coloured, and young Greenlow turned pale.

"On such a subject, Mr. Dance," replied the former, "you will excuse my giving you an answer. My daughter is free to make her own choice, so long as it be a deserving one."

Mr. Dance bowed graciously, and added a few compliments on Miss Warden's merits, and then left the master and apprentice to continue their way together, while he repaired to his duties at the Cathedral, and to keep an eye on the dangerous young artist at work there.

The young man just introduced to the reader as our hero's rival was as unlike him as any lover of contrast could desire. He was plain-featured, and sullen of countenance, with a suspicious, cunning look, that, by telling you he was not going to be taken in, at once warned you to take care of yourself. Constant application to his master's trade, dexterous partisanship of his master's tenets, and respectful devotion to his master's laws, had been his policy hitherto, and had succeeded so well, he was already, in imagination, both heir and son-in-law, and the intimation of Mr. Dance caused him no little alarm. He remembered the favourite Ryder had been when an inmate two

years ago, and had fervently hoped he was gone for ever; and the news of his return, which he had just heard, filled him at once with fear and hatred. And while old Warden was confiding to him what he would do to no one else, his plan for the new Cathedral clock, and while, with the most apparent devotion, he was lending his ear to the discussion, the whole soul of Mr. Timotheus Greenlow was bent on the difficult question—"How should he get Edward Ryder out of the way?"

Warden, on the other hand, talked on, till he had warmed himself into hopeful spirits. The goal of his life seemed at hand; one last successful effort, and fame, wealth, and victory would reward the expenditure and toil of years. Already in imagination he saw the work complete, his name engraved, his shop thronged, his coffers filled, his Marian made happy with her artist, if she chose—that mattered comparatively little—and his boy David rising to eminence under the shelter of his father's reputation as the first of British watchmakers—a prince among mechanicians. He hurried home, impatient to plunge into his beloved labours, and his adherent, no less impatient to read in Marian's eyes her sentiments respecting the return of her lover, stimulated his speed by his own. Marian, however, was not at home: she was gone, to escort her blind aunt to the afternoon service; and Timotheus respectfully prayed his master would permit him that day to attend the service too.

"Aye, do so, my good lad," said Matthew; "you are a good lad, Tim, I will say. Go to service if you will; there are not many boys who would care for it just after a journey; but I am sure you are right, and someone else will think so too."

Timotheus made a demure bow, and went off with great alacrity.

And what was Marian doing all this time? for we seem to have been overlooking her, the heroine of our tale; though the idea of being a heroine anywhere was about the last that would have entered her head. Marian had not been idle—that she never was, indeed; but during the last four-and-twenty hours she had been less so than usual; she had not only been *doing*, but thinking, and very earnestly too. For the same question that dimmed the lustre of Angel Moore's eyes, and brought her in perplexed humility to Miss Luton's tripod, had come to check the gladness of Marian Warden's heart, in the return and the devotion of her lover—the painful question, "Am I a fit person to be his wife?" Before Ryder's departure she would have smiled at this; but two years' experience is of great value at certain periods of life; and their short, but important interview on his arrival had thrown such a new light on the aspect of affairs, as Marian felt bewildered in gazing upon. She could no longer fancy him only the bright, handsome, clever youth, who would be quite happy with his paintbox all day and her company in the evening, in a quiet little lodg-

ing near her father, if not in the same house, for whose comfort she could undertake to provide; certain that his being clever, and her being industrious, was all that was necessary. His language, his projects, his expression of countenance—all spoke a change. He meant to rise—he had risen already; he had spoken of books she had not read, places she had never heard of, great events of which she knew nothing: how could she hope to be to him an agreeable companion and friend, when he was so very much her superior in everything? And supposing he made his way (and less likely things had happened, now a countess had begun to patronise him), and that he became a really great painter, and perhaps a rich man, and should then feel ashamed of her ignorance—Marian felt it would be better to die than to witness that. It never occurred to her to doubt his love, or that he would be ashamed of having a watchmaker for his father-in-law, let who would come to visit him: of her modest parentage, and her youth of hard work, she was not vulgar enough to feel ashamed, or to suspect it in the man who was her model of a true gentleman; but her ignorance really did weigh on her heart, and at first almost to despondency. At the very time that the Lady Moore was making her confession to Kate Luton at the Deanery, Marian was on her knees in her own little room, confessing, and seeking assistance from a Friend still dearer, and never sought in vain. From that source of comfort she drew hope and resolution. Bound to

Edward by renewed promises, as well as by gratitude for his constancy, she could see no duty requiring her to give him up—quite the reverse. He had built his happiness on her truth, and he should not be deceived. But to make herself more fit to establish that happiness, there was a duty plain enough, and this was the point to which her energies were now to be devoted. And as she had *not*, like Lady Moore, passed a childhood of spoiled indulgence and desultory habits, but from the hour she could wear a thimble, or hold a rolling pin, had never passed an idle moment, it was less appalling for her to contemplate facing hard words and new ideas, than it would have been to any one less steady and diligent. Her education had been of a very homely kind; her books were very few, chiefly practical, or religious. All they could teach her she had profited by, and had never imagined a wider field of thought to exist than they displayed. Her Bible and tracts, the Pilgrim's Progress, the Annals of the Poor, and the Olney Hymns, were all that had fed her imagination, which knew no ambition beyond going on as she had always done, honestly and earnestly, and going to heaven as her mother did, when her time for crossing the river should come. Her mind was like a skiff on a smooth stream, gliding quietly on before the wind, unconscious of the ocean to which it is tending, with its currents, and quicksands, and rocks, and waves: which, while they widen and elevate the prospect, break at once its safety and its repose.

The world of human intellect—that wonderful world, as full of wonders, of changes, of decay, of renovation, of life and of death, as the natural world,—she was about to pass its boundary. She was to lose the child-like certainty of a first faith—the filial reliance on the first teacher—the happy content with the present, and assurance about what was to come. The next work she read might speak indifferently of Bunyan, censure Legh Richmond, and see only a narrow enthusiast in Cowper's friend. Would any increased light of knowledge be sufficient recompense, for the dimming of these household lamps that had cheered her so long? Was it not indeed increasing sorrow with wisdom, when nearer acquaintance with books should reveal to her how one mighty mind cannot believe in mystery, and another in Providence, and another in the Word of God?—to find opinions clashing on every subject; truth torn to pieces by zealots for its unity; biography, either defaced by the weaknesses of the subject; or masked by the partiality of the writer; history, a dark catalogue of crimes and errors; the Church, a battle-field on a hearthstone;—literature and poetry, perverting their glorious privilege, and turning the jewels of God's chosen to a golden calf; the wit and humour that should healthily unbend the steel bow of thought, acting like a corrosive on its metal; the research that might lift the veil from the holy of holies, if approached with incense and reverence,—raising a dense mist before it of prejudice and error, and then



asserting there is no veil at all!—Would Marian be the happier for this?

Well was it for her that she knew so little of what she was going to do: and yet, if she could have been shown it all, and have still believed it was the duty of an artist's wife to conquer, I think she would have still gone on. And she would have done well in so doing: for dark as the picture may be, it is on one side only; as the true lovers of literature well know: as those who seek knowledge by the light of faith, discover ever more and more.

It was however, with a mixture of sensations something like the above, that Miss Luton received Marian's timid entreaty to direct and assist her in this new work. At first, as we have seen her do before, she was inclined to persuade her friend to be content, and go on as she had begun: but seeing her to be in earnest, her next feeling was, that she had no right to hinder a young mind from improvement, or shut out from her those riches to which she herself had access, though destined to be a miner for others, not an artificer for herself. So kindly concealing her doubts, either of Marian's capacity, or of the necessity for the task, and with no little admiration for the resolution that prompted her to undertake it, she promised as much help as her own duties would admit, sacrificed a precious portion of her own relaxation, which those only can appreciate who know what teaching is, sketched out a plan of study, and lent her some books. And

with a view to quicken argument by illustration, she took occasion to make Lady Moore acquainted with her case, as being an interesting parallel with her own, and by no means an unworthy model to emulate. The Countess was deeply moved by the story, and promised herself she would be to the full as energetic, and that without loss of time. And as they all knelt that afternoon in the Cathedral, it might be that one of those mysterious sympathies that are to us the pledge and proof of a higher state of existence, linked the prayers of those two young hearts in one, that could no where else have found a bond of union.

Sweetly into their spirits floated the melody of David's anthem, a song of hope, of encouragement, of promised blessing. The spell lay on them all—on Ryder especially, who had left his easel at the West gate to join the service, and who saw no reason for not finding a seat next to Marian, though he knew not the intense emotion that shook her frame as she knelt by his side. He only felt how much too good she was for him, and how much better he might become with such a guardian angel at his right hand, to keep him steadfast on better things; and could not but confess to himself there was a refreshment in church ordinances, which was not to be had elsewhere. But when that sweet voice swept through the choir and died away among the arches of the roof, then woke the soul within him, as that of Elisha to the minstrel's harp; and life and its toils, and art and its ambition, and the

world, and its strifes, its hopes, its passions, were forgotten as a dream : he was raised beyond them—he was admitted to a higher sphere, to a nobler element ; where all was vast, sublime, beautiful and holy, as the mind of God's image without the taint of sin. His countenance glowed, his eye was full of light, his brow open, beaming, abstracted, as if he saw things divine : and standing full in the sunshine, in the centre of the congregation, his appearance struck the attention of more than one present, not quite so absorbed as himself. Marian's bosom thrilled almost painfully : and Timothy Greenlow, who was watching them behind a pillar, felt a desperate conviction that his cause was almost beyond hope.

The service over, Edward returned to his easel, and Miss Luton beckoned up Marian, and introduced her to the Countess ; an honour which nearly overcame our modest heroine, who could at first only find courage for a few faltering words in answer to the kind and winning questions, which no one could put so sweetly as Angel Moore. But when she spoke of Ryder's talents, and her hopes of promoting his success, and of David's brilliant voice, and how she must speak to him, and have him to sing to her at the Deanery,—and when David, at a hint from Miss Luton, was found by Mr. Dance, and brought without his surplice to receive her ladyship's commands, and was praised and thanked for his singing, and she saw the delight that glowed in his face at the proposal that he should go the next evening and perform to her in pri-

vate, Marian had leisure to regain her composure, and feel how charming she was.

And after their return home, she could join David's enthusiastic praise, which he stoutly maintained, in defiance of all his father could say against pampered titled aristocrats.

He was less inclined to say so the next day, however, after his boy had been to the Deanery, according to promise, and had sat down to tea with Mrs. Eyre and her ladyship, and the young ladies, and dear Miss Luton—the Dean being absent at a meeting; and had sung all his best pieces, and some duets and trios with some of them, and Lady Moore had stroked his hair when he was singing, and asked about his health, and looked quite sorry when he said he coughed sometimes; and then she said something in a whisper to Mrs. Eyre, and he was sure tears came into her eyes; but only for a minute, and she was so kind! She had asked him what he wished most in the world, and he had said, he wished his father to make the new clock, and Lady Moore answered directly, "Tell Mr. Warden I am going to be a subscriber, and he shall have all my votes:" and then she asked if there was anything he wished for himself, for his own private enjoyment, and he had said "a bird," and she told him he should have one, and she wished she could make a bird of him, and keep him to warble to her all day long. "Oh," added David, in ecstasy, "How I should like to be Mr. Hervey Templeton!"

"What?" interrupted Greenlow, indignantly, "the

author of that vile pamphlet?" pointing to Edward's favourite, "the man who thinks the working classes are to be poetised and painted into growing better, instead of all that stuff being abolished at once, and all starting afresh, and no favour. I would not wish to be such a man for fifty Countesses."

"There's something in what you say, Tim," said his master, gravely, for this was a leaf out of his own book that Tim knew by heart, "and you are a sensible lad in some things, though too young to lay down an opinion so briskly about your elders. But I am much obliged to my Lady Moore about the clock; though I know too well what great people's civil words cost; yet still, it was a kind thing to say. I have no more right than another to get the commission, and I dare say I shall not get it; only if I do, I think they will not find their money thrown away."

Lady Moore's kindness to David did not end in fair words. In a day or two he received his bird, a fine German bullfinch, in a new cage, who piped "God save the Queen," and Weber's last waltz: rather jumbled together, it must be owned, sometimes, and addicted to a melancholy propensity of stopping short in the middle of a fine passage, as if a thought had struck him, and presently beginning it again, with exactly the same result: slightly irritating to the watchmaker's nerves, who threw out dark hints of what might happen to the capricious songster some day, if he did not get his tune by heart. But this was mere empty

menace, as all knew well; the bird became a first favourite, Marian and David vied in attending to its wants, and Elcheater soon recognised it as a topic of conversation. And in spite of the little peculiarity mentioned above, Bully was certainly a fine singer, and his clear pipe was to be heard from the first peep of daylight, rivalling that of his delighted little master.

David declared the bird had brought good fortune with it, and so it appeared. Lady Moore during the remainder of her visit, was a fairy godmother to the house of the watchmaker: she sent presents to Marian and David, orders to Warden himself, bought the handsomest watch in his establishment for Miss Luton, gave them books, music, embroidery patterns, wool, silk, and bon-bons, till the old man declared he was quite ashamed of accepting anything more. Angel had already incurred much wrath from the Dean, by going to a considerable expense to procure him a set of antiques from Italy, and costly exotics from town, for Mrs. Eyre's green-houses; but displeasure was quite thrown away on one so playfully wilful: she must have her own way, she said, as she was not so well accustomed to any one else's—and her way was to give herself pleasure; and so she went on, and it was a piece of good fortune for any one to attract her notice. To her young artist, as she could not overwhelm him with gifts, she was obliged to be satisfied with sweet praise and civilities: he was often

invited to dinner, and his easel was seldom without a visitor: the Countess would coax the Dean, or Mrs. Eyre, or Miss Luton, every day, to go with her, while she watched the progress of the sketches, and made the painter talk of his hopes and prospects, and held out such bright views of his future career, as made him ready to fall at her feet with gratitude. The idea of the "Samuel" being mentioned, Angel caught it with avidity, and gave him no rest till it was begun: entreating that no pains might be spared upon it, that it might attract the notice of Mr. Templeton, the next time he came to Elchester, which she would take care would be soon. And so it was begun and worked at ardently at every leisure moment, which were not many, for spurred on by the encouragement of his patroness, Edward toiled enthusiastically—painted till his hand shook, and his head swam, and till Miss Newton began to think a little exhortation necessary on the anatomical structure of the human brain. Even Warden acknowledged how hard he worked, and being himself in the full glow of a darling project, felt more sympathy than usual in his exertions: he stopped one day to look over his shoulder, and commend the accuracy of his detail, and Edward took this for an encouragement, and dropped in upon them in the evening, regardless of hints and sarcasms, and Marian found many opportunities for exchanging a word with him over his work, that sweetened labour, and quickened imagination. She, meanwhile, was no less inde-

fatigable, though at the expense of many a head-ache, and much weariness of spirit; she rose two hours earlier to study geography and history, according to her friend's directions, wrote exercises till her wrist ached, and even made some timorous steps towards reading poetry. And by degrees, as she persevered, its own reward came on her labour; ideas began to open, difficulties to explain themselves; new trains of thought varied the monotony of her sensations; she felt all the happier, and all the wiser for her pains. Miss Luton lent her some volumes of biography, and it was astonishing what interest Marian and David found in the memoirs of painters and musicians, and in searching the map for their birth places, and the route of their journeys to and fro. And then, when Edward Ryder came in, and took up the subject, and talked of these very places as familiarly as of Elchester, and described the particular paintings mentioned with so much praise, it was reward enough for Marian to feel she could share the pleasure of the conversation, and knew a little of what he was doing and talking about; and she was more eager than ever to press on. But this took up some time, and long before, Elchester lost the presence of Lady Moore, whom a host of friends and connexions were awaiting in London and elsewhere, and whom an inexorable chaperone came to bear away, long before she wished to go. The gay London world could spare its Angel no longer: it was almost affronted as it was, that she had been absent



all May, and now she must go back, and receive her incense, or her shrine would become unfashionable. Angel Moore, who had accustomed herself to the quiet of the Deanery, and the daily Cathedral service, and had actually put one of her resolutions in practice, and begun a course of reading with Miss Luton, at first positively refused to go, but was over persuaded, and went, promising to return soon, and full of resolves about mental improvement. The Dean gave her some good books, and Miss Luton some good advice; the children lamented after their playfellow; David wept and would not be comforted. His sorrow touched the young lady, and she condescended to kiss his forehead, and promised to do it again when she came back: meanwhile he was to take pains with his singing, and she would bring Mr. Templeton to hear him. To Marian she spoke kindly; hinted at the similarity of their positions, and wished her all success; and on taking leave of Edward Ryder, and receiving the painting he had finished, remunerated his exertions so liberally, as gave him every reason to consider his fortune made. The rest of the views were to be completed as fast as possible, and forwarded to town, and the Countess hoped to find the "Samuel" finished on her return, for Mr. Templeton to see.

And so she departed, leaving a blank in Elchester that nothing could fill up.

*Letter from Edward Ryder to a brother Artist in France.*

Elcheater, June, 18—.

OSCAR, *cher ami*,

Your epistle arrived at a fortunate epoch: it is not often that I have a five pound note to spare, but I hope the enclosed will be of a little service in your extremity. And do not trouble yourself about repaying it till you are richer, for my fortune is made—I have found a gold mine, and when I visit Paris again, it will be as a Milor should, and we will dine at *les Trois Frères en prince*.

My last letter to you was from the Highlands of Scotland, and I believe I expended much good writing and good taste in the hopeless attempt to make your Parisian intellect grasp the sublimity of a mountain scene. Now I should be equally at fault in attempting to persuade you how comfortable I am in a small lodging at the top of an old fashioned house in a narrow street, kept by two primitive ancient maidens, one blind, the other *femme savante*—*savante à faire peur*; a model for Molière's "Philaminte," though I question if "Vadius" would earn a salute from her with Greek only: Sanscrit, Zend, Cuneiform would scarcely merit *that*. And yet I would not change my lodging to sleep in the Hotel Meurice.

You laughed at me, Oscar, when I told you of my attachment: you offered to bet some hopelessly unat-

tainable number of francs that I should forget or be forgotten long before I returned. Ah, you know a great deal, you Frenchmen, but you don't know what real affection is—English affection, that is to say. I found her true and loving as ever, much improved in every way, and much dearer and more excellent than I can ever deserve. So here I am, a fixture in Elcheater while she remains in it : and working as *you* would not believe unless you saw me : steady as old time, and in the fair way to roll in gold, unless I find something better to do with it.

You know what this means in artist phraseology : I have found a liberal employer, a female Mécenas, beautiful as the day-star, and generous as the air of heaven. Aye, now I see you begin to look interested, you give that little moustache a knowing turn, and take the cigarette out of your mouth to give utterance to some uncharitable sarcasm—quite wide of the mark, *mon cher*, for this lady belongs to history, and the great world : she is the affianced bride of our great minister, and in spite of your detestation of his very name, I think you would scarcely encourage me in hoping to be a successful rival. Thank God, my heart is fixed on safe ground ; on that of my true-hearted English girl,—homely as is her origin, her education, and her way of life, yet rich and noble and worthy of reverence in all the higher parts of woman's nature and calling : faithful, energetic, persevering, sweet-tempered, her whole soul a shrine of the God whom

she loves even more than she loves me, and I feel the truth, and love her the more for it. Yes, Oscar, notwithstanding the high-flown nonsense, the philosophical absurdities, we have often discussed, and tried to believe in *because* they were absurd,—there is nothing, take my word for it, at once so convincing and persuasive, as the argument for religious faith in the life of such a woman. An atmosphere of purity surrounds her; a freshness of motive and principle breathes in the most trifling actions; petty troubles are dignified by the manner in which they are borne; heavy ones turned into blessing by tracing the source whence they spring; the future can be faced without anxiety; the past without remorse; it is an existence of trust, loving glad trust, such as no human intellect could have invented—no human wisdom taught—it *must* be divine!

How am I to make you understand the cheerful content of my present life? Elchester has no cafés, no boulevards, no public places; not a theatre, not even a puppet show. Tradition says, an organ-grinder with a monkey once found his way into our High Street, but fled precipitately on the approach of the verger, dropping two-pence farthing, the whole of his day's wage, without venturing to stop and pick it up. The town has a venerable sober look, like that of a grave old gentleman; and the inhabitants are a quiet matter of fact race that have very little idea of a joke, and still less of a charivari. We all do steadily what we

have to do, if we happen to have anything, and we go to the Cathedral several times a week ; it is our only public assembly : and one I would not exchange for any other, since I have been studying its details, and rejoicing in its quiet beauty. Then there are sweet stolen moments spent in a certain dear little room in the company I love best, and at night I sit up copying models till I am tired out, and then to bed. But I have a work on the anvil, Oscar, of which I dream night and day, and by which some distant era shall be taught to remember Ryder's name : it already begins to show promise, and when the commissions of my fair patroness are safely performed, I shall be at leisure to throw my soul into the canvas, and then—the world shall see !

And you, how is it with you ? Are you still the lazy satirist ; the unreading sage ; the smiling censor ; the smoking regenerator ; never saying what you mean or doing what you say, or going in at a door if you can jump in at a window ? treating life as a vaudeville, all small plot, repartee, and quick change ; prince of mystifications, double entendres, and hoaxes ; a Mascarille, Scapin, Sbrigani—no name bad enough for your avowed principles, though you are not sufficiently consistent to put them in practice, and are often much honester than you intended to be. I am inclined to suspect that inconsistent honesty is stronger than you suppose, and you will be very much confounded some day to find yourself a sensible and respectable member

of society when you least expect. It will be a sad change, I grant: to step from Mascarille to Mithridate will require a little attention to externals; and it may not be quite so enlivening to sit five or six hours with brush and palette, forcing mind and body to obey the voice within you,—as to make a few bold sketches; a few witty caricatures; rub out all you did yesterday, form wonderful plans for to-morrow, and then go out and spend the rest of to-day in some joyous frolic, party of pleasure, or luxurious *dolce far niente*. But this I can tell you, that it is the pleasantest of the two, even so far as I have tried them both. We artists have a rank in the army of life, and a post to maintain. We have to make manifest the beautiful. Can this be done without labour of head and hand and heart—earnest labour, thoughtful labour, self-denying, patient labour? I think not: but it is worth the trouble. You, like all Frenchmen, are a soldier born; remember, it cost a grenadier twelve battles to make one of *La Vieille Garde*: would a few parade days have satisfied you?

You are so good an English scholar I can recommend you a pamphlet lately published by Hervey Templeton. You love a great antagonist, get it and study it. It will say all I long to say, in better words.

I have just received one of my half yearly communications from my unknown benefactor. I wonder when that mystery will be cleared up?

The mystery to which our hero alluded was the cir-

cumstance mentioned by Marian to Miss Luton, of his receiving from some unknown friend a small annual allowance, on the express condition of making no enquiries. It had been communicated to him by his father in his last illness, who acknowledged that he knew the generous donor, and the purpose of the gift, which was expressly to assist the youth in following the bent of his genius : a profession he could scarcely have embraced without some other means of support. Since that time, Ryder had always received the remittances through a legal firm, Standish and Hunt, Lincoln's Inn : who in business-like terms, enclosed the money, and requested an acknowledgment ; and through this formal channel alone could he express his gratitude, and report his own progress, as he felt bound to do. After this had gone on a year and a half, he was surprised by the receipt of £200, for the purpose of enabling him to travel for the improvement of his taste and skill in art, and on this he had lived the two years of his separation from Marian, eking it out by the help of his pencil, and roaming with his knapsack over some of the finest parts of Europe. He had reported himself to the legal authorities as soon as he was settled in Elchester, and received his half yearly remittance shortly after : but not the slightest clue by which he could discover his generous friend ; whose face he had so often drawn on paper and canvas, as a sort of beau ideal of the sublime and beautiful.



## CHAPTER V.



AND now a dioramic change passes over our picture, and the sunshine and the brightness deepen into shadow, and we find ourselves in the depth of winter.

It was a cold, gloomy November day : a drizzling, depressing rain stole through the mist, and chilled the wayfarer to the bone ; the streets were slippery with mud, umbrellas dripped, pattens and clogs clicked on the pavement, and more than one window exhibited a pale lamp or struggling candle, endeavouring to communicate a premature cheerfulness at four o'clock in the afternoon. The old town never looked to advantage on these occasions : there were so many old shelving roofs that turned into impromptu waterfalls just in the most inconvenient corners ; the proportion of trustworthy pavement was so very small, compared with the amount of treacherous gutter ; the umbrella, indigenous to the locality, was of such tropical, and uncompromising dimensions, destructive of all amical peregrination ; certainly few things could be less refreshing to the spirits than a wet winter's walk through



the good city of Elchester. It is nearly half a year since we saw it last, and as we left it so full of hopes, it is only to be expected we should find a few disappointments.

In the first place, there is a new shop opened in the High Street, with watches of marvellous low price hung conspicuously in the window : chains better than real gold, seals and trinkets offered at alarming sacrifice, and a very pinchbeck appearance about the whole, even to the glaring heading over the front "*Gaunt and Greenlow, Watchmakers.*" Mr Timotheus has found a partner, though not the one on which he set his heart : he has joined a rival of his old master, and entered into business in what is called a spirited manner—buying on credit, selling below the value, and endearing himself and his firm to the public affections, by a succession of terrible sacrifices for their especial benefit. Messrs. Gaunt and Greenlow are important personages now in Elchester ; vehement politicians—intense patriots, in whose back parlour are held weekly meetings of the Wat Tyler Club, known in the city as the fountain of revolutionary principle ; where all manner of newspapers, pamphlets, and other literature of cheerful tendency, are in circulation, to prove that England is on the brink of ruin, and only to be rescued by the overthrow of civilised society in general, and the elevation of uncivilised society in particular : in short, that a chasm existing as in the days of Curtius, could only be filled up by throwing in whatever was

most valuable. Violent opponents of Hervey Templeton, who was pronounced an apostate, a traitor, for whom decapitation was too mild a chastisement, and whose member it was vowed should be mobbed and expelled whenever a fresh election took place. Wonderful feats of oratory were wont to be performed in this temple of freedom and enlightenment; calculations that would puzzle Babbage, mysterious oracles worthy of Nostradamus,—all tending to the same climax, that it was to the existence of an Established Church, an army and navy, a Sovereign and an aristocracy, every man, woman, and child was indebted for every misfortune under the sun. The great martyr, Wat Tyler, was toasted with the honours every festival day, which was pretty often: and as historical accuracy was of trifling importance compared with rhetorical emphasis, it was customary to couple his name with three groans for Judge Jeffries, by whose order the interesting rebel was supposed to have been tortured and hung. This tree of liberty had sprung like an offshoot from the snug reforming club frequented by old Warden, to which he had introduced his apprentice, that his young mind might early imbibe the true principles of social freedom: and in its rise and progress had well nigh ruined the parent society, exaggerating all its tenets, and causing the steady-going classes in Elchester to look upon both with distrust. With all choice spirits and lovers of change and disturbance, it was, of course, exceedingly popu-

lar; and the name of Gaunt was more especially famous in the city, as having been, after an arduous struggle, and by the help of Mr. Dance, the successful candidate,—Wat Tyler principles notwithstanding—for the dignity of Churchwarden in the parish of St. Claud, Elcheſter.

It had been generally ſuppoſed that office would have been conferred on Matthew Warden, one of the oldeſt and moſt reſpected tradesmen of that pariſh, or of the whole town. The old man himſelf expected it, and felt the ſlight keenly; but when his apprentice went over to his rival, and joined the loudeſt in crying down his maſter—when, thanks to Timothy's reports, his own club looked coldly at him, as one falling away from the principles of true liberty, cringing to dignitaries, and accepting gifts from the ariſtocracy (David's bullfinch was a perpetual grievance to theſe rigid republicans)—when he was taunted with chooſing a pennileſs *gentleman* for his ſon-in-law, who would run through all his money, and be aſhamed of the way he made it—Warden's temper began to ſour viſibly, and nothing but the tendereſs of Marian and David, and the hopes of the new clock, could have kept up his ſpirits at all. They perſuaded him to give up the club altogether, and tried hard to make his home cheerful, in ſpite of the falling away of their customers to the new ſhop; and David, the moſt zealous little cavalier that ever was, ſince the departure of the days of chivalry, publicly gloried in his bullfinch, as the

symbol of his devotion to my Lady Moore, and guarded that wayward performer from vulgar eyes, as if it partook, to a certain degree, of the dignity of the giver.

We have alluded to Mr. Dance's interference on behalf of Gaunt. This worthy gentleman, whose likings and dislikings resembled each other in tenacity, had never set foot in Warden's establishment since the insult received there from Edward Ryder. He was the earliest patron of the new shop, and one of the first to discover all was not gold that glittered there. Flattery and deference had drawn him into an honorary membership of the club; but finding himself one evening, quite unexpectedly, pledging the downfall of the Established Church, he had withdrawn in profound indignation, and threatened, if such treason was repeated, to summon them to the bar of their offended country. To which the club replied, historically, that as Wat Tyler had not feared to brave Judge Jeffries, neither should they: and an insulting chorus was composed and adapted to a popular air, and sung at the next meeting, entitled "*Dance, the churchman's Dance.*" This was caught up by the youth of Elchester, and became the favourite air of the day, and the very sound of the tune, so well known among admirers of sable choristers, with white wristbands and waistcoats, was sufficient to bring on bronchitis to the worthy verger, to whom the breath of public approbation was dearer than his life. He had a small consolation in giving the new firm no peace, night or day, on the

subject of the clock, for which they were the favourite candidates, and the decision whereon was to be given in Christmas week. Now, as they were considered to be under Mr. Dance's protection, his honour was concerned in their being ready in time, and this gave him liberty to enter the shop at all hours, and administer a lecture to Mr. Timotheus. For this purpose he entered accordingly on this wet winter afternoon of which we are speaking—a day when the firm had felt tolerably safe from his presence.

"Well, Mr. Greenlow, you did not expect me to-day, I can see: you little understand what are the responsibilities of a servant of the Cathedral. Indeed, if you did, my presence would be unnecessary. I am come to enquire about the clock."

"The estimates are in progress, Mr. Dance, I assure you," was Timothy's reply, as usual. "I am afraid you are wet, my dear sir: will you let me dry your coat—will you take anything?" added Timotheus, obsequiously.

"Young man, my being wet is nothing—nothing whatever. I should be more unworthy than I am of my high office if I shrunk from a little inconvenience in its fulfilment. I ask you again, how do you propose to act towards the committee? Will your plans be in readiness to go up a fortnight before New-year's-day?"

Before Timotheus could reply, a jovial voice answered for him.

"Not a bit, Mr. Dance, that you may rely upon, if their words are no better than their goods. Look here, you sir, at this gimcrack you sold my wife—more fool she—for real solid gold. There's a piece of trumpery for you! What would your old master have said to that, do you think? However, it serves her right for coming to your shop at all, and with my free will none of mine shall darken your doors again, and that I tell you.

"Really, Mr. Goss, this is very rude treatment," said Greenlow, colouring. "I stand on my respectability, sir, as a tradesman and an Englishman, and I must beg—"

"If you stand on nothing bigger than that, you'd best turn rope-dancer. None o'your Wat Tyler speeches for me, master—I know what they're worth, and how much respectability is a pound among ye. Good afternoon to you. Halloo, sir—I beg your pardon," for, bouncing out of the shop in his customary headlong manner, Mr. Goss knocked up against a stranger just on the point of entering. The stranger instantly lifted his hat, from which the rain was running in little streams, and apologised in tolerable English, but marked Gallic accent.

"Perhaps you could indicate to me, sir, which way I would turn to find this street," and he offered him a written direction.

"I aint so young as I was, sir," said Mr. Goss, stepping back into the shop, "so I must find my

spectacles. Here, you sir, turn up your gas a bit; if we must have new lights, let's have the benefit of them."

Mr. Greenlow sullenly obeyed. Mr. Goss tried to make out the address, but his spectacles were not in his pocket—spectacles never are when wanted in a hurry,—and he would not have used one out of that shop on any account, so he handed it to Mr. Dance, who coloured as he read.

"Are you a friend of this gentleman, Sir?" he asked in a tone of magisterial authority. The foreigner, a young man with short moustache, long black hair, and quick black eyes that seemed to look all ways at once, lifted his wet hat again, and replied he had that distinction. Mr. Dance eyed him with much distrust. "I give you warning, as a friend, young gentleman, and as an unworthy servant of a great Chapter, that no Popish processions, no foreign conspiracy, no outbreaks or mummeries of any kind will be permitted here. All persons holding pernicious and revolutionary principles," a side glance at Timotheus, "are under the eye of the magistracy, and the slightest violation of the law will infallibly be visited with chastisement. I tell you this as a friend, Sir."

The young Frenchman looked savagely at his monitor for a moment, as if about to hurl defiance in his teeth, but a rapid glance over the person of the speaker changed the current of his mood, and he made him a most reverential bow.

"Whose name is it?" enquired Mr. Goss, whose curiosity was excited.

"Mr. Edward Ryder," said the verger stiffly.

Mr. Timotheus gave a long whistle, not unmarked by the stranger. "It is very true, gentlemen," said the latter, demurely, "Monsieur Ryder is my friend, and therefore I hope that my respectability will not be questioned, as I can assure this reverend gentleman, whom I hold to be an illustrious dignitary of the Church Anglican, that I am perfectly peaceable in my habits and intentions; a profound admirer of Albion, and anxious to cultivate the fine arts in a city that knows so well how to appreciate and reward them."

"So you've come to Elchester for that?" enquired Mr. Goss, "Well, people must buy their experience: I'll show you where your friend lodges; and you'll hear more from him than I can tell you."

Greenlow laughed insultingly: Mr. Dance shook his head with much gravity, and Oscar Valmont, half amused and half furious, thought it best to follow the butcher. The latter strode on before him through the rain without speaking, till they reached the street made illustrious by the residence of Miss Newton. At the foot of the hill he stopped. "Pray, young gentleman, are you a painter like your friend?"

"I am, Sir, and hope to share his success and good fortune."

"You do? humph! Well, I dare say you will. There's the house,—good afternoon to you."

"Monsieur, I am infinitely obliged——" Oscar's



polite thanks were lost by his guide turning abruptly away down another street. So he had nothing for it but to go on to the house pointed out, rejoicing in the speedy prospect of a good fire and dinner, and a joyous evening under the hospitable roof of his wealthy and successful friend. He knocked cheerfully—knocked impatiently—knocked indignantly—knocked at last without stopping for a moment, until Helen slowly opened the door. “Nobody at home,” and she was going to shut it in his face, but this his foot prevented.

“Mademoiselle—a moment. Monsieur Ryder, the great painter—he lives here, does he not?”

“He aint at home.”

“Never mind, I am at home,” said Oscar, gliding dexterously in, and shutting the door. “I am come to see him on serious business—I am the gentleman he has been expecting so long, and whom you were to receive with so much respect: show me his apartments, if you please.”

“But he aint at home,” said Helen, who had no idea of mounting the staircase to accommodate a stranger without a legal claim on her exertions, “and nobody aint at home but me.”

“Is any one else required? Reassure yourself, mademoiselle, I am this gentleman’s best friend—his godfather, who will make him my heir if I find him deserving: fear, therefore, to incur his perpetual displeasure, if you are wanting in the regard that is my due.”

Helen, roused by the sound of a legacy, consented to show him up half the staircase, and directed his way up the rest. But she had scarcely regained the passage, when his voice pealed from the banisters, reproaching her for not keeping a good fire in his heir's sitting-room, and conjuring her, if she hoped to be remembered in his will, to bring up a good supply of British sea coal, and remedy the defect. Helen began a protestation about Mr. Ryder's orders, but the rich godfather was too great a personage to be trifled with, and she was fain to obey. And next M. Oscar wanted dry clothes, and slippers, and he was dying of hunger and thirst, and must be served instantly: and he ransacked Edward's wardrobe, and lighted his candles, and established himself with his feet on the fender, and in pathetic accents exhorted Helen to provide him with some dinner.

"What hour does Mr. Ryder dine?"

"He don't dine at all: leastways, not often."

"Not dine? *mais, c'est incroyable*—not dine? the heir of all my *chateaux en Espagne*, not dine often? What can it mean?"

"I don't know: he had ne'er a one last week: only he takes a bit of bacon to his tea at night. He'll be in to his tea about seven; so you'd best wait," said Helen, moving to the door. Oscar rushed to intercept her flight. Wait? he was famished—he was expiring—he should be found by his *héritier* fainting on his threshold: the godfather of the greatest painter in

England to be left waiting till seven o'clock for tea and bacon—*fi l'horreur!* No, out must Helen go to the best *restaurant* in Elcheater, and send in as good a repast as money could procure, setting it down to the account of Mr. Ryder.

Helen was much perplexed, but her mistresses were out visiting, and this strange guest looked so vehement in his moustache, she had no resource but to obey, and then run to the neighbouring Commercial Inn, with a flaming report of the rich French gentleman just arrived, who must be served with the very best,—and in course of time, a pile of dishes appeared that raised the spirits of the traveller considerably. He sent for a bottle of their best wine—lighted up two pair of candles, and made himself, all things considered, very much at home.

Rather earlier than Helen had described, Edward Ryder returned: admitted himself with his latch-key, and went up stairs. The first surprise he encountered, was the odour of a certain weed: the next a strong light under his chamber door, and on opening it, he stood petrified, for there sat Oscar in his dressing-gown and slippers—wine and walnuts before him, and several covered dishes in the fender: a blazing fire and candles, and a cigar in his mouth, with whose smoke the little room was filled, but which he pitched away as he bounded from his chair, exclaiming, "*Edouard, mon ami!*" clasped our artist in a true French embrace, and saluted him on both cheeks.

It certainly is a startling circumstance on entering an apartment, reserved expressly for your own privacy, to find an intimate friend ready to do the honours to you at your own expense, trampling on your plans of economy, wearing your coat, taking up your own particular corner, and receiving you with a glow of disinterested welcome that makes you at once the guest and himself the proprietor, and almost compels you to apologise for your unwarranted intrusion. Edward Ryder, with all his regard for his friend Oscar, could not express the warm satisfaction expected by the latter on the excellence of his arrangements. He shook hands however, cordially, and bade him welcome to England; and hoped his appearance there was a sign of his prosperity, but all this sounded cool in comparison to Oscar's reception of *him*.

"*Parole d'honneur!* thou art wet indeed, and cold, and ravenous, no doubt, *pauvre garçon*—running about in such weather, enough to break the strongest heart. Sit down—or stay, do not sit, but quick into thy bed room, and strip off these wet things, and I will put thy dinner on the table, and serve thee *en prince*. But do not stay to ask questions, they will not get chilled, and the ragout may."

"Upon my word," thought Edward, as he hurried by his eager friend, he could only obey, "of all the coolest things in the world that I ever heard of, this is the coolest."

Having come to this original conclusion, he made a hasty toilet with the help of an old shooting jacket

and discarded boots, and by that time, the table was spread with the relics of Oscar's luxuriant repast, and Oscar with his pocket-handkerchief over his arm, stood bowing beside his chair, announcing that "Monsieur was served."

"Come, Edouard, genius must eat, you know : *il ne faut pas toujours s'élever vers la spirituelle*. Not a bad bifeck this, only wants a *soupçon* of shalot : there, go on : it is a terrible thing not to *dine often*, as your nymph of colossal stature declares—the ragout is not as I would wish it, but it is better than tea and bacon, *cette fois*. A glass of wine ? I will join you—*trin-quons—vive les beaux arts ! Ah ça, Edouard, mon cher*, you must make my fortune at once, you must indeed, for it is quite beyond me."

"Is that what you are come for ?" said Edward.

"*La belle demande !* for what else should I come ?"

"And you expect to make one here ?"

"As you have done, neither more nor less : I can sketch churches for fair patricians—I can woo the daughters of respectable *citoyens*—I can idealise *chefs d'œuvres*—I can dash off brilliant conceptions worth any money ;—what more is necessary ?"

"*La chose essentielle*," said Edward, "payment for your pains."

"What Edouard ! this from you ? you who have found a mine of wealth inexhaustible ?"

"Aye, my dear fellow, so it is : but the truth must be spoken. I am as poor as yourself."

“Impossible, Edouard ! for I have nothing !”

“And I have little more.”

Oscar stared, so disconsolately that Ryder could not help laughing. “And I have expatriated myself on the strength of your brilliant prospects, and thought to win patronage and renown in your atelier, and return laden with English gold ! O Edouard ! Edouard !

Un seul parvint à plaire,  
Et c'était un trompeur !”

“It is but too true, Oscar, but it cannot be helped. What on earth put it into your head to come ?”

“Many things contributed : I could find no patronage,—I was unlucky at billiards—my uncle forbade me his house for caricaturing his poodle—I was in debt for everything I had, and a great deal that I had not—and only a few francs in the world. Then I remembered your letter of June, and I said “I will fly to the rich shores of Albion, and to the heart of my successful friend ; there will I recruit my fortunes and build up my fame.” I borrowed a couple of louis, and they have just brought me here—voilà !” And he turned out of his pockets specie to the value of ninepence sterling.

“Well,” said Edward, “we must see what can be done, Oscar. Perhaps you will succeed better than myself. You shall share what I have, and we will work in company. But I must warn you at once, such a regale as this is no more in my power, than to make

you President of the Society of Arts. You know my determination to avoid debt, and, to accomplish that, I am obliged to economise."

Oscar looked at the empty plates with a sigh. "*C'est cela*," he said, dejectedly; "not dine often—I understand now. But Edward, what are you about that you do not finish your Countess's pictures?"

"They are finished, Oscar."

"Then why do not you send them?"

"They are sent."

"Well?"

"Well, my good fellow—it is all right, only she has not paid me, that is all."

"But she will, soon?"

"I do not know."

"And you have not enquired?"

"I have, as far as I have means; but she is travelling, I do not know where, and has evidently forgotten me altogether."

"Then how do you live without debt? Had you anything of value to dispose of?" said Oscar, who had no idea of living by any other means.

"My time, my fingers, my skill, such as it is," said Edward, smiling. "As soon as I found my hopes of speedy remuneration delayed, I set about finding employment. It gave me much trouble, I grant, but I have not been entirely without, and in time shall do better, I dare say, and so will you."

Poor Edward! he spoke cheerfully, for it was his

nature, and he was anxious to prevent his guest from feeling unwelcome or an encumbrance ; but in the very act of smiling at his own position, the choking recollection came back of his long weary walks, his irritating rebuffs, the cold remarks of critics, the sarcasms of enemies ; and that sickness of hope deferred as day after day passed on, and no letter, no message, no remittance from his patroness ; till the bright dreams of fame and fortune her promises had raised, were obliged to be reckoned among the follies of inexperience. And yet he could not bring himself to complain at the Deanery, or do more than enquire, as if it was merely an act of courtesy, when the Countess Moore was expected to arrive—and each time the answer was unsatisfactory. Sometimes she was gone abroad : sometimes she was at the sea : then the Dean had not heard from her for a long time, and Miss Luton watched the fashionable intelligence in vain. At last, even this resource failed him, for the Dean and his family went to Brighton, and his only comfort was that Miss Luton, by incessant recommendations, had procured him a pupil twice a week, a prebendary's son, whose father was eager to see him a Raphael, and who himself detested the sight of a pencil as much as if it had been a snake. By taking many long walks, and expending a great deal of patience, Ryder added to this two more pupils,—Mr. Goss's daughter, a young lady of twelve years old, whose mother was resolved should be accomplished, and whose father consented to the drawing



lessons out of good will for the artist ;—and a sister of Mr. Belton, the organist, won over by the enthusiastic recommendations of little David : a stout, indolent lady, who expected her master to do all the hard parts, and whose chief anxiety was to draw charming personages like the oft-drawn heroines of the Keepsake and other annuals, in which the same face like an old stage property, becomes alternately that of Desdemona, Gulnare, and the Mysterious Maiden of The Impenetrable Apartments,—accompanied by a narrative of passion and poniards, italics and asterisks, enough to make Miss Belton's hair stand on end, if it had not happened fortunately to be a wig.

With the help of these students ; with a little work from Mr. Thorpe, who obtained him a commission of illustrating with woodcuts some numbers of a cheap magazine ; with taking a likeness here and there, wherever and for whatever he could, our artist had struggled through the summer and autumn, without getting into debt : but only by the most rigid frugality. The chief expense he had to provide against was his rent to Miss Newton, as he had engaged his apartments quarterly ; but for this his half year's pension, which he expected at Christmas, would more than suffice. At Christmas, too, the affair of the clock would be decided, and if Warden was successful there would be a chance of better fortune ; and in talking all this over with Oscar, Edward dwelt specially on this prospect, and on the good time that must be coming, sooner or later.

Oscar fell into deep thought after hearing Ryder's account, and sat without saying a word for full five minutes by St. Claud's parish clock, a circumstance so unusual, Edward was sure something profound was coming. At last he started up, slapped Ryder on the back, and exclaimed, as confidants do in comedies—"I have it! Thy fortune is made, Edouard! *Embrasse moi, enfant gâté du bonheur!* and let me share thy felicity."

"My room, and welcome," said Edward; "but for the felicity, the less you share the better."

"You are mistaken, upon my word. How can you be so blind? Do you not see you are the hero of a romance? Was there ever an instance in drama or in story of a hero being secretly pensioned, who did not turn out to be the son of some great man, the secret of whose nativity was not to be divulged till some great crisis was past, on which his house's fortunes depended? This is your case, and you must lose no time in tracing that mystery to its source, and claiming your lawful heritage."

"But, my dear Oscar—"

"Mon cher Edouard, I know all you would say—all you would feel; but I see the *dénouement* as plainly as if it was at the Theatre Française. Your appearance, careworn, pale, exhausted with the fire of your genius and the burden of your difficulties: your speech to the faithful *notaire publique*, who pays your money—'Take back your gold, sir,—I can labour, I can die: but give me my father!' The father's emotion behind the

*escrutoire*, where, of course, he is concealed whenever you call; his rushing forwards—his spreading his arms—his holding you to his heart, whence you have been banished so long—the emotion of the *brave notaire*—your tears, your embraces, your transports; your return to Elcheater *en Milord*—I see it all. Come, haste to London, and hurry the action of the drama a little, for we know not how seldom we may dine before that glad day arrives.”

“Sit down, Oscar, and be quiet,” said Edward, sternly. His eager adviser stopped short, and seeing the expression of his countenance, subsided into his chair again.

“You rattle so fast and so eloquently,” Edward began, in a softer tone, “that you do not quite know what you are saying. Who this unknown benefactor may be I have often conjectured; but I am upon honour not to enquire. The pension is paid me to assist my progress in my art, and I have reason to believe it is from some old family friend of one who deserved friends, if ever man did. I seek another father! I, whose pride and consolation it is to be the son of such a man—an officer of unblemished reputation, a Christian in thought and deed, the kindest, noblest, bravest heart that ever buffeted the waves of this troublesome world, and sunk beneath them at last! Oh, Oscar! did you ever lose a father, and can you even jest upon the idea of discovering you are not his son?”

Oscar, moved by this appeal, apologised eagerly, and with some difficulty laid aside the idea of his dé-

nouement. He could then listen quietly to his friend's proposal of finding him employment the next day, and promised to work hard, so as not to be a burden upon him; and then Edward produced his Samuel, half finished as it was, and listened with tremulous composure for his friend's first remark: that first exclamation, that is either so unutterably sweet or insufferably bitter.

But Oscar was silent again.

Lighthearted, reckless, giddy he was—but he was an artist still; and in the froth and sparkle of his fancy there was a higher element concealed, that a subtle test could not fail to detect. The love of the beautiful, though distorted by the habit of the ridiculous, though weakened by neglect and carelessness, had never been rooted out, and it stirred within him now as by a magnetic current in the presence of real genius and poetic imagining. He held the canvas in his hands, and looked again and again, till a smile broke over his face, that gave it quite a new character, for it was the expression of deep pleasurable emotion, not of levity. “*Mais, Edouard, c'est que tu es un grand homme, entends tu ?*” was his earnest exclamation at last, as he laid down the painting and looked up at his friend, who was watching his countenance so anxiously.

“It is a masterpiece, Edouard, and thou shalt complete it, and I will emulate thy fame, and work hard by thy side, dinner or no dinner.”

At this moment, the wheels of a fly ground heavily

up to the pavement, and a rap at the door announced the return of the ladies of the mansion. Edward started up. "I must make some arrangements for your lodging, Oscar. Come down with me. Now be a good dear fellow, and behave as respectfully and decorously as you can before the Pallas Minerva of our Athens. She is a character worth studying, I assure you, but I would not quarrel with her for the world."

Oscar begged for a little light on her peculiar theories, and Edward gave it him in few words, for time was precious. Already had a stir of excitement made itself audible below, and it was necessary for the young men to introduce themselves without delay. Edward rang for Helen, who, with the thoughts of the rich godfather in her head, came up almost running, and sent her down with a polite message to Miss Newton, that he would be glad to speak to her at her convenience. And Miss Newton having received Helen's somewhat exaggerated version of the whole mysterious business, made it convenient to receive him at once, and sat in state, rather excited and curious.

Edward introduced his friend M. Valmont, a brother artist, and requested permission to accommodate him with a bed for the present in his room: and Oscar bowed very low, and Miss Newton looked at him with some disappointment, and her sensitive organs detecting tobacco, she was beginning to assume an air of austere dignity, when he interposed with a hope the honour might be permitted: he had heard so much

already of the talents and literary honours of Miss Newton, and her philosophical theories for the regeneration of mankind, he wished no higher privilege than to sit at her feet, and imbibe wisdom from her discourses.

"Gently," muttered Edward, whose honesty did not approve this.

It was music, however, to the worthy lady, who blushed with author-like modesty, and begged M. Valmont would sit down. Had he studied the subject to which he alluded? Did he feel, in all its force, the wisdom of the proposed Order, and did he think the senators of his country would be likely to promote its organization?

Oscar had no doubt on the subject. Its depth, its brilliance, its originality, must win the suffrages of Europe: for himself, he would ask no higher honour than to be a pupil of so gracious an Academy, to spend his life in their service, and devote his art to their praise.

"Come, that will do," interrupted Ryder, gruffly, "we are keeping these ladies from their tea."

Miss Claribel looked indignant. "Tea, Mr. Ryder? what is tea, what is animal refreshment compared with the communion of kindred minds? Do not go, Monsieur, I entreat: you shall be accommodated to the best of our ability, only—excuse my mentioning it—your habits abroad are a *little* different from ours, and the smell of tobacco—"

Oscar interrupted with vehement protestations. He had expected so discerning a lady would detect the odour: it was unfortunate, as it might lead her to suppose he was in the habit of smoking; but the fact was he had been trying to solve a new scientific problem, just in debate at the Academie: whether by synthesis, the gases and volatile parts of a cigar, might not be condensed and solidified, and reproduced as before combustion. It was a delicate experiment, and required repeated trials, as he had not yet succeeded in arresting those subtle vapours that would, in spite of him, impregnate his clothes. Perhaps Miss Newton, with her profound knowledge of science, might be able to give him some assistance.

Miss Claribel bowed at the name of the Academie, and said as an experiment she could raise no objections: it was certainly a very ingenious idea, and she would study the problem, and inform him of the result.

"We will not intrude any longer at present, then, Madam," said Edward, pushing Oscar gently but decidedly into the passage, and half inclined to knock him down on the mat, "good evening to you," and he closed the door, in spite of the civil invitations to remain.

"A charming person is Mr. Ryder's godfather, indeed, and rich, I suppose," said Miss Newton, "I think I should dedicate my work to him, and obtain his assistance in the publication."

"I am glad you like him, dear," said Susan, "he

was very civil, but I do not think his voice as good as Mr. Edward's: it sounded as if he was making fun all the time."

"My *dear* sister! but it is impossible to make you comprehend these things; impossible to show you how infallible are the magnetic influences by which one superior mind reads another; impossible to explain the elevated delight of meeting with one who understands and sympathises with you. I hope Helen will show him every respect: he should have had Mr. Ryder's apartments, properly, and a bed could have been made up for *him* in the back parlour. M. Valmont is evidently a very superior young man."

"Well, perhaps he is," said Susan, resignedly, "only I like Mr. Edward better; and I cannot help thinking when once a thing is burnt, it *is* burnt, and there's an end of it."

Edward kept his word: he shared all he had with his friend, even to his patrons; he introduced him to Mr. Thorpe, spoke warmly of his talents, and obtained him a commission for a couple of humorous etchings to illustrate a book of songs. While they were discussing the subject, Mr. Dance came in, and Oscar, observing the coldness of their mutual greetings, asked in a whisper if that were friend or foe.

"A meddling, emptyheaded—"

"*Bien, assez, mon cher,*" and Oscar looked another way, and whistled. But presently out came a pencil



and a card, and by a few magic strokes the unconscious verger was sketched to the life, with the irresistible ludicrousness of Parisian caricature. The likeness was hid in the waistcoat pocket, and the friends sallied forth: and anon they passed Gaunt and Greenlow's, and in return for Oscar's questions, Edward enlightened him on their dispositions and the unheard-of impudence of young Timothy, in presuming to ask the hand of his master's daughter.

"If I have a mortal enemy," he added, "it is that young fellow; and as he is a member of a communist club, I may consider myself a marked man."

"Wait a minute for me, Edward," interrupted Oscar, "I must ask the price of that chain." And he ran into the shop, to Ryder's great wrath, and in a few minutes came back, smiling, with another likeness in his waistcoat pocket. The chain was too dear, he said.

"And if it had been offered you at a gift you would not accept it," said Edward, "after what I have told you."

"Oh, my dear Oreste, there are bounds even to friendship: I would not peril my truth by any such assertion. But rest content, when I accept a chain, it shall be from fairer hands; but I have got an invitation to the Communist Club: of course, I shall not go."

"Of course not," said Edward, gravely. "And now I must leave you to find your way home, for here

I am at a pupil's door. Now, do work hard, Oscar, and let us command fortune, not cringe to her."

Oscar promised fairly, but before he would go home, he strolled all round the city, taking likenesses here and there in miniature of civil passers by, from whom he received scraps of information, and who were little aware of the honour conferred on them. Then he tried the synthetical experiment, without much success as yet; and then feeling very thirsty, and finding no cafés anywhere, laid out half his fortune in a draught of mild porter, and fell in with some of the Wat Tyler Club, whom he found to be such choice subjects for his pencil, he vowed eternal friendship with them on the spot; and after this there was not much time for application, so he went home, and lounged in the arm-chair, and sketched on scraps of paper and cardboard, and drew heads on the walls, and made a number of plans and projects, and then fell fast asleep.

This was scarcely the way to make a fortune, as he acknowledged with much penitence: nor could he avoid a twinge of remorse when he saw his friend, with a shade over his eyes, drawing by lamplight from his models, after a day of fatigue and annoyance. Oscar vowed amendment, and the next morning did accomplish a couple of hours' work: after which he thought himself entitled to some recreation, so availed himself of Edward's absence to stroll out, and take another survey of the dull old town. He was caught by a keen shower of hail, in the act of investigating a print-

seller's window, which gave him a fair excuse for entering : and opening a conversation on art in general, and Elcheater art in particular : and the printseller, a very different person from our friend Mr. Thorpe, confessed that, for his own part, he could do nothing in that line that was not more or less personal : the public wanted stimulus ; satire, quizzes, caricatures, those were the articles that *took* most, because they cost little, and were no trouble to understand. Oscar, who was listening attentively, took out his pencil, and seemed to be making a memorandum ; glancing from time to time across the street at a group under a gateway, in various attitudes of pedestrian discomfiture and impatience. Mr. Higgins went on, " Political caricatures *take* very well, but the H.B.'s are nearly over, and people see all they want in Punch ; and a great many do not know the public characters, so the point of the wit is lost : but anything personal now, on somebody of their acquaintance, is bought up directly—I beg your pardon, Sir, is that your doing ?"

The group was perfect : Mr. Higgins rubbed his hands in ecstasy. " You are a real artist, Sir—an honour to your country : I shall be happy to treat with you : will you take a chair ? you will allow me to keep this drawing."

" Certainly, Sir : perhaps you may recognise this ?" pulling a sketch from his pocket. Mr. Higgins pounced upon it as on a treasure. " The very man ! could

know it among a thousand! Sir, I must buy this of you, and I shall be glad to see anything you may produce of the same kind: the profit will be trifling, but you will be popular, Sir, that I can pledge myself."

A bargain was struck accordingly; not very lucrative to Oscar, who, however, was full of glee at this unexpected piece of good fortune, and hurried home to order dinner on the proceeds. He met David at the door, just come for a sitting: and recognising him by the likeness, greeted him with much cordiality, and persuaded him to come up and wait for Ryder. They fell into conversation, and Oscar told him what he had just done. David looked alarmed. "Edward will be very angry," he said.

"Angry, *mon petit ami*? that I have got him a dinner for once?"

"Yes, he would rather give up dinner, and lodging and all, I think, than publish a caricature: he said so the other day."

"Oh, but *mon cher modèle*, is not, by all the rules and laws of harmony and beauty, nature superior to art? and how can nature subsist *sans diner*? No, my friend, my prince of models, we must dine, and we will dine; but we will tell Edouard nothing about it; and you must keep the secret for the love of me."

David hesitated at this, but Oscar talked him over, and the boy promised at last, and Edward was only told he had sold a sketch, and very glad was he, poor

fellow, that his volatile friend had been so far successful. So with great zeal he sat down and worked at the Samuel; and in the growing visions of beauty that filled his soul, forgot as usual, the vexations of drawing lessons, and the cloudiness of his prospects. They dined that day, satisfactorily. Oscar listened to a chapter of Miss Claribel's book, and charmed her with his sympathy and compliments, and all went blithely as a marriage bell.

In a day or two, Elchester received an electric shock, in the shape of an engraving—a likeness that nobody could mistake or look at without a smile, a caricature of Mr. Dance, the verger. The name of the artist was of course withheld, but Mr. Higgins gloried in being the publisher, and exhibited it in his shop window with all the bustle necessary to draw the public eye. It was noticed, bought, talked of, circulated—in a few days everybody had heard of or seen it, and was in more or less excitement to discover the artist. The Elchester Times asserted one thing, and of course the Elchester Post just the reverse; it was talked over at the tea tables of the citizens, and applauded at the Wat Tyler Club; bets were offered and taken freely; and the demand became so great, Mr. Higgins could not strike off impressions fast enough. Poor Mr. Dance found himself held up to the ridicule of his townsmen, and that of all his most profound admirers, there was not one who could resist the pleasure of a laugh at his expense.

His wrath knew no bounds: he threatened the publisher with a prosecution. The publisher laughed, and by repeating the anecdote, gave fresh zest to the sale of the print. He complained to one of the Cathedral dignitaries of the insult offered to the Church in his person: the dignitary, who had that morning bought the print for the amusement of his wife and daughters, condoled with him as gravely as he could, and dismissed him speedily. He drew the organist aside after service, to confide in his friendly bosom the sense of his wrongs: the organist was fain to invoke an impromptu influenza, and hide his laughter behind his pocket-handkerchief: wherever he went he met the same provoking smile, or still more provoking forced gravity, and his temper became really formidable. The street-sweepers shrunk before his eye: the beggars scuffled away at his footstep, and the choristers, who could not do the same, became subject to periodical fits of deafness and blindness, whenever he crossed their path. Once, however, he came on a knot of them unexpectedly in the cloisters, their heads all huddled together, and bursts of laughter issuing from the centre. Mr. Dance needed no explanation, he pounced upon them with a falcon swoop, and arrested a culprit with the caricature in his hand.

"Oh, sir, please sir—oh, Mr. Dance! it isn't mine, indeed!" pleaded the terrified boy: "it isn't *that*, at all, sir: it isn't, indeed!"

"It isn't ours, sir!" burst in several voices—"we only picked it up, and we wanted to know who had done it."

"Aye, boys, that is what I should be glad to know, also; for it is a very serious thing for the city of Elchester, when her official authorities can be insulted with impunity. Have any of you any idea who is the guilty person?"

"If you please, sir," said one boy, eagerly, "I think I know who knows."

"Who, Job? you are a good sharp lad."

"David Warden. I saw him the first day it came out, and as we passed the shop he looked very knowing, and seemed to understand more than he chose to say, for he ran off laughing."

"He did, did he?" said Mr. Dance, his voice sounding unnaturally clear, "very well. You may go to your respective homes, my boys, and take warning by this awful example."

"Yes, Sir," said all, darting away the instant they were released, and as soon as they were out of hearing, singing "Dance, the churchman's Dance," like little scapegraces as they were.

That evening, just as Marian was making her father's tea, and wondering David was not returned, the boy burst in with a vehemence quite terrible in so slight a frame, and flinging himself on the ground, with his head on his sister's lap, burst into an agony of weeping. Not all Marian's caresses and entreaties

could avail at first to make him relate the cause of his sorrow : but at last his voice returning, he faltered out that he was no longer a chorister of the Cathedral—he had lost his situation. Lost it? how? what had he done? Nothing, really nothing: only he had promised to keep a secret—and he was punished for not telling a lie. Mr. Dance had been caricatured, and had accused him of being a party to it, and that he had been guilty of a gross insult to the whole Chapter in so doing, and had made such a formal complaint that, on his persisting in silence, the gentlemen had thought it necessary to suspend him from the choir. “I really think they were sorry,” said David, swallowing his tears, “and they would have excused me if they could; but the master and the organist, and several others, all said they must put a stop to this caricaturing, and make an example—and I am to be the example. And now never more shall I sing God’s praises in the Cathedral—never, never more! I know it is so, Marian—and I shall break my heart with longing, I know I shall.”

“Boy, boy! be manly,—be brave,—don’t cry like a woman,” said his father, lifting him up from the floor, and seating him on his knee as if he had been still in petticoats, “crying does no good to anybody in anything, and you’ll have many a rough scene to go through yet, before you are as old as I am. You have not told a lie, and you had no hand in the caricature, so you’ve no cause to be so miserable. Keep quiet :



I guess who did it, and I'll find it out and make all clear."

"No, you must not, father, for I promised." And David, who had partly regained his composure, wiped his eyes, and went up to his room.

Warden looked keenly at his daughter; "Do you know anything of this, Marian?"

"No, father."

"Do you suspect any one?"

"I do not know anybody to suspect."

"Is not this Ned Ryder's doing?"

"I am sure it is not."

"How can you be sure?"

"Because he told me once, he had never made a caricature, and never would."

"What for, pray?"

"He said it was his calling to teach men to admire, not to ridicule."

"He said that, did he, poor foolish boy? Aye, those are Templeton's notions all over. But men's admiration wont feed and clothe him, and I'm afraid money is scarce with him now-a-days, and if Higgins offered a good price for a squib on the verger, I should doubt his fine theories carrying him through the temptation."

"And I," said Marian, "would be answerable with all I have in the world, that no temptation of any kind, would persuade Edward to do what he did not think right."

"Thank you, Marian," said a voice at her elbow, and Ryder took her hand and kissed it.

"Oh, it is you, Mr. Ryder! I am so glad! Now come and speak for yourself. Tell him about it, dear father."

Warden walked sternly up to the young man, and looked him in the face.

"Mr. Edward Ryder, my boy has just been suspended from his appointment on account of a vile caricature published in this town: Mr. Dance suspects him of having a hand in it: he confesses he knows the artist, but that he has promised not to tell his name. Mr. Dance is much respected in Elcheater, and his friends will not allow such an insult to pass unnoticed. I ask you, as a gentleman, and before my daughter whom you profess to love—what can you tell me about this matter?"

Edward Ryder coloured deeply: his embarrassment was palpable and painful. Marian began to tremble.

"You must remember," continued the old mechanic, "what happened the evening of your return, when you were foolish enough to quarrel with him about some question of church building. He has always avoided you from that time, and the difference of opinion between you is generally known. What can you tell me about this caricature?"

"Nothing, sir," said Edward, still colouring and confused.

"Nothing?"

"I am very sorry, Mr Warden—"

"And my boy suspended—his prospects crushed, and his spirits broken?—nothing?"

"Nothing."

The old man walked up and down the room, in rapidly increasing excitement. The cold dew stood on Marian's forehead.

"Ryder," said Warden, at last, stopping suddenly short, "Ryder! I have always considered you, treated you as a man of honour and feeling. Do not forfeit my esteem. Show yourself at least as brave as the poor child you may hear sobbing upstairs, but who will die sooner than break his word, pledged to save a gentleman's credit. Tell me at once, who drew that caricature?"

A momentary hesitation appeared in Edward's countenance, before he answered as before.

"I can tell you nothing, Mr. Warden."

"Nothing? not even to *her*?"

"Not even to her."

There was a pause of terrible emphasis. Warden first broke the silence in slow, measured tones.

"If that be the case, Mr. Ryder, it follows that neither I nor any of mine, can have anything to say to you. My boy shall be righted if I live, even if all my own hopes are wrecked in the effort,—but those who could help and wont, can be no friends of mine. Go, sir, you are not the man I took you for!"

"What do you mean, Mr. Warden?"

Edward's eye was dilating angrily: Marian started up, laid her hand on his arm, and looked imploringly in his face. He felt he could not trust himself any

longer, and with a fervent pressure of her hand, turned and left the house as suddenly as he had entered it.

The shops, the passengers, seemed to fly past him as he hurried along : all gave way before his stride as if it had been a madman's ; until he was stopped by a crowd before Higgins' print shop, staring at some new caricatures that moment exhibited by the glare of the gas-light. " How like ! I say, what a shame ! how good ! how capital !" burst first from one, then from another. Edward pushed on—thrusting his elbows right and left without mercy, till he reached the window. There they were—the Wat Tyler Club, unmistakeably palpable, with Messrs. Gaunt and Greenlow at their head, inviting all lovers of mirth to roar gratis at their expense ; and by the touch, the bold outline, the French poignancy of satire, adding tenfold to the conviction already so deep in Ryder's mind, that the artist was no other than his friend. " Foolish ! imprudent fellow !" he muttered, " every way mistaken—in the means and in the nature of such popularity ! Now, gentlemen, will you be good enough to let me pass ? "

The imperious tone of the demand excited the attention of the bystanders : the foremost drew aside to let him move on, but some stared in his face, and a whisper ran from one to another, " It is the artist who sketched the Cathedral—he drew the caricatures, depend upon it ! "

" It's just he, and no other ! " added one, just come to the scene of action, and furious from finding himself

among the victims of the merciless pencil—"I know him well! this is the young gentleman who dogs us all wherever we go—a spy, an informer, a libeller! Hoot him! I say! hoot him! and let us teach people we are not to be insulted for nothing."

The crowd was getting thicker every moment: the murmur was becoming general; Edward drew his hat over his brows, and pushed on: he had no ambition for martyrdom, and little desire to figure in the police report as a disturber of public peace: so he put aside one or two arms raised to arrest his progress with as much good humour as he could command. "You are mistaken, gentlemen, you are mistaken:" he said, but his voice was drowned in the noise. He was hustled, pressed, struck at: his patience began to give way. "Stand off," he cried, swinging himself vigorously round so as to send more than one assailant staggering back, "stand off, and let me alone! or if you wont—" He saw fists brandished, a stick was thrust in his face: he darted forward, twisted the weapon out of the hand that held it, and gave two or three smart blows right and left that made his passage clear at once. Leaping over a prostrate enemy he bounded forward and gained the start of his pursuers before they had recovered the surprise of so energetic a movement: the darkness favoured his retreat, and by skilful cutting of corners, and striking up alleys, he reached the bottom of the steep street without impediment: but this was difficult to run up full speed, and before he was

half way, about half-a-dozen men were on his traces—most of them Wat Tylers, and resolved to duck him in the river. Edward was just beginning to acknowledge his predicament to be unpleasantly awkward, when an auxiliary appeared in the form of Goss the butcher, who placed himself between the artist and his pursuers, and stopped their further progress: collared the foremost, knocked down the second, and thundered forth most significant threats of law and justice against the others if they ventured a step further. "I know you all," he cried, "I know you, and your club, and your plotting, and your play too, unlicensed—that's more! And you know me, too, John Goss, and that I'll keep my word. If you don't let that young gentleman alone, I'll have you up before the mayor, every-one of you, to-morrow morning, and prosecute you, club and all, while I have one sixpence to rub against another!"

His threats were not unheeded: one after another slunk away, and the one collared by Goss made a desperate effort to escape, which Edward, who had turned back to second his champion, was just in time to prevent: and then by the light of the lamp that fell on his face perceived it was Timothy Greenlow. "You joining in a mob like this, Greenlow?" he said, "what harm have I done you?"

"Don't ask him, Mr. Ryder: he'd rather not tell: the harm you did was only being more of a gentleman than himself, and that he'll never forgive, depend upon

it, until Miss Warden forgets. Aye, you may scowl, youngster : I know more of you than you suppose, and very little that's to your credit. There, get you gone now, and think yourself lucky to escape the lock-up house, for brawling in the streets."

Greenlow, who had not yet spoken a word, shook himself, smoothed his hat, glanced sullenly at his rival, and walked off. The combatant knocked down by Goss had by this time recovered sufficiently to skulk away, and the friendly butcher, taking Ryder's arm, moved up the hill.

"Don't say a word, young gentleman," he said, interrupting his thanks, "don't say a word: no Englishman can stand by and see a gentleman mauled by a mob: but if you'll take a word of advice as it's meant, you'll just leave off this squibbing and quizzing. It does no good, and makes enemies; you'll have no peace, I can tell you, now you've affronted the Wat Tyler club. They'll lay in wait for you on dark evenings, or pelt you in the fields, or mob you in public places, or make your life wretched somehow, depend upon it. It isn't, I'm sorry to say it to you, but it isn't respectable, and if you'd take my advice, you'd have no more of it. I beg your pardon for speaking so free—there's your door, Sir—so now I wish you good evening."

Edward rushed up stairs, and flung open the door of his room. There sat Oscar, the picture of happiness, cooking a savoury dish over a bright little fire, and singing an air from the last new opera, with as many graces and flourishes as a prima donna.

"*Bon jour*, Edouard !—do not touch me, the crisis is arrived ; one movement too much or too little, one moment of inattention or doubt, would destroy my reputation, my dinner, and my peace of mind. Ah ! you thrust your hand in your pocket, and ask who shall pay for this *friandise* ? Rest tranquil, my friend : I have found a mine of gold : I have learnt the way to the British heart : I have discovered the weak point of that lion rampant, who will give anything for a good laugh at the expense of the unicorn. I am a *millionnaire* from this day, Edouard, thanks to the striking physiognomies of your fellow citizens, and the liberal mind of your great Mæcenas, M. Higgins."

"Then my suspicions were correct," said Edward.

"Oh, you suspected me, did you ? your little friend David told me you would never forgive me."

"Did you make the boy promise not to tell ?" said Ryder, hastily.

"Of course I did : a fortune falling into my bosom was not to be rejected for the scruples of a too refined nature like thine. And the secret must still be kept, for my patron's sake, as the mystery gives double value to the production. *Tiens, mon garçon*, here is a dish fit for Apicius : sit down and partake, and let us dine while we can, and fast when we have nothing better to do."

So saying he drew his chair to the table, put a warm plate before his friend, and another for himself, and began with sparkling eyes and skilful hands to serve his steaming ragout. Not till he had raised the first



morsel to his lips, did he notice the expression of Edward's countenance and attitude. "Something is the matter," he said, laying down his fork in dismay, "my Edouard, you look like the man your Shakespeare describes, as drawing the curtains of old Priam to tell him Troy had been. And your coat is muddy, and your hair in disorder, and your hat bent in—Edouard! is there a revolution in this free and independent city, and must we go forth, like heroes, to die for the cause of freedom and independence, singing "*Mourir pour la patrie*" in a British November fog? Command me, but let me dine first."

"Eat your dinner, for goodness' sake," said Edward, "it has been bought dearly enough—so make the most of it."

"Bought dearly?" repeated Oscar, slowly, as he rose from table and approached his friend, "what does this mean? is there a quarrel between us, Edouard?"

"There would be, there must be," said Edward, passionately, "if I could hope to make you understand for a moment what your folly has cost me. Oscar! when I embraced the profession of an artist, it was not merely to win daily bread: it was with a deep sense of the dignity of the calling—dignified by its connection with nature, and with nature's noblest part—the mind of man. No soldier ever took up his standard with a prouder ambition to carry it on to victory; to return, Spartan-like, *with* it, or *upon* it. The hope of eminence has cheered me through more disappoint-

ments and difficulties than I could relate : and only worth mentioning as a proof of being in earnest : and by dint of painstaking and perseverance I trusted to push on, in spite of hinderance and poverty ; conquering prejudice, and commanding homage by the energy of my genius. My motto, my rule in art, was the sentence of our great man, "*teach man to admire*," and with this ever before me, whatever I touched, I laboured to make beautiful ; I sought beauty in every shape ; in outline, in colour, in design, in harmony, in all her myriad forms of development,—with the devotion of a real believer in her truth. And if at this moment," he continued, his cheek glowing with unusual earnestness, "the choice were offered me, of fortune, and reputation on one hand, purchased by a sacrifice of this principle ; and on the other, the destiny of Haydon, or Chatterton,—short of suicide, not a second would I hesitate : failure—ruin—starvation, if it must be—but I will follow the beautiful still !"

He stopped, partly from emotion, partly from shame at having betrayed it. Oscar remained silent, watching him anxiously. In a calmer voice he soon went on.

"If you had only told me, Oscar, what you were going to do, I would have taken measures to escape : I would have explained more fully the nature of my position, and have argued with you on your own. But you kept it secret ; and it was only to-day I recognised your touch in the printseller's window : to-day, that I was charged with the deed, and dared not contradict

it, for fear of injuring you. My Marian's brother has lost his situation—my name has been coupled with the word 'libeller'—I have been hooted in the streets; abused, assaulted, chased like a thief: by to-morrow the story will be all over the town, and at the end of the week in the papers; and wherever my name is known at all it will be as a caricaturist, and it will be said by all who know my principles, that I have stooped to do that for money that I would not do for fame, and have sold my birthright for a mess of pottage,—the glorious birthright that I held so dear!"

"They shall not, Edouard, on my honour, they shall not! Your name shall not suffer from my folly," cried Oscar, wringing his friend's hands, that trembled for the first time in his grasp: "what shall we do? where shall we go? I will explain to dignitaries; I will appease officials; I will annihilate the canaille; I will write down the journals; I will cry in your public squares, your Cathedral cloisters, your markets, your quays—I am the artist who caricatured you all, and will do it again, the more readily that you are so sensitive, and in proportion to your injustice to my friend. Avenge on me your wronged perfections, your insulted symmetry, your sublime expression distorted, your fashionable costume *travestie*: I am he who discovered and immortalised them; I only will bear the punishment. Forgive me, Edouard, for having caused you so much chagrin: and if you do not wish to break my heart, sit down and try my *casseroles*."

It was impossible to be angry with him, and Edward at last sat down, and though too sick at heart himself to do more than taste a morsel that nearly choked him, he feigned a cheerfulness he was far from feeling, to enable his friend to enjoy himself with an easy conscience. The evening passed in plans and resolutions, and early in the morning, they set out together to undo, as well as they could, the mischief of the last few days. Their first attempt was at the printseller's, to persuade him to call in Oscar's productions. He was not visible, so they could only leave him an urgent note; and then proceed to Matthew Warden's.

The old man received them with a gravity that was almost dignified. His face looked older by some years than it did the day before, and the heaviness of his eyelids betrayed the watchful vigil he had kept all the night. Before the young men had time to begin the intended explanation, he rose from his seat in the window, and stretched out his worn and wrinkled hand to Ryder. "I did you injustice, Ned: David told me so after you were gone. If you had done the thing yourself, you would have acknowledged it. I beg your pardon, and I respect your silence without knowing the motive."

"Thank you, Mr. Warden," said Edward, heartily wringing his hand, "thank you. My motive simply was, that having reason to believe the drawing to be the work of my friend, I could not clear myself except at his expense."

"It is very true, Sir," added Oscar. "I am the unfortunate artist who has given so much offence: rather mortified that one of my best performances should have been attributed to somebody else."

"It is quite enough, Sir," said Warden, "I have no right to interfere with what you do. My only object is to clear my boy, who, as you may have heard, has lost his situation, for refusing to give up your name. Come here, David."

The boy came forward obediently, but with down-cast eyes and slow step that cut Oscar to the heart. He caught him up in his arms, and gave him a warm French embrace. "Thou art the very soul of honour, my prince of models and nightingale of the woods: and as I am a gentleman, thou shalt not suffer for me. I will go round this minute to all the wrathful senate of Echester, and implore pardon on my knees: that stout little dignitary shall be an Apollo; the Wat Tyler Club shall be demi-gods; the Cathedral shall be greater than Notre Dame, and the mayor than Charlemagne—I will do, or say, or believe anything, if they will but take thee back."

Without considering such extremes necessary, or even expedient, it was decided, on a little consultation, that something might be done by applying personally in David's favour, before his place was filled up: and Edward and Oscar, with all the energy of penitence and good will, besieged the doors of all the authorities, but in vain. Some did not choose to interfere, and

some thought it was as well to make an example, and one would not take on him to decide, and another was sure the dismissal would not be given without cause: and in short, there was nobody who seemed to think it worth while to put themselves out of their way for a troublesome boy who had most likely richly deserved all he got. The arrangement of the choir, under the Dean, was generally left to the master, and the master was Mr. Dance's friend, and Mr. Dance, without intending misrepresentation, had convinced himself and others that such a deliberate plot was in progress against his dignity, as to make a public example necessary: and the master's nephew, who had a tremendous voice, was thought just fit to step into the vacant place, and had stepped in accordingly—and the Dean was still away, unwell at the sea—no hope for David! Edward Ryder argued and reasoned—Oscar excelled himself in eloquence—all to no purpose; and they were obliged to return at last, weary and disappointed.

"Never mind, dear Ned," said David, when he heard of their failure, "it is not your fault, you know, and I will try and bear it." And to prove how well he was bearing it, he went whistling upstairs; but as soon as he was in his own room, out of hearing, cried more bitterly than ever. The bullfinch, disturbed from his first sleep, fluttered on the perch, and gave a faint chirping remonstrance against such late hours, and then began, by a series of somnambulant hops, to express his keen sense of the unwarrantable intrusion.

David took him out of the cage, and fondled him against his wet cheek. "Yes, Bully, yes: it is weak and babyish to cry: I wont any more. But if she only knew how much we want her, Bully, I do think she would come back!"

Mr. Higgins refused to call in the engravings: offered Oscar more employment of the same kind, but declined treating about any other branch of the art, as it did not *take* with the public, and consequently did not pay; all that Mr. Ryder argued about the superiority of a higher style of drawing might be, and he doubted not, was very true: but as the public thought differently, why all he could do was to please the public, if possible. There was a demand for caricatures just now, and he must meet it, and if Monsieur Valmont could not supply him, he must find another artist who would.

The friends returned to their lodging much disheartened.

They had not yet fathomed the extent of their bad fortune. On presenting himself the next day at the door of Mr. Goss, to give his lesson, Edward was received by the mother of his pupil with great coldness, and politely informed his assistance would be no longer required. Mrs. Goss dropped a hint anent respectability, and public disturbances, which our artist readily understood, and to which his only answer was a quiet bow, as if it was not of the slightest consequence to him whether he gave a lesson or not: poor fellow,

wondering all the time in his own mind what on earth he should do without it. The same rebuff greeted him at Mr. Belton's—his sister had been seized with a nervous fear of being caricatured, and nothing would induce her even to see her master. A note was brought down to him, with rather a blundering apology, pleading a headache and other disorders, with which he was fain to depart, with a sinking of spirit he had never felt before.

Where were his hopes now—where his dazzling prospects,—his enlarged usefulness,—his rising reputation,—his dreams of marriage and domestic joy? They had passed away with the summer sunshine, as that had departed with his fickle patroness, Angel, Countess Moore. And where was she? She whose word could do so much,—whose presence gave inspiration,—whose smile ensured success? Why did she not return as she had promised, and keep the engagement that was, in his poverty, so cruelly important? Could it be that so much gentle loveliness was linked with a heartless, worldly mind? If so—alas for the beautiful! and alas for her!

But Marian, whose future depended on his exertions,—Marian, whom he had debarred from seeking it in her own quiet sphere,—Marian, whom he had bade rely so confidently upon his stars, his fortune, and his strength—what was to become of her? How could he presume to tie her down to an engagement that could only link her with poverty and failure, if it



was ever kept at all? Honour, principle, gratitude forbade it. She must know the worst of his circumstances, and feel herself free at once, and then—God's will be done! He could say so heartily, and he blessed God for it.

And Marian was told, and she listened patiently to the end, and heard herself entreated not to sacrifice her youth and her bright days for one who could so little repay her: all, in short, that Edward's heroism could devise, to persuade her to do what he would have given his life to prevent.

The result of the interview would be best described in her own words, from a letter to her friend Miss Luton.

\* \* \* \* \*

“When Edward was saying this, it came into my head how you had told me some day he might feel low spirited about himself, and be tempted to despair of getting on, and that then I must make the best use I could of what I had been reading to find him encouragement. So I thought of all the clever people I had read of in your books, who had gone through difficulties, and poverty, and disappointment: and I summoned up courage, and reminded him of them. He looked surprised, and at first not quite pleased: but one thing led to another, and we went on talking of these persevering people, especially the painters, and how they had risen, one from a shepherd's boy, another from a blacksmith, and so on, till Edward grew quite excited and hopeful, and went away at last

in good spirits. And it was all owing to those dear books of yours, and my Lady Moore's; and I shall always love them now more than ever. I had begun to get very disheartened with my own ignorance and dulness: and there seem such a quantity of things to learn, I have been very often inclined to give it up altogether; but if I can now and then give him a little comfort like this, it will be as much as I can wish for, and I am quite content. Edward's French friend leaves him to-day. He is going to London, and I am not sorry, for he has done him a great deal of mischief in the town, besides losing David his situation, as I told you at the beginning of this letter. He is very fond of Edward, though, and told me yesterday that they should both make their fortunes by caricatures if they went on; but Edward will not, and I think he is quite right. My father says it comes to the same thing whether they waste time in one way or in another; but I do not believe it is wasting time to draw such beautiful things as Edward does. I do not know why it is, but in spite of all our late difficulties, I have had more happiness the last six months than I ever had: my books give me such pleasant things to remember when I am at work: and since I have seen so many of Edward's pictures, I have been able to find pictures for myself, where I never thought of them before; and even the Cathedral and the old cloisters are more interesting since I read that account of the dreadful war between the people and the

king, and all that happened to Elchester then. But I am tiring you with this long badly written account of myself. When will you be coming back? We remember the Dean morning and evening in our prayers, that he may come back to us well and strong. And do you think there is any chance of seeing Lady Moore this Christmas? David clings to the hope of her coming, and so does poor Edward: and I think father too, though he will not own it."

"Go on, dear Marian," wrote her friend in reply, "go on, and prosper. Work perseveringly to improve yourself, and you will reap your reward in time. Already have you tasted some of the fruit of application, and there is more ripening for you still. You could not take up a nobler position than that of a comforter and encourager. Do not let Mr. Ryder's genius droop from want of sympathy or inducement to hope; tell him from me, that never yet did any man become great who had not struggled. It is the hardest soil that toughens the strong oak fibre: and he whose calling it is, to minister to the world's highest necessities, must prove himself a native of that lofty atmosphere he lifts us to. He is right to maintain the dignity of his profession. There are no caricatures in nature—none in God's works: whatever we choose to call such, only appears so from our careless observation; every plant, every animal is perfect in itself—every fragment of rock, every handful of mould—possesses its own peculiar beauty of marvellous formation,

to which no human work can ever attain, but which it is the province of genius to emulate. It is a sublime axiom, that "beauty is truth,—truth beauty." A volume of wisdom is laid up in those five words. It is never waste of time to create the beautiful, for beauty is God's minister, and her work is the work of angels."

"Ah," thought Miss Luton, when having folded up this letter, she looked at another, received that morning, "but who shall reckon the fearful responsibility of leaving that work undone? One of my pupils has indeed persevered in her resolutions;—what shall I say of the other?"

She might well sigh, if she had built much hope on the energetic resolves of Lady Moore: those brilliant schemes of mental improvement and cultivation that were to take the place of amusement and vanity, and make her worthy of Hervey Templeton's devotion. "Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm," what could stop that light skiff's career before the south wind that blew so softly, it seemed impossible that Euroclydon could ever come? The summer and autumn had passed in a whirl of enjoyment, and all steady thoughts had long since been forgotten: in parties by land and parties by water—by day and by night—at home and abroad,—all the energies of her slight frame had been tasked to the uttermost, to answer the demands of her numerous friends and admirers; and the result had been, that never was any one more admired,

more followed, more discussed in the gay world—more weary and disappointed in herself. In a fit of despondent humility, she had poured out a confession to her neglected adviser, Kate Luton, and it needed but little penetration for the latter to discover, there was more than remorse alone in the dejection of its strain. Her heart yearned on the writer more kindly than ever, now that her forebodings seemed drawing to fulfilment, and made her long for the power to sound such a warning in her ear, as might reach the secret springs of action, and rouse her before it was too late.

The pen was already in her hand, and hovering over the paper some of those warm forcible reasonings that burst from the depth of conviction—and which Miss Luton, judging more like a philosopher than a woman of the world, could not help believing *must* be irresistible: arguments that admitted of no answer, but were not the less liable to be forgotten. But before three lines were written, one of her little pupils came with grandmama's love, and would Miss Luton be so kind as to step down to grandpapa's room? As this was an interruption that had happened very often lately, on very trifling occasions, since the good Dean had been indisposed, Mrs. Eyre having a rooted aversion to trouble of any kind, and yet pertinaciously keeping up a large correspondence, of which she herself contributed about one letter a quarter—the Dean and Miss Luton doing the rest:—Kate complied reluctantly, and felt strongly disposed to bestow a little superfluous

wisdom upon people who seemed to set no value upon other people's time. Of what possible use to any body could it be that she should be called away from necessary or profitable employments perpetually, to "thank Mrs. A. for her last obliging letter, and hope her daughter was better, and her son successful,"—or to "return many thanks for Mrs. B.'s kind enquiries, and the Dean was still indisposed, and confined to the house,"—in which interesting communications lay the whole excitement of Mrs. Eyre's correspondence? The question like the arguments, admitted of very little dispute, but the fact remained unaltered, and Miss Luton went to the Dean's room, to her credit be it spoken, without more than a stifled sigh at the door.

It was forgotten the moment she entered, and saw the expression of the two venerable faces, usually so placid, and always so kind.

An open desk lay on the table, near the armchair in which the Dean sat propped up with pillows: and his cheeks drawn with illness, wore a flush of excitement that spoke also in the sparkling of his eyes.

Mrs. Eyre was crying in her spectacles, so as effectually to blind herself in her vain attempts to read a letter, whose handwriting Miss Luton at once perceived, was of a very different order from the generality of her correspondents. It was a bold, manly, but agitated hand, a single sentence whereof would have made a portfolio of autographs valuable: and whose signature could turn the balance of nations.

Miss Luton's heart beat quick with indefinable apprehension: as she approached the table she unconsciously mentioned the name of Lady Moore. The Dean turned quickly round: he professed a little deafness on ordinary occasions, but seemed to have quite forgotten it now.

"Did you not hear from her this morning, Miss Luton?"

"From whom, Sir?"

"From Angel—from Lady Moore: she writes to you sometimes: she respects you very much, I know—has she not written to you lately?"

"I heard from her to-day, Sir."

"Where is it dated from?"

"Ulverstone Castle, Sir."

"That is it—the very place: who is she with there?"

"She went with her cousins, the Ladies Borrodaile, with whom she has been travelling, I believe."

"Ah!" groaned the Dean, letting his hand fall heavily on the table, "I know—I know. Bad advisers, bad examples for that young, young thing—with no protection but her beauty, and no friend but her own warm heart; feeble guardians they, as woman has always found! Read that letter, Miss Luton; you are always so good to us, we must intrude our perplexities upon you, and hope for comfort from your friendship. My dear, you will never be able to make out that writing: let Miss Luton read it aloud."

"It is very odd," said Mrs. Eyre, taking off her glasses and wiping her eyes, "but I think people do not write so well as they used to do; or else my spectacles are not strong enough. For so clever a man, I wonder he does not cross his t's and dot his i's."

Miss Luton, though she could have argued the point, let it pass in her anxiety to read the letter, which was as follows:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND. My *oldest* friend you have been so long, that I can venture to write to you about myself. There are very few to whom I could name such a subject—fewer still that would care to listen. But you are not my old friend only, you are also revered and loved by Angel Moore, and you love her in return: who would not? She is the loveliest of God's creatures; Eden saw nothing more gracious; earth will never see her like again. To see her was to love her; to love her was to risk peace, hope, life on one frail cast—madness in any one—in myself, most of all; for what can I be to such a being of light, and gaiety, and song, but a cloud and an incumbrance? Yet so it is; I love her, and I must pay the price!

"I look round at my authority, my influence, my patronage, all that constitutes what men call *power* in these days, and I feel how utterly I am powerless. My iron touch has no perception fine enough to reach those aerial energies: I write, I argue, I reason, I entreat,—I compromise, I humble myself before that child-like understanding, that is at once so transparent



and so volatile ; whose playfulness is so much more disheartening than the most stubborn or subtle incredulity. All is in vain : I am caressed, played with, silenced, and the great void within, every year growing wider and deeper, is to be filled with a handful of roses, or the toys of which her baby hand is weary.

“ I have seized the first interval of respite from business to relieve myself to you ; and as I write, come up visions of such domestic peace and repose as would indeed make earth a Paradise. That syren voice lingers in my ears at the moment when my whole soul is required for work : when reflection, judgment, and knowledge are strained to the utmost : cheats me out of my resolution ; disarms me of my iron purpose ; like the song of Helen to the heroes of Greece within the fatal horse, it whispers of home, and memory, and the isles beyond the sea, where the clang of arms rings not, and toil and struggle cannot come—and my heart, like theirs, is well nigh bursting, for it is but a whisper—it is no more than a song.

“ What she might be to me, oh that I dared to think ! There is a charm about her smile, her look, her floating hair, her glancing step, that but in remembering, soothes the fever of my mind, tired, worn out as it begins to be. Her beauty is of that order that acts on the soul like music—it is so soft, so harmonious, so pure, like David’s psalmody, it would banish a prouder and darker spirit than that which wrecked the first dynasty of Israel. To have such a

seraph ministrant ever at hand, when evil was growing too powerful for me, would have been indeed to realise the ancient legends, and recall old classic story. It was not to be."

Here the writer had evidently been interrupted, for the style and the characters changed suddenly.

"I write in haste, for I am sadly agitated. You are Angel's friend; you may prevail with her. She is gone with her cousins to Ulverstone Castle, a house where I have begged her not to go—where she almost promised she never would. Society the most ensnaring—principles the most false—example the most pernicious. I am powerless, well nigh desperate. A little more, and I give it all up. Persuade her, in the name of her innocence and of your love, while the one can avail to help the other, to give up this hateful acquaintance. She will listen to you, if not to me. Save her from false friends, you who have been such a true one, and who know at once her precious worth, her peril, and her wilfulness. Save her and me, and rely on the deep gratitude of your attached friend,

HERVEY TEMPLETON."

This was the letter, blotted with haste, and in some parts scarcely legible. Miss Luton laid it down, and looked anxiously at the Dean, and the Dean at her. The same thought passed through both minds, while Mrs. Eyre was remarking, in a quiet querulous tone, what a pity it was the young people should have any misunderstanding.

"She must be brought away," said the Dean. Miss Luton's eye assented. "It is no use my writing, I am sure: those people's persuasions will be too strong for my arguments. She must be visited, Miss Luton."

"Yes, Sir."

"But I am too ill to go, and Mrs. Eyre has not strength or nerve." He looked wistfully in Kate's face, as if entreating her to offer what he did not like to demand.

"If anything could be done for the children," said Miss Luton, "I would go directly."

"You are very, very good. It is just like you, my dear young lady; and I think we could undertake the children for a couple of days. Do you not think so, my dear?"

Mrs. Eyre had no doubt on the subject: the children were always good with her and nurse: little Laura had a very pretty idea of writing a note, and it would be a nice opportunity to keep her in practice. But where was Kate to go? Ulverstone Castle was within two or three hours by the railway; that is to say, the post town was: but with all her independence and enterprise, it scarcely seemed comfortable for her to put up at a commercial inn alone. But Kate happily had a friend in the town, who she was sure would receive her for a night, and whose husband was a surgeon, and could convey her to the Castle if necessary, in his gig. So all was settled, and she hastened to make her preparations, and break to the children

the startling intelligence of two days' holiday, and uninterrupted possession of grandmamma, who, cupboards, keys, and all, made as unresisting a victim to foraging expeditions, as a wealthy East Indiaman to a swarm of light privateers. Leaving her to her impending spoliation, as soon as she was ready, Miss Luton went back to the Dean, for his last orders. He was much more composed, and had been evidently engaged in devotion, for his prayer-book lay open beside him.

"Are you ready so soon? You have the true element of usefulness; a prompt, energetic spirit. I feel your goodness, Miss Luton, more than I can express. May you be blessed in your errand! Tell my dear Angel,—my sweet girl,—that I am ill, and weak; that I feel my days are numbered, and that I implore her, by all our mutual affection, to come to me at once. If this is not sufficient, tell her that Templeton has written to me about her, and that he appears low spirited and anxious. I have written, (but do not mention this unless absolutely necessary) to beg he will come here on Saturday, and spend Sunday with us, and if she will return with you, she will meet him. Miss Luton, you do not know how his letter wrings my heart. I have never known him write so before. All the letters of his that I have by me, (dated and docketed in my desk), are calm, reserved, manly—this one is like a woman's—his very handwriting is altered. France and Russia would laugh

indeed, to see our great minister so shaken : I dare not calculate what the result may be, if this state of things should endure. Tell her all this, Miss Luton, and give her my blessing, and remind her, that when I held her at the baptismal font, it was to promise for her that she should renounce the world : that world that looks so inviting now, and which she will find so cruel an enemy."





## CHAPTER VI.

**I**S any one waiting for an answer, Tatham?"

"A young lady brought it, my lady, and she is waiting in a pony chaise."

"Waiting? this cold morning? why was she not invited in? go, and beg her to walk up stairs, Tatham: it is my friend, Miss Luton: she will not mind seeing me in *deshabille*."

The lady's-maid hastened to obey: her mistress drew her elegant dressing-gown round her slender figure, and, leaning back in her arm chair, in an attitude at once listless and impatient, waited the entry of her unexpected visitor. The apartment was of the most luxurious order: no breath of the winter could penetrate the rich curtains and thickly piled carpet: the fire blazed clear and bright, the rug was of velvet; the fragrance of perfumes stole upon the senses on entering, and a stand of costly exotics in the window appeared to mock the flight of seasons: flowers delicate, radiant, and fragile as their young mistress—and like her, breathing an artificial atmosphere that developed but to wither their bloom. A service of

fine china on the table beside the Countess, contained her morning repast, as yet untasted, though the hand of the French pendule on the mantelpiece was stealing fast to noon : another smaller table within reach, was covered with letters, newspapers, and books, but without attracting more than a passing glance from her eye, on whose youthful brilliance already lay the cloud of bodily lassitude, which was stealing the spring from her step, and the fresh glow from her complexion. Late hours and constant excitement were beginning to tell on the slight frame, and the buoyancy of spirits and glow of health had both suffered change ; a change that struck like a chill on the heart of Miss Luton, when Tatham ushered her into the apartment. 'Beautiful she was as ever — but the beauty was no longer the same : the laugh in the eyes, in the sweet mouth, in the play of the features and bright hair, though its semblance was still there, yet shone not in its glowing reality, for the source of its joy was poisoned : the conscience was full of unrest ; the senses and the nerves were weary. But she was the same as ever in manner, when she rose to greet her visitor, and welcomed her with an empressment that spoke volumes of edification to Tatham, on the importance of the young lady in Mr. Graham's pony chaise.

“How very kind this is of you, Miss Luton ! How very glad I am to see you ! Come to the fire, and condescend to rest in that arm-chair, in remembrance

of the audacity with which I used to take possession of yours. Another cup, Tatham, and some hot chocolate—this has been standing till it is cold: take off your cloak, dear Miss Luton, and warm yourself, you must be half frozen. And how did you leave the dear Dean and Mrs. Eyre and my playfellows? Have they had many impromptu holidays lately? I fear not, poor little victims to the best of educations—they must be quite learned in Gibbon and Hume by this time: I wish I could say the same of myself—I am afraid all the learning I have had anything to do with is the Castle of Indolence, and the Decline and Fall of good resolutions. Now drink this chocolate, dear Miss Luton, and let me see you actually and bodily making yourself comfortable, just for once, that I may realise the possibility of the fact.”

Kate Luton accepted the chocolate, for between anxiety and nervousness, she was hardly able to speak, and was glad to lay the fault on the cold, and gain time to recover her composure. Tatham withdrew at a sign from her mistress, and the two sat by the fire sipping the steaming beverage, and talking on light subjects, rather at random, without looking each other in the face. Lady More's vivacity gradually sank beneath the consciousness that something unusual was impending; and Miss Luton knew not how to begin. Presently they found themselves silent, and then the Countess, turning pale, fixed her eyes on those of her visitor. Kate met the glance steadily, and in the



sorrowful earnestness of her face, Angel read the confirmation of her fears. A faint breathlessness came over her, and she leant quietly back in her chair. Miss Luton rose, and came up to her. "What is the matter, Lady Moore?"

"You have something to tell me—oh, what is it?"

"Nothing to make you alarmed—only a message from the Dean. He wishes to see you."

"To see me? but how? when? I thought he was at Brighton?"

"So he is still; but he has been very ill, and is still weak, and he longs to see you, and I am come at his desire, to ask you to go back with me."

Lady Moore raised herself again, and the colour came back to her cheeks. "You do not consider there is danger, Miss Luton?"

Miss Luton was silent for a moment, before she replied. "Not to him."

Angel Moore caught the intonation of the word, and sprang to her feet. "Oh, there is danger to some one—for the love of mercy tell me—is it Hervey?"

"No, no," said Kate, gently; "the Dean heard from Mr. Templeton the day I left."

"And what did he say? Was it on account of that letter you were sent to me?" cried the young Countess, in great agitation.

"It was," said Kate. Lady Moore sank again into her seat, for her knees trembled beneath her. She begged to be told the worst at once.

"The worst is soon told," said Kate, kindly, "Mr. Templeton is uneasy at your being here: he has confided his uneasiness to the Dean, and the Dean entreats you to leave this place at once, and go to him. Your friends will excuse your quitting them to pay a visit of kindness to so old and tried a friend as himself, when he is too infirm to come to you: and if you will accept my attendance, we can be with them to-night, or to-morrow, as it suits you best."

"Oh, impossible, impossible, Miss Luton," said the Countess, bewildered by so sudden an arrangement—"I have made engagements for the next fortnight."

"Will you not defer them? a sick friend is quite sufficient excuse."

"But he is not in danger—it will be so strange—you do not know, excuse me, Miss Luton, but you are not aware of all the circumstances—it will be impossible to go directly. I will come and see him in ten days or a fortnight at the farthest. Will not that do?"

Miss Luton shook her head sorrowfully. The Countess began to show symptoms of offended dignity. "You are really unreasonable: I must be allowed to judge for myself; and if Mr. Templeton is uneasy, I conclude he will write and tell me so."

"I beg your pardon, Lady Moore, if I have offended you," said Kate, with great gentleness, "but I am only a messenger, and I have not yet discharged my errand. The Dean entreats you, by the love he has borne towards you, and received from you, by the

value of his blessing, by your own happiness, to comply with his request. He feels his days are numbered, and you are ever in his thoughts. Your welfare is dear to him as that of his own child, and it is for that welfare only he is urging you now."

"I am sure he means it kindly," said the Countess, recovering her sweet manner, "but why all this solemnity, and why am I to be hurried so strangely?"

"Because the case is urgent."

"Oh, I cannot, indeed I cannot go to-morrow: I am particularly engaged—I have promised—something that will shock you, perhaps, to hear, but which will not be the less delightful: we are to have a fancy ball, and private theatricals, and so I have my dresses to order and my parts to rehearse. There, I was sure you would look grave: is it not very wicked?"

"I am afraid of again giving offence," said Miss Luton. The Countess's face glowed, as she took her visitor's hand.

"Do forgive me, and to show that you do, tell me what you think plainly and openly. I can bear the truth, and I know you will tell me nothing else."

"Can you bear the truth?" said Miss Luton, gravely, "can you bear to hear me say you are wrong? can you bear to be told your happiness, your peace of mind are in danger; and with yours, those of one who I have heard you say, was dearer far to you than either?"

"Miss Luton!"

"Can you bear to hear that he has written in anguish of spirit of your being here; that his great mind is distracted in the midst of all its cares, by anxiety and disappointment caused by you; made keener by the intensity of the affection with which you trifle so daringly—an affection which you have in your power at this moment either to kindle into glory and life, or to quench in sadness, perhaps for ever!"

"You dare to say this, Miss Luton, and to me?" cried the Countess, with flushed cheeks and glittering eyes, in which the indignant tears stood ready to start; "you dare to insinuate Hervey's love is wavering, and that he is ready to cast me off? Then I dare also to tell you it is untrue—and if the whole world repeated the calumny, I would repeat to the whole world the contradiction?"

Miss Luton took her hand in her turn, with a mild earnestness that commanded attention. "By all you hold precious and holy, by the love on which you so proudly rely—reproach me, Lady Moore, if you will—but do not refuse to believe me! No light cause would have induced me to intrude on you *here*,—in this house of which so much evil is reported, and of which the wise and good have such a dread; and much as you have honoured me with your confidence, only in the name of your old friend could I have presumed to speak as I do: but the remembrance of his sorrow and anxiety, his trembling hands, faltering voice, and eyes full of tears when he mentioned your name, and im-

plored your return, makes me bold, even audacious. You must hear me—you must bear with me—you will come with me, dearest Lady Moore, will you not?" And Kate Luton, in the urgency of her entreating, pressed the slender fingers first in both her hands, and then to her lips. Angel Moore, deeply touched, returned the salute on her cheek, and then flung herself back in her chair and covered her face with her hands, through which the tears were now flowing fast. Miss Luton stood at a little distance, and watched the struggle going on in her mind: "This is the crisis," she thought, and an inward prayer rose from her heart that it might end according to her hopes: a prayer which seemed to be realised when Lady Moore drew her hands from her eyes, and looking up with her winning smile, said, "Miss Luton, I will go."

"Thank God!" burst from Miss Luton's lips.

"Are you satisfied now?"

"I shall be, Lady Moore, when I get you safely away."

"But why, Miss Luton? what is my great danger? I know I have been careless and negligent; I know I have teased Hervey, and vexed the Dean, and if they wish me to go to Brighton, I will go: but I do not see what all this commotion really is about, for I am among the kindest people in the world. Yes, you may look grave, Miss Luton, but I really can find no fault with them: they are only not so strict as some others—that is all. I assure you, *you* would be quite pleased and interested with the conversation, for there are many clever

writers, and political men and foreigners, who come here, and discuss all the new opinions, rather presumptuously, I think ; but then I am not clever enough to judge. New views about the Bible, new notions about society—about education, about—about—love, and that sort of thing : quite puzzling to my primitive ideas, though I dare say they would be plain enough to yours.”

“ I dare say they would,” said Miss Luton, glancing at the volumes at Lady Moore’s elbow.

“ What are you looking at ? Oh ! my French studies. Now here you must give me some praise, for except the harp and piano, this is the only one of my school pursuits I have kept up. I am becoming a proficient in French, and what is more, am acquiring quite a literary taste, they tell me ; some of these tales are so bewitching—only they keep me up half the night, when I am tired to death, and they are almost too exciting. I should like to talk them over with you : they say they are written by the first authors, but some of the opinions and sentiments are really startling—only if I venture to say so, I am laughed at as an innocent child.”

“ Which you are,” said Kate Luton, involuntarily, though she recollected herself, on seeing the deep glow suffuse the temples of the young lady, who had tasted all the importance of womanhood, and almost resented the imputation. Yet Kate had spoken truly, for this house in which she now moved, a star of so much bril-

liance, was one well known in the fashionable world, for its magnificence, its dissipation, its heartlessness : the lord of the castle a professed unbeliever ; the lady, entirely devoted to amusement, to foreign customs and foreign liberty, looking upon life but as one long gala, in which the more variety of enjoyment could be compressed the better, no matter at what risk : their society comprising all of the gay, the brilliant, and the irreligious, who admired their splendour, or shared their opinions ; a Vanity Fair in miniature, where the name of God was never breathed but to be profaned ;—where noble thoughts were never uttered, but to be sneered at ;—where truth, fidelity, and religion played the part of the fool in the comedy, always ridiculous, and always beyond sympathy ;—where night was turned into day, the Sabbath elegantly ignored, the Bible a popular jest-book ;—ordinances despised, dignities spoken evil of, art perverted, talents misapplied, and the deep reality of life's work scoffed at as an idle dream. Here, round the dazzling attractions of Angel Moore, so guileless, so fascinating in her young graceful beauty, and keen taste for enjoyment, crowded admirers of every degree of fervour, from those who only hymned her charms, to one or two who seriously purposed to efface Hervey Templeton from her heart. The most ardent of these was the brother of the lady of the castle, a young man of ruined fortune, daring nature, and reckless habits, to favour whose designs on her hand her cousins had enticed her to Ulverstone.

Here, among ungodliness, false reasoning, adulation, and ensnaring amusement, with dangerous literature to feed her imagination, and dangerous sophistry to shake her faith ; with no one near in whom beat a single pulse for her happiness, for her peace, for her true dignity and moral elevation,—Templeton knew his affianced to be ; and is it to be wondered at that his upright spirit was troubled ?

It was impossible for Miss Luton to know all this, but from what the Dean had told her, and which her friends the Grahams had confirmed of the guests who frequented the house, and the style of the Sunday entertainments, she knew quite enough to throw all the eloquence of sincerity into her persuasions ; and the Countess, who could never long oppose any one that persuaded, however she might and would rebel against the exercise of authority, finally promised to go with her to Brighton the next day, and to arrange with her friends to finish her visit afterwards.

“ That is as it may be,” thought Kate ; but she let that reservation pass, knowing it would be much easier combated elsewhere ; and with a heart full of thankfulness, returned to her friend’s house, and worked off all her anxiety and nervousness over the frocks and petticoats that were always in hand among Mrs. Graham’s eight children.

Great was the consternation spread in the brilliant circle of Ulverstone when the Countess Moore, not without some trepidation, announced the necessity for



her departure. Her cousins were vehement in their opposition, and all the gentlemen who admired, and all the ladies who envied her, thronged round her chair in an unanimous chorus of dissuasion, argument, and reproach. The Dean's illness—what was it to signify? All accounts agreed that he was better: a week or two longer at Brighton would quite set him up, and then she could visit him at Elchester as long as he liked, instead of breaking up their party now—ruining their drama and fancy ball, and wringing all their hearts. And to this general reasoning were added the winning caresses of Lady Ulverstone, and the more explicit arguments of Lady Georgina Borradaile, to whom Angel privately confided the distress of Dean Eyre, and the displeasure of Mr. Templeton.

“What can the poor dear Dean, buried as he is in his cloisters, with all his books and sermons,—what can he know about what is right and proper in *our* circle? It might be all very well, when he was Head Master, to lecture rising generations, and reward Essays on the manners of the great, and Latin verses on the advantages of retirement, and the vanity of the world; but it is too absurd for him to set up as your finger-post—a leader of fashion as you are now, with everybody quarrelling for your notice—to be told, like a child, ‘you mustn’t do this, and you mustn’t do that—don’t read naughty books, or sit up too late, or stand in a draught after dancing!’ And as to Mr. Templeton, it may be all very well, but I have no idea, for

my part, of letting a lover assume a husband's authority. He ought to yield to your pleasure in everything, if he really cares for you as he should: never see a fault, and be ready to throw Throne, Lords and Commons to the winds at a beckon of your fair finger. At least, I know who *would*—but that is another affair. If Hervey is fidgetty about you, why not come himself, and judge for himself? Afraid of committing his dignity, I suppose: and that is what he really cares for most after all."

No—here Lady Moore interposed: she would hear of nothing of the kind, for she was sure it was not true.

Well, well, perhaps not: her cousin did not wish to hurt her feelings; only it was a very odd way for a lover to behave, writing complaints about one to his old tutor, and the old tutor sending off the governess to fetch her;—such a person to select as a companion for the Countess Moore! the governess! Some poor curate's daughter, of course, at thirty pounds a-year, to teach all the languages and all the sciences for a comfortable home.

Again Angel Moore contradicted the statement, and this time spoke warmly of Miss Luton—so warmly, Lady Georgina Borradaile saw her influence was stronger than she had imagined. She changed her tone, and began on a different key.

"So unkind to them all! So ill-bred to the Ulverstones, who had shown her such attention—such

respect—such *égards* as they hardly showed to anyone! And poor Frederick! he would break his heart. But perhaps it was the wisest thing he could do, as it was too devoted to be happy—too sincere to be properly requited. But if it was a small, hopeless consolation to him just to see her for a few days longer, it did seem very cruel and selfish to leave all her friends just for the whim of one: a very worthy, estimable man, they all knew, for whom a few allowances must be made, as he was so old, and so out of the world: but who could just as well be visited a fortnight later, when other, superior claims had been attended to. In short, go she should not.

The word was caught by the rest of the party, by whom it was repeated, and became the *réfrain* of all their arguments. They could part with everything—property, friends, place, preferment, constitution, monarchy, life itself—but they could not part with Angel Moore.

And at night, too, when the gorgeous rooms were blazing with light, and echoing with the sweetest music, and the rustle of elegant dresses, and the steps of graceful feet, and in the renewed glow of excitement the weariness of the morning was forgotten, and every sight and sound won on her senses and imagination to persuade her that this was happiness; and soft voices were continually whispering as she moved, “Remain with those who love you, you who are so worthy of all their love!” When she saw the despair in the eyes

of Lord Frederick, whom she could not help pitying for his hopeless attachment, little knowing how boldly he dared to hope—when, in short, she found she was opposing the wishes and the opinions of everybody, as well as her own, what could Angel do? She tried to forget it entirely, and give herself up to pleasure for that evening, leaving the morrow to take care of itself: and those about her knew too well what they were doing to give the morrow much chance. The assembly did not separate till very late, or rather early: and by that time her delicate frame was so thoroughly exhausted as to require many hours to recruit. Her servants had been privately kept from preparation for the journey, much to the satisfaction of Mrs. Tatham, who was newly in her service, and much horrified at leaving so fashionable a place to go and bury herself at Brighton with a sick old gentleman. She was left undisturbed till a later hour than usual: so much later, that when she became aware of it she was rather angry. Had she not ordered Tatham to prepare for her journey that morning? Mrs. Tatham was very respectful: very sorry; but she had understood from Lady Georgina Borradaile that her ladyship had changed her mind. Lady Moore started up indignantly. Her orders were not to be countermanded by any one; she was not in the habit of changing her mind; and she desired her carriage might be ready at a moment's notice, as she expected Miss Luton to call, and they should set off for Brigh-

ton directly. "Certainly, your ladyship," and Tatham hurried away to give a hint of this sudden resolution to the Ladies Borradaile. They lost no time in averting the danger. As soon as she appeared in the drawing-room her attention was claimed: there was some exquisite new music just arrived, and no hand on the harp but hers could do it justice; there were some new rare plants, and she must decide on their merits; there was a spaniel of the incomparable King Charles's breed, with long feathery fringe to his paws, and silky ears sweeping the ground, to be petted and admired, a present to Lady Ulverstone from her brother, whose passionate eyes watched Angel Moore's hand stroking the thick coat, envious of the dumb brute so caressed. Then the fancy costumes for the ball and the theatre had arrived, and the consultation and discussion and gay raillery on the subject ended in an outcry for a dress rehearsal that evening, in which the Countess joined as eagerly as the rest, to the utter oblivion of all other engagements; and her friends exulted in their dexterity. Presently her old servant Robert, who had grown grey in her father's house, was seen by Lady Georgina making his way up the room. She hastened to meet and detain him.

"What is it, Robert?"

"A visitor to my lady, your ladyship."

The lady caught Kate Luton's modest card from his hand.

"Show her into the library, Robert. I will let your mistress know."

Robert hesitated, and glanced across the room in the hope of catching his lady's eye, but Lord Frederick was leaning over her chair, and a lively argument on the merits of Spanish and Greek costumes was going on between them, so as to absorb all her attention. One look that way, what a difference it might have made! but it never came, and Robert unwillingly withdrew. Lady Georgina whispered to Lady Ulverstone, and they went together into the library to annihilate poor Kate Luton.

She was standing by the fire when the two ladies entered, and while the salutations, quietly respectful on her part, and more or less condescending on theirs passed between them, a searching glance was mutually exchanged, in which each sought to discover the kind of adversary she had to deal with. It was evident the ladies expected to see a different kind of person, and Miss Luton, directly she saw Lady Moore did not appear, knew well that a strong resistance was preparing.

"Miss Luton, I believe," began Lady Georgina, somewhat haughtily, for she could not forget she was speaking to a governess: "will you take a chair?"

Miss Luton complied. "Though this is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Luton," said Lady Ulverstone, the softness of whose manner was much in contrast with that of her friend, "I know her so well by reputation, I can hardly consider her as a stranger."

Miss Luton bowed:—grateful for the politeness

that helped to nerve her courage in this trying predicament.

"You are come to see the Countess Moore, my cousin, I believe, Miss Luton?" said Lady Georgina.

"Yes, madam, by the Countess's own appointment."

"Ah, I believe there was some talk of her going with you to Brighton to-day?"

"Rather more, madam, her ladyship had settled to go."

"But do you know, my dear Miss Luton," said Lady Ulverstone, smiling, "it is a very daring piece of house-breaking you are being guilty of in this instance—attempting to rob us of the richest jewel in our house? You cannot be serious in believing we can spare Lady Moore yet. You must carry our humble apologies and petition to the excellent Dean of Elchester, at whose name my brother, soldier as he is, trembles still, as in his school-boy jacket, and tell him if he asks for our lives, we will lay them down cheerfully, but we cannot give up our charming guest."

"And indeed, Miss Luton," added lady Georgina, "I assure you, Lady Moore is quite unfit for travelling such a day as this—quite madness to attempt it! she is suffering from headache, besides a tendency to delicate lungs, and I could not take on myself the responsibility, responsible as I am to my father, her guardian, of letting her run any risk of cold. When the weather grows milder, I have no doubt she will be happy to pay the Dean a visit, but at present ——."

"May I request to see Lady Moore herself?" interposed Kate Luton, whose cheek had grown rather white, and whose eye was beginning to kindle.

"I am sorry to say she is most particularly engaged—can I deliver a message?" said lady Georgina.

"I could not think of troubling your ladyship with messages," returned Kate, "my time is at Lady Moore's disposal." She looked so quietly determined they did not quite know what to do next. "Suppose, my dear Georgina," said Lady Ulverstone, "you try and find your cousin, and tell her Miss Luton's time is precious, and that she has already waited very long. I do not know if you will be able to reach her ear, so beset as it is with claimants. I hope the good Dean is not alarmingly ill, Miss Luton?" she continued, in her sweetest tone, "nothing to cause any immediate apprehension?"

"No, madam; I am happy to say he appears to be recovering, though slowly."

"So thankful to hear it! what an irreparable loss to the church and the world he would be! such an attack must have shaken his nerves, perhaps his faculties, not a little, Miss Luton? At his time of life it is difficult for the judgment and understanding to stand unimpaired any violent disease."

"In some cases, perhaps," said Miss Luton; "but I have seen no trace of decay in him beyond bodily strength. His feelings are as keen, his judgment as clear as ever."



"What a comfort for Lady Moore that will be, for really she distressed us all by her anxiety about him. I am so rejoiced at such an improved account. It lightens my conscience of any remorse I might feel in disappointing his wishes, and by the time she leaves us, he will have recovered his strength, I hope, and be able to enjoy her society."

She then went on in the same soft, pleasant manner to enquire where Kate was staying, and took occasion to speak flatteringly of the abilities of Mr. Graham, the surgeon, who had saved her little boy from losing his arm by his skill and attention; and from her little boy she went to children in general, and methods of education, and asked advice, and sought encouragement, from one so well calculated to give both, and was so undeniably agreeable, Miss Luton was disarmed, in spite of herself. Then she diverged to literature, and opinions, and theories, and the development of ideas—by no means pedantically, but with a happy tact that just touched on striking points, and suggested more than the words expressed; and drew a lively picture of "prejudices and old conventionalities, that have still the mediæval stiffness of outline about them, and cannot comprehend the grace and harmony of freedom, either in thought, practice, or drawing." The danger, too, of fanaticism, of parade, of prudish strictness, of popish attachment to forms, of evangelical over-goodness—(for Lady Ulverstone was so thoroughly free from prejudice in religion, she con-

temned all parties equally) the risk to young minds of drawing the reins too tight, and thus putting it into their heads to pull against them : and so on, in a syren strain of pleasant conversation, that is often so much more ensnaring than a loud and dogmatic debate.

Kate Luton listened, and she felt the snare ; and it gave poignancy to the dread now seizing her, that she should fail in her errand of love. If she, a stranger, and forewarned, could not but acknowledge the charm of style and manner, what must be its effect on a young inexperienced mind like Angel Moore's, when seconded by the winning caresses of affection and praise !

False reasoning, false views of life, disguised atheism, miscalled liberality, liberal to everything but faith,—shallow philosophy, looking but on the surface, and with a few scientific facts and phrases, thinking to reform the whole intellectuality of mankind, and revolutionize the government of creation ;—sarcastic descriptions of the over-good, the saints, the strict ones, the Bible and Sunday folks, always represented as so very much worse than other people, nobody could explain why ; comparisons between English and foreign customs, in which the former appeared so ridiculous, the latter so refined ; and a playful way of turning off an argument by which the laugh was always against the truth ; this was the conversation carried to its perfection in Ulverstone Castle : this was the mental stimulus on which the mind was to be

formed, to become worthy of the title of Hervey Templeton's wife!

Miss Luton had fallen into a reverie, in which the soft tones of Lady Ulverstone's voice mingled without making any impression, when the door opened, and roused her to recollection. Lady Georgina returned, alone, with a heightened colour, a little haughtier than before. "My cousin sends her kindest regards to you, Miss Luton, and is shocked at your having waited so long: she would be delighted to see you, but she is so much engaged just now, you would pity her if you knew all she has to do. She will write to Mrs. Eyre, and explain to them how it is, and fix a time for paying them a visit: you will kindly tell them so, and how much she regrets it is out of her power to accept their kind proposal at present."

"Can I not see the Countess—but for a few minutes?" said Kate Luton, rising and trembling with agitation.

Lady Georgina was much distressed, but it was impossible:—unless, put in Lady Ulverstone, Miss Luton would give them the pleasure of her company for the rest of the day—or even send an excuse to Mrs. Graham, and accept a room in the Castle? Kate acknowledged the courtesy with thanks, but she must return to Brighton that day, and her time was now very short. The train would soon start, and the Dean would be anxious. The tears sprung to her eyes: tears of wounded regard, of generous sorrow,

of yearning compassion : and not even the watching of the polite, fashionable eyes fixed on them, could keep them back. Lady Ulverstone gently offered a glass of wine : Lady Georgina thought it a great liberty in a governess to give herself fine feelings about the Countess Moore, and began to apologize for having detained her so long, and enquired how she would return. " A carriage shall be at Miss Luton's service in a moment," said Lady Ulverstone, ringing the bell. " We are obliged, as they were at Branksome Hall, Miss Luton, always to keep a relay ready to start at a moment's notice. So do not be anxious about your train, for the horses shall go any pace you please. I only wish they could bring you back to afford us the privilege of your society a little longer."

The carriage came to the door, prompt at the signal as William of Deloraine himself. Still Kate Luton lingered, listening to every footstep—hearing a distant murmur of voices, and of a touch on the harp she remembered so well, and hoping to the last minute the Countess might appear. The Dean had warned her not to mention the chance of Templeton's visit except as a last resource : the extremity had come—but how was the resource to be employed ? She looked in the high bred faces before her, and felt they could not be trusted. No message, no letter, would reach Lady Moore, if they were resolved on detaining her : and to betray Hervey Templeton's confidence into such hands, would indeed, be an ill discharge of her errand.

She read the suppressed triumph in their civility : she felt how they would exult when she was gone : it was a bitter moment !—there were burning words on her lips, glowing as her honest nature was with generous indignation : if the reins of self control had slackened but a hair's breadth, those fashionable ears might have been startled with truths as new to them as righteousness and temperance were to the Roman of old : and something of this in the glance of her eye, as she made her parting salutation, brought into the smooth cheek of Lady Ulverstone a long forgotten burn of shame. But that glance was all : the words remained unspoken, and in a few moments they were relieved of her presence.

It was dark when the train approached the Brighton station, and owing to some impediment on the line, it could only move up to the platform at a slow pace. Kate Luton, who had been nerving herself for the trial of the evening by inward prayer, yet could not entirely conquer the sick, nervous sensation that had been growing more powerful every stage of her journey. She dreaded seeing the Dean's face among the crowd : she felt it was but too probable he might insist on coming to meet his favourite in spite of the risk ; and the disappointment might be more than he could bear. The first person she saw was his man servant Johnstone, evidently on the watch ; and as soon as he caught her eye, he ran back and spoke to some one, wrapped in a fur cloak, who was standing near

the door of the station. "If you please, Sir," with a reverential touch of the hat, "Miss Luton is there, if you please, Sir."

The person addressed started as from a dream. He had been standing in that attitude ever since he arrived on the platform, exhibiting no impatience, betraying no anxiety, and apparently unconscious of the notice he could not fail to excite, even at that hour. Some hats had moved in his honour, and he had mechanically acknowledged the salute, but without stirring from the post against which he leaned. More than one report made its way through different counties that evening as to the nature of his profound meditations:—a literary gentleman, who had just dedicated an epic to him, in fourteen books, felt convinced the great man was absorbed in that vision in the sixth book, that gave such a comprehensive view of the whole of the world's history, from Egypt to Australia, as shown to the hero by a very questionable personage, in a very heathenish visit to the shades;—a foreigner, travelling with the avowed intention of taking notes, took one to some purpose on the occasion, and filled three pages with a description of the mysterious interview, and slightly apocryphal, but deeply important conversation he held on that dark wintry night with the ruler of Great Britain;—and a knot of politicians almost fell to quarrelling on their journey, in trying to convince each other, one that he was intent on sugar duties, another emigration, another turnpike tolls. Politicians,

poets, protectionists, Parisians—how far were all from the truth!—how little they could read of the strong heart beating beneath the thick fur cloak, rolled round him so pertinaciously—how little imagine the womanly weakness that thrilled through each nerve of that iron-like pillar of state!

No words were needed to tell Miss Luton who it was; nor, when he stepped forward into the light of the lamps, and his eye darting past herself into the seats beyond, sought with wild eagerness the face it pined for, had she ever experienced a thrill of fear more acute or overpowering. It required a strong effort to keep herself composed enough to leave the carriage, and give the necessary orders to Johnstone, without exciting attention. The gentleman handed her out, and having ascertained she was alone, drew her arm in his: she felt how it trembled, that strong arm of power! There was an interval of confusion and hurry, in which Miss Luton had time to collect herself, and to reflect for a moment on her extraordinary position. A governess leaning on the arm of a minister of state did indeed appear a wonderful conjunction, and there were few high-born ladies in England who might not have held such an opportunity worth many a bright jewel and brighter smile. But Kate Luton had little time for philosophical reflection: her companion led her quickly on to the carriage waiting for them; seated her within, and made Johnstone mount the box, in spite of his remonstrances.

"Do not drive on till I tell you, coachman."

"Very good, Sir."

He stood on the steps, and leaned into the carriage, so that his voice could only be heard by Miss Luton.

"Now, tell me all. You know me, I believe."

"I can hardly mistake Mr. Templeton," said Kate, with the respect with which she would have addressed royalty, for Kate was chivalrous in her politics, and honoured the chief of her party next to the throne.

"I am Mr. Templeton," he said, hurriedly, though his manner was remarkably gentle, "and you are the friend of Dean Eyre, and of Lady Moore. I know what your errand has been, and you can imagine mine. Tell me all."

Miss Luton told him all, as bravely as she could, and in as few words as possible. It was a case in which she dared not interfere by a single word of comment or interpretation. All she could venture was an expression of gratitude for the kindness of her reception by the Countess, and of her firm belief that she only acted under the influence of evil advisers.

Hervey Templeton heard her to the end: he was well schooled in mental suffering, and he could bear even this. What need of comment or of explanation? Angel Moore had refused to come;—refused to give up a society, a place of amusement that pleased her, though one she was bound to revere implored her with tears, at the entreaty of one she had pledged herself to love. What was there left to hope from a heart so



cold, a spirit so worthless and so vain? And what was life henceforth to him, without the power of loving and trusting her?

In a few hurried, agitated sentences, he thanked Miss Luton for her goodness; requested she would always remember she had a claim on his services, whenever required; and then that she would convey his excuses to the Dean. "Excuses I can hardly call them—only tell him how I felt his kindness, and how I shall rely on it still. Good night. Drive on, coachman."

He turned into the ticket office, secured a seat in the London train, and was some way on his journey before Kate Luton reached the Marine Parade.

How heavily closed that evening to them all! Every little preparation for festivity; every attempt to give an air of luxury to the rooms, which had beguiled the impatience of the kind old couple for their favourite's arrival—added to the bitterness of their disappointment. Mrs. Eyre lamented and cried for full an hour together; and Miss Luton's skill in consoling was so fully called into requisition, she had scarcely time to observe the effect on the Dean. When, however, they were left alone together for a few minutes, she was shocked to perceive how keenly he felt the wound. "It is not so much the neglect, the omission to myself, Miss Luton, though from one I have loved so well, that is hard to bear; but that she should slight Hervey Templeton's wishes; trifle with

his feelings ; throw away his love ; *there* is the sting of the sorrow ; for it shows how unworthy of him she must be. It is enough," he continued, seeing an intercession in Kate's face—"it is quite enough : no palliation will alter the truth : and never, until she shows a better heart than this, will I again receive Angel Moore beneath my roof."

It was the Head Master who spoke this ; and with an austerity that only deep feeling could have stirred up. Kate Luton saw it was no time for debating the point, and knew that his own kind nature would be Angel's best advocate. She gladly retired early ; worn out in body and mind : though not permitted to seek the repose she so much required, till Mrs. Eyre had spent an hour and a half in her room, gleaning all the information she could give her about Ulverstone Castle, the company staying there, and the dresses of the ladies ; and in turn communicating all the news accumulated in her absence ; as that the Dean's appetite had been very indifferent, little Laura had written three very pretty notes, little Rosa had had a narrow escape of being run over by a donkey cart, and it would be absolutely necessary to take little Mary to the dentist, if they hoped to keep her front teeth in anything like presentable order.



## CHAPTER VII.

**M**ISS CLARIBEL'S book was finished: and as Christmas is *par excellence* the time for publication, Miss Claribel thought it her duty to lose no time in making the world happy. Most unaccountably, however, (for publishers are sometimes strangely blind to their own interests) her friend, Mr. Thorpe, in the politest manner possible, declined taking any responsibility or risk in the undertaking. He would receive subscriptions, and he would do anything she wished on commission, but otherwise, the glory of exhibiting "Woman as she should be," was entirely beyond his aspirations. Miss Claribel was pained at this lack of enthusiasm for the public good: but owed to her sympathising sister Susan, that perhaps it was not to be expected from a man, a married man too, that he should enter fully into the great scheme whereby woman, in all the dignity of her Order, was to be elevated into more than rivalry. "It has always been the case, sister Susan, with every effort of this kind: the time will come, when we shall see our sex at the head of literary

transactions as well as their brothers, and then, such undertakings will have fair play."

"Do you think, my dear, that women are honester than men?" asked Miss Susan, "don't you remember how our last maid took us in about the candles and soap, that she declared melted away with the heat of the weather; and how you explained to me, very beautifully, I am sure, though I was so stupid, how heat separated articles—"

"Particles, my dear."

"Particles, is it? I thought it was articles."

"No, my dear, there is a great difference: an article is an aggregate of particles. A particle is the very smallest thing; in fact, smaller than you can possibly imagine."

"Then it is no use my trying; that is a comfort. But what is that long piece of the newspaper you read to me, that finds fault with everybody, and gives Mr. Templeton so much good advice? Is that an aggravating (is that the word?) particle, or article?"

"A leading article, my dear: aggravating enough, at times to some people."

"To be sure, a leading article. How stupid I am! nearly as bad as dear Miss Edgeworth's little boy, with the maggot and the faggot. But now, what I was going to say about men and women—I really believe good Mr. Thorpe is quite as honest and respectable in his line of business as Mrs. Nicholl, our neighbour, is in hers; indeed, I am not at all sure, that the green

tea she sent us last, is as good as it should be : though, perhaps, I am wrong, or she is not aware of it. I would not be uncharitable for the world."

Miss Claribel smiled superior, and waited for what should come next.

"I was going to say, sister Clary, that what he says may be very true about expense and all that, for his connexion here cannot be very large; but don't you think some of the great London booksellers would be glad to see it? Of course they must know more of what is going on in the world, and the London ladies read so much, they would be sure to like your book; all about their rights and privileges: and if we could get it to Mr. Templeton, he would show it to the Queen, perhaps, and then——" Miss Susan stopped, overpowered with the picture she had drawn. Her sister rose from her seat, and took her hand with impressive solemnity.

"I thank you, Susan: in the name of my sex, of my country, I thank you, for the wisdom, the foresight, that has dictated this advice. Distance, expense, fatigue, are nothing, to one who looks like myself, to the praise of future ages—not the present. It shall be so; I can do without Mr. Thorpe's assistance; I will go myself to London immediately."

This once decided, another idea arose. Why not take David with her? David was looking very ill, and had quite lost his spirits with his situation. A change would do him good, and his society would be a plea-

sure as well as protection for Miss Claribel, seeing that there was no Chapter House of her Order yet established in the great Metropolis, whatever there might be after the publication of her book. Susan would go to Warden's house, and be taken care of by Marian, and Helen would wait on Mr. Ryder, who gave so little trouble, there was no fear of her strength being over tasked. The fair Helen added an amendment to this, that Mr. Ryder should occupy the ground floor, and thus avoid the stairs altogether; but this was peremptorily rejected, to her great disgust. The preliminaries were soon settled: a friend was written to for lodgings: Miss Claribel packed her own desk and portfolios, and Marian her wardrobe, which was in some danger of being forgotten: and a packet was entrusted to David's special care, by Edward Ryder, directed to Messrs. Standish and Hunt, Lincoln's Inn: being a small painting, which he requested they would do him the favour of presenting to his unknown benefactor, as a specimen of his improvement. They were in danger of being overburdened with commissions, directly their journey was made known; but Miss Claribel cut all applications short, by announcing that she was going entirely on public business, to the exclusion of all that was private; and her friends were left to console themselves with the mystery, for her want of complaisance.

To London they went, and in London they arrived safely: David looked after everything that was their

own, and his aunt took notes of everything that was other people's. A journey of this kind was an event that would make a striking feature in her memoirs after her death, and she was far too energetic to lose any opportunities.

"Imagine to yourself, my dear boy," she said to David, quite indifferent to the confusion of the luggage department, where they were standing, "the difference effected in the condition of our country by the progress of science and mechanics. Time was, when to perform a journey like this, a lady in my position would not have ventured to leave her property without a train of attendants, mounted and armed—and now—"

"All right, aunt, but you don't want to leave your property behind now, do you? Catch hold of this bag, or that fellow will run away with your trunk."

"Thank you, David, your zeal is most praiseworthy. It is my trunk, certainly. What a strange thing is property, after all!—All the claimants in the world striving for this box would not alter the fact of its being legally mine; and yet, what is my right, philosophically considered? A mere conventionality—the result of civilisation and habit."

"Mind this truck, aunt, or you'll be run over. Just let go that carpet bag, sir, will you?"—to a very suspicious looking individual who was on the point of walking off with it, unconsciously, as it were; and who, on being detected, walked away, smiling sweetly, as if thinking of nothing particular: until catching a

policeman's eye, he seemed to recollect a pressing engagement at the West End, and went off as quick as possible. David had no time to observe this episode, being fully occupied in his responsibilities, and in piloting his aunt through the crowd; as she stopped to comment on every regulation, and seemed disposed to take a geographical view of the whole line by the timetable. David got her at last to a cab, with their luggage: and having some vague ideas himself, of cabmen's treachery, and that they might be whirled off helplessly to some unknown region, and given over to be plundered, insisted on mounting the box with the driver, that he might be ready to do battle for his charge if necessary with an umbrella and a pocket knife. Whether he secretly hoped for such an opportunity we cannot say:—if so, he was doomed to disappointment; for they rattled and jolted to their destination without adventure, if we may except a stoppage in a narrow street; at which Miss Claribel put her head out of the window, and said in low but resolute accents, "David, if there be any symptoms of disaffection among the citizens,—anything like an historical event,—I rely on your letting me know."

"Of course, aunt, but this is nothing more historical than two coal-carts and an omnibus."

"Ah, my child, many a demonstration has begun with less; do you hear any shouts? any cry of an angry people? Tell me all you hear, all you see. I must observe it all."



A terrible jolt here knocked in Miss Newton's bonnet, and threw her back on her seat. "That will do to begin with," observed the driver. David chafed at the sarcasm of the tone, and began to consider whether it was not his duty to reflect on it; but the stoppage being removed, the renewed clatter on the stones compelled all parties to silence. Miss Claribel looked eagerly on every side for the Revolution; but saw nothing more serious than paving stones and gas-pipes, which might be made a bad use of, certainly, but were harmless enough at present.

The lodging prepared for them was over a hatter's; and unfortunately for Miss Claribel's gentility, the only entrance was through the shop. While David was skirmishing with the driver about the fare, and dragging her luggage about as energetically as if it would be nothing to him to carry it all under his arm, his aunt took a survey of the shop, and a note of the march of civilization that must have taken place, between the transatlantic dwelling of the industrious beaver, and his appearance on the brow of British intellect. "It is a transformation!" she exclaimed aloud; with her eyes fixed on a magnificent cocked hat and feathers, ready for a Field Marshal. The solemnity of the tone drew the attention of the shopman, and of the customer he was serving, and who had been trying on half the hats in the stock without pleasing himself. He turned round with one in his hand, and another on his head, and stepping eagerly forward, bowed elaborately with both.

“ Miss Newton herself! what stroke of good fortune brings her to enlighten the great city with her presence and her erudition?”

Miss Claribel recognised her late lodger, M. Valmont, the supposed rich godfather of Mr. Ryder, and was much gratified by this rencontre. He was pressed to spend the evening with them, and when he pleaded other engagements, to pay them an early visit next day, as the lady had a serious business in hand; wherein his advice might be most valuable. Whatever Oscar's private sentiments might have been on this subject, he was too polite to betray them: and whether from compunction towards Edward, or from amusement at the eccentricities of the elderly authoress, or a mixture of the two, certainly he was unfailing in his attentions—so as to provoke a few pleasant raileries from Miss Claribel's friends on the devotion of so gay and gallant a foreigner. While they were, day after day, besieging the doors of the great publishing authorities, David was left to his own devices: his aunt gave him a moderate supply of pocket-money, and Oscar told him where the sights were to be seen, and beyond that, nobody troubled themselves about him, and he roamed through the streets, looking into all the music-shops, and turning into every church to which he could obtain admittance. St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, however, in spite of the cold, were his favourite haunts: he never missed the service at one or the other, though the sight of the choristers

in their places continually reminded him of what he had lost. Occasionally, when the full choir swelled the chorus, he would join, and one day forgetting everything in the glow of the beloved strains, suffered his voice to have full vent; it sounded distinctly above the rest, and more than one glance turned to notice the singer. On one ear in the building, it acted like an electric shock: an ear too acute in melodious sounds to mistake one voice for another. A party of ladies and gentlemen were passing through the Abbey, making a hurried survey on account of the cold, and had stopped near the screen to hear the anthem, and one of the ladies was the Countess Moore. *She* knew David's voice, and it nearly overpowered her; though none of the party she was with could have imagined why.

It brought back Elcheste to her remembrance, and the sweet thoughts and firm resolutions of the spring; it recalled the old grey aisles and monuments, familiar from childhood, and the white head of her old friend, and the deep notes of the organ; and the prayers she had uttered so fervently there for her own, and for another's happiness—prayers that she herself had so long forgotten, how could she hope they could be remembered in heaven? The gentleman on whose arm she leaned felt her tremble.

"You are not well—you feel the cold,—we must leave this place directly," he said: and he would have hurried her away, but she persisted in remaining, and

as her will was law, the whole party were forced to remain also. They stood, and they listened; and though that one voice sounded no more, there were others to take up the harmony, which seemed like a call of pitying spirits to the misguided souls of men. On those fashionable ears, the call fell powerless, as if it had been an opera duet; Lady Georgina Borradaile was grudging the brief morning hours that might have been given to so many more agreeable occupations; their foreign friends, on whose account they had visited the Abbey, were making secret comparisons to its disadvantage with their own magnificent temples at home: Lord Frederick was watching Angel Moore—and none but Angel Moore thought of the service at all. What her feelings were, they little dreamed; keensighted as they were, and acute judges of human nature, they had only a superficial knowledge of hers: they gave her credit for levity, easiness of temper, and vanity: they knew nothing of the real strength concealed within, which would have folded her mantle over a mortal wound, and died royally, uncomplaining. And so it was, that when a letter had arrived at Ulverstone Castle, in Mr. Templeton's handwriting, and had been hastily answered; and with all their watchfulness they could detect nothing but a little hurry and excitement, which might arise from a hundred causes, and which only lasted a short time: and when at the balls and theatricals, her grace and her beauty and her vivacity shone forth more resplendent than ever, these

worldly wise were far from imagining what was going on within : and could read nothing in her features to betray the worm of a troubled conscience—the languor of a wearied frame—the agony of a yearning love!

It was not till Miss Luton was beyond reach, that Lady Moore had recollected her engagement. Some time was lost in enquiries, which nobody took care to answer correctly, until Lady Georgina carelessly observed that young person had called a long time ago, and hearing the Countess was engaged, said she couldn't wait, and went away, rather impertinently. Her surprise and vexation at these news are not to be described : but so skilfully was the evidence supported by Lady Ulverstone, they contrived to persuade her the whole affair was extremely unreasonable and ill-judged, not to say, unkind ; and by distracting her attention incessantly, they kept her from taking any steps to remedy the evil. What Hervey's letter contained they could not guess ; but as she remained with them for a fortnight afterwards, and suffered Lord Frederick's attentions both there, and when they all removed to London, they were quite at ease as to the decline and fall of the great minister's influence.

The anthem was over, the Litany began, and with every solemn repetition, the burden on the young Countess's heart seemed to grow heavier and heavier. Words cannot describe how she longed to fall on her knees, and join in those humble petitions, that ever appear to the stricken heart as if wrung from its own

sad depths—"From all evil and mischief; from sin—from the crafts and assaults of the devil; from Thy wrath, and from everlasting damnation,

"Good Lord, deliver us!"

"From all blindness of heart; from pride, vain glory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness,

"Good Lord, deliver us!"

Peace, pardon, counsel, deliverance—all might be found there, in the House of God, at the mercy seat of the Redeemer. There she might relieve her soul of this weary load, that was making life so tedious, and pleasure's cup so bitter. But the presence of her companions, their suppressed yawns, their satirical gestures, all made it impossible: and at the whispered entreaty of her cousin, she left the Abbey, more sad at heart than when she had come in.

"We shall have time for the pictures after executing our commissions, I think?" said one of the party, as the carriage rolled up Parliament Street. Lord Frederick pulled out his watch; the foreign nobleman did the same: their time differed, they betted on what it would be at the Horse Guards. Lady Moore, amused for a moment by their eagerness on such a trifle, leaned forward as they passed, to observe the clock: a gentleman was just coming out, to whom several hats were touched: he looked at the carriage—his eye caught hers—he lifted his hat with cold politeness, and passed on.

*"C'est lui, c'est bien lui, n'est ce pas?"* cried the foreigner, eagerly, forgetting his five guineas as he watched the man so dreaded, yet so respected on the continent.

"Yes, that is Templeton, beyond doubt," was the reply; and the conversation turned at once on politics, while Lady Moore, sinking quietly back in the carriage, endured the faint sickness of her heart as best she might; and felt how much easier it would be to die.

To see him pass her thus, that glorious being, whom she had so proudly called her own! To know that his love was killed by her folly, and that his heart was crushed by her neglect! And to believe, that if she could but look him in the face, hold him by the hand, speak to him for one moment, she could convince him he was mistaken, and that she could and would requite him yet: to feel she could win his pardon with a word, and to know that word could not be spoken! There are many agonies endured on earth; but there are few equal to the consciousness of having wronged beyond hope of reparation, the heart that loved us, and that we love still.

At this season of the year, when galleries and dioramas are generally shut up, it had occurred to some spirited lovers of art, to open an exhibition of the works of British artists, from all the private collections of the nobility and gentry. A friend of Lady Moore's, being on the Committee, had received *carte-blanche* from her to select what he pleased from her

galleries, as she hardly knew herself what they contained. This gentleman was waiting to do the honours of the exhibition to the party, when after an hour's shopping they drove to the gallery; and Lady Moore, avoiding Lord Frederick, at once accepted his arm. It was a fine collection, as her friend exultingly observed, and the foreign nobleman was profuse in his commendations, as it gave him a higher idea of British art than he had ever entertained before. "The fact is," said Mr. Grey, "we have the blessing of very liberal patrons in England. Such a man as Hervey Templeton alone, is a host in himself. The finest pictures here are his: and you, Lady Moore, have some lovely specimens, and some of them by an artist I never heard of before. I found them in their unpacked cases just as they came from his studio, I expect: rather mortifying to the poor genius, if he was aware of it."

"Which are they?" asked the Countess, with a sudden flash of recollection: and before they could be pointed out, she recognized them: the views of Elchester Cathedral, so carefully executed by Edward Ryder, and never looked at by his patroness till this moment.

Lady Moore gazed, and gazed again: they fascinated her as by a spell. The stillness that seemed to reign among those soaring pillars; the holy repose of those time-honoured chapels; the associations connected with them; the thoughts she had breathed in them, so strongly possessed her imagination, that for a moment



she could have believed she was there: and when roused by the conversation of her friends to the recollection of the present, the longing to be within its walls once more, was like the thirst of the psalmist hero for the well-spring by his father's city.

The room was nearly full, and these views attracted considerable notice; Lady Moore lingered to hear what was said of them, and an argument went on close to her elbow as to the name of the artist, which she was very nearly interrupting, when a boy who had entered a little while before, looked up in the speaker's face, and said, "Did you wish to know who painted those pictures, sir? I know: his name is Ryder—he is a friend of mine. I saw them when they were being done." Lady Moore waited till the strangers had done thanking their informant, and had moved on to something else; and then she touched David lightly on the shoulder. He turned—oh! what a glow rushed into his face! This was honour and happiness beyond his hopes, and not all the crowd about them, or the great people by whom she was accompanied, could prevent his joy from expressing itself. The Countess was much pleased by this warm greeting; it was a momentary relief from oppressive thoughts: and she kept him by her all through the gallery, talked to him at every interval, and before she left, gave him her card, and desired he would call upon her the next morning at ten o'clock.

\* \* \* \* \*

Edward Ryder sat at his easel, working as true perseverance only can work: for it was without any immediate prospect of reward. In fact, never was poor artist at a much lower ebb, not to have lost the externals of gentility. He still retained his lodging, in case of a stray sitter, but the economy of his way of living was closer than ever, and yet he was in debt. Colours, canvass, all cost money, and money he had so little, he could not bear to count it; so he was obliged to accept credit till Christmas, when the remittance from Messrs. Standish and Hunt would pay his rent, and all he owed, besides leaving him a little in hand. Meanwhile, as the public neglected him, his comfort was, he was at full liberty to work as he pleased, and at what he pleased; and cold, and weariness, and want of generous nourishment could be borne, while the mind was fed on the images of beauty that came upon the canvass at his will. It was when the imagination flagged, and the hand failed to obey the impulse, that poverty and disappointment became so irksome; and when this was the case, there was nothing did him so much good as to talk with Marian about what she had been reading, as she described it to her friend Kate Luton. Her fresh ideas, her first perceptions of poetic beauty, and her straight-forward good sense which made her at once catch the true application of every analogous circumstance, made these conversations a real refreshment to our artist,

and were of considerable value in giving him courage to persevere.

He was working, as we said, with much diligence, when Helen brought him two letters. The first he opened was from Oscar. It began by a frank confession that Edouard must have suffered a good deal from his folly, but that he hoped now he had redeemed it all. That he had met Miss Claribel and David in town, and the latter having shown him a parcel, directed to Messrs. Standish and Hunt, he, Oscar, had persuaded him to entrust him with the delivery. (Edward gasped for breath, and could hardly read on.)

"I went to your firm: I obtained admission. Very respectable gentleman sitting at a desk: offers me a chair, requests to know my errand. I bow low, and present your packet. He opens, reads your note, looks at the picture,—and takes snuff. I feel this an indignity, and I begin to speak on your behalf. I grow warm, eloquent, *passioné*: I describe how your genius languishes under the yoke of poverty, and I draw a picture that thrills myself, of the baseness of those who, knowing such a man has rights, are induced on any temptation to keep them back. Yes, *rights*, Edouard! for when I breathed that legal and formal atmosphere, instinct told me at once such a thing as *charity* never entered *here*: no pension would be paid from such a quarter that was not compelled by a strong hand; and though firmly believing all you can say about your excellent parents, it is not so

certain *they* might not have rights and claims, which are withheld from you their heir. The phlegmatic notary only took snuff, asked a few dry questions, and put me in a passion: and it ended at last in my boldly declaring, if justice was not done you forthwith, your friends would take measures to see you righted. He bowed, deprecatingly, I thought, and told me he would communicate with his employer, and let me know. This morning I called, and was told he had written to you, so that you will receive his letter together with this. He smiled, when I asked the result of his communications, and told me the whole affair was settled. I would have embraced him if he had been anything but a cold English lawyer. I embrace thee a million times. Do not thank me: I have often told thee I would make thy fortune: now I think I have done it.

“Thine till death,

“OSCAR VALMONT.”

With a trembling hand Edward tore open the other letter.

“SIR,

“We are desired by the same client in whose name we have had the honour of communicating with you before, to acknowledge the receipt of your note and of the picture that accompanied it. The latter will be left at our office to be called for whenever you please to send for it.

"With respect to the communications made in your name by M. Oscar Valmont, our instructions are to announce to you the immediate cessation of the annuity hitherto paid to you through us. It was given, we are desired to say, as an assistance to genius—not as an inducement to vain expectations; and if it did not call for much gratitude, it certainly did for courtesy.

"We have the honour to be,

"Your obedient Servants,

"STANDISH & HUNT."

While Edward was still chafing over these letters, Helen again opened the door, and announced, "A gentleman." But for such an announcement, the fact might have been doubted, for in the personage before him, with his swaggering air, cut-away coat, and red coarse face, Edward would have had some difficulty in taking his likeness as the "Portrait of a gentleman." Still, a sitter was not to be despised, however vulgar, and he rose to greet him politely. "There, there, don't trouble yourself," said the stranger, taking a seat, "I aint proud. Let's come to business."

"By all means, Sir."

"You guess why I'm come, eh? Come, don't look as if you didn't. Though you do live up here in sky parlour, you must know what's going on out of doors."

"I have very little time, Sir, to observe what goes

on out of doors; and if you have business with me, I shall be obliged by your explaining it." Edward was so nettled with the letters he had just read, he could ill afford to stand the smallest impertinence.

"Oh! I suppose you think I'm come all this way to have my face made a sign post of? Not a bit of it. The *genuine* article is enough for me, and while I've a real face for nothing, I'm not a going to pay five guineas for a sham one."

"Then may I ask what I have to do with your face at all, if not to copy it?" said Edward, thinking to himself, "very little more, and I shall send it down stairs quicker than it came."

"Oh, I say, come, don't pretend not to know what to do with a man's face, after all those caricatures—that's too good. Now, then, before you get angry, and I get to speaking my mind too plainly—I'm a Wat Tyler, I am."

"Oh, you are?" said Edward.

"Yes—and now you can guess what I'm come for."

"If your object is to pick a quarrel—" Edward began, with much emphasis.

The visitor interrupted him eagerly.—"Not at all, not at all: I'm only come to give you a hint. You know there's an election coming on directly. The government member has given up his seat, and high time he did. And now there's a real good patriot coming in, and we mean he shall come in; and we'll have no more Templetonians—no more place-hunting,

pampered aristocrats. We mean to stick by our man, and bring him in, in spite of the Chapter. And now you know, young gentleman, we've a score to rub off against you, for old grievances. A word to the wise. You let us have your vote, if you have one, or your interest, if you have none, and we'll let you alone; but if you cross us, you must look out."

"Is this all you have to say?" asked Edward.

"Yes, that's all, just now, I think. We Wat Ty-  
lers are pretty strong, we are: and we've made up our  
minds, we have. And so now we understand each  
other."

"Perfectly," said Edward, "and now you have said  
all you want to say, perhaps you will be kind enough  
to go."

"Oh, certainly," taking up his hat in some dudgeon,  
"I aint agoing to force my company on nobody, I'm  
sure."

"Perhaps you will also undertake to inform your  
club," continued Ryder, "that I have no vote, and I  
cannot say I have much interest; but if I had a dozen  
votes, and could command a hundred friends, they  
would all be on the side of the government. As to  
their threats, I am much obliged to them for the  
warning, and if I am insulted by anybody I shall know  
who to thank."

"Very well, Sir," said the Wat Tyler; "then I  
give you notice, you'd best keep a sharp look out.  
It's a word and a blow with us at election times."

"And with me, too," said Edward, rising: "and as you have had the one, I would advise you not to wait for the other."

The fellow took the hint, and went off grumbling.

The stimulus afforded by this scene was of much service to our oppressed artist, under the annoyance of the news just received. It prevented his yielding to the dejection that was fast creeping over his energies, and he was able to sit down and answer the letter of the lawyers in a respectful and manly style, expressing his deep regret at the misunderstanding that had thrown on him the imputation of ingratitude, while at the same time he acknowledged how little claim he had to the continuance of the liberality that had been of so much service to him. Perhaps his expressions of gratitude were rather more restrained than they would have been if Edward had not dreaded the appearance of craving fresh assistance; but on the whole he was satisfied with his letter, and resolved to post it forthwith.

He was too angry to write to Oscar: too disturbed to go on painting; the world had grown very dark about his path, and he felt if he sat still, brooding on his troubles, he should grow unmanly; so forth he sallied, in a mood of irritation that would have hailed an assault from the Wat Tyler Club as the greatest relief nature could enjoy.

A better relief lay in his way. The bell was ring-



ing for service, and the Cathedral doors opened invitingly, to bid the weary come and be comforted. Ryder saw Marian leading in her aunt, and though his heart was too full to join them, he could not but follow, and take a seat among the congregation. And this time, when his head and heart were both too disturbed to take pleasure in the harmony of colour or of sound, that was such a delight to him in general—when the beauties of light and shade, outline and tracery, palled on his eye, and David's voice was not there to charm away his dejection—he found a truer, deeper source of comfort and strength than art or music could bestow. The prayers of the Church—those wonderful prayers, that, like the widow's cruise of oil, feed souls from day to day, yet never waste or fail—that have a voice for every want, for every sorrow—whose very repetition assists the worshipper, by pressing into holy servitude those mysterious associations that link thoughts together, and kindle the offering of the present with the accepted fire of the past—he felt their richness of consolation now, as he had never felt it before. Yes, it might be so indeed; every hope, every prospect, every endeavour might be crushed, but he was not alone: this was not his rest; his flesh and his heart might fail, but One that faileth not would be his strength and his portion for ever. Come what would, he would try and bear it, and leave the rest to Him.

At the close of the service he was accosted by Miss

Luton, whom he had not seen before since her return. She came with a message from the Dean. He was still too unwell to risk the cold of the Cathedral, and would be much obliged if Mr. Ryder would call upon him when he had leisure. Edward could have replied that it was the only thing he had just then, but he contented himself by observing the Dean's wish was quite sufficient, and, with a hurried greeting to Marian, accompanied Kate home.

The Dean received him as if he had been a sixth form scholar on the point of starting for the University. He was sitting, rather in state, by his study fire, and a chair was opposite his own, into which he bowed his visitor with the kindly politeness that no man better understood.

"It is a long time since I have had the pleasure of seeing you, Mr. Ryder. I hope our good town has proved her taste by giving you all the encouragement you merit so highly."

Edward coloured, and shook his head: he tried to speak, but his voice was choked.

"Ah! is it so?" said the Dean, "then must I pity my fellow-citizens much more than yourself, my dear young friend. In the mean time, have you seen this article in the paper on the winter gallery just opened?"

"No, Sir."

"Then oblige me by reading it aloud: it is well written, and my eyes are growing weak." And the

Dean laid down his glasses, and watched the young man's countenance with the keenest enjoyment.

Edward, slightly embarrassed at being called on to display his elocution before so profound a judge, began in a low key, and stumbled over the first two sentences. Dr. Eyre gently corrected him, and suggested his beginning again. He obeyed, and read with increasing interest the particulars of a collection just opened, from the private collections of the nobility and gentry; with a list of fashionable names, as either contributors or patrons, the principal being the Right Hon. Hervey Templeton, M.P. "the distinguished champion of British art and literature." Then followed a dissertation on the principal paintings, and remarks on the style of each artist—names too familiar to the imagination of every reader to be enumerated here, and at whose mention Edward's voice grew more and more animated, till he reached the following passage:—"We were particularly struck (and to judge by the crowds around them, the impression was generally shared,) by a series of views taken from the interior and west front of Elchester Cathedral. The artist's name, we understand, is Ryder, a name hitherto unknown in the lists, but not likely long to remain so. The richness of his colouring, the masterly style of drawing, the exquisite taste with which he has seized on the finer points of the architecture, are all indications of that true genius that

only requires to be known to rise to eminence and fortune."

"Thank you," said the Dean, smiling, as Edward, glowing with sensations that must be experienced to be understood, stopped at the close of the paragraph to recover his breath. "Thank you, Mr. Ryder: not a badly worded criticism, is it?"

"Oh, sir," poor Edward began—and stopped: his manliness had borne disappointment and calumny, but it broke down now; he made one desperate struggle, and then burst into tears. The Dean raised himself with difficulty from his armchair, and put his hand on the young man's head.

"Do not be ashamed," he said, kindly, "you are not the first boy I have seen overcome; and though they always thought they had committed their dignity by crying, I always respected them the more for it. You will soon grow accustomed to these flourishes of the critical trumpet. It is always the case with young candidates for fame—the first notice, the first review, is like an entrance into a new world; by and by, when they grow used to it, they find it much the same as the old one. And, now I think of it," continued the old gentleman, who had noticed the thinness of Edward's cheek, and the rustiness of his coat, "on occasions like this it is customary to drink good luck; and though, as a dignitary of the church," ringing the bell as he spoke, "good luck is a heathen

goddess I cannot countenance, yet good port wine is an orthodox libation, and Milton has christianised the Muses till they belong as much to us as to Homer and Virgil. Wine and glasses, Johnstone—and biscuits, directly. We will toast the divine art of Apelles, Mr. Ryder, and then you shall tell me all you have been doing since last we met."

The kindness of the good old man gave Edward time to recover, as he intended it should; and after he had taken a glass or two of wine he was in sufficiently good spirits to feel heartily ashamed of his weakness. And the Dean who knew how to open and construe young hearts as well as if they had been Greek tragedies, drew him into conversation about his prospects, until he had learned all that Edward could tell, from his early engagement to Warden's daughter, down to his last difficulty, the withdrawal of his pension, and the consequent stoppage in his resources.

Without being convinced in his own mind, that an engagement on such prospects, and in such a connexion, was exactly the wisest thing a young man could decide upon, Dr. Eyre discovered quite enough of his good sense, feeling and education, to confirm his resolution of helping him as far as possible. A sigh escaped at the mention of Lady Moore, and the disappointment her neglect had caused: but on this he could not trust himself to comment. The mystery of the pension struck him at once, and he requested Edward would leave it in his hands. "It is evident," he ar-

gued, "that the withdrawal, in so galling a manner, of the favour, releases you from all obligation of respecting the incognito. In this matter I believe I can help you. Yours is not the first case of the kind I have met with, and you may rely on my taking care of your honour and dignity, as of my own. Now for your immediate wants. Accept this"—putting a five pound note in his hand—"and clear off your little incumbrances. Genius never soars freely when shackled with a bill. Nay, no thanks: I mean to have its full value: you are going to do something for me: I want—let me see—yes, I want a likeness—a likeness of Mrs. Eyre—" (the Dean could not make up his mind to sacrifice *himself*) "we have none that does her justice, and it will be invaluable to our grandchildren when we are in the dust. When can you begin? Any hour will suit her, I know, that does not interfere with the services."

Edward, who felt all the delicacy of this arrangement, expressed his gratitude warmly, and accepted the relief with a frank simplicity that confirmed the Dean's good opinion. An hour was fixed, and the artist rose to take leave. The Dean detained him a few minutes in conversation, while he was searching among books and pamphlets, until he found a tiny volume with a large name, called "Life in earnest," which he slipped into his hand: and shaking it kindly, dismissed him with his blessing.

Although this step had been taken by Dr. Eyre

with the proper independence of a master and a Dean, he was not quite easy in his mind till he had broken it to his faithful confidante, Miss Luton, the only woman of his acquaintance in whose judgment he had much faith. Young as she was, there was a decision, an intelligence in her clear, earnest eyes, that always made him feel more satisfied if her opinion coincided with his own: for as he wrote to his son in India, to relieve his mind about his little girls, "She had the good sense of a man, and the unselfishness of a woman:" a most desirable combination in a friend! Miss Luton could but have one opinion about his kindness to young Ryder, and now the next step to be taken was to coax and argue Mrs. Eyre into a proper state of submission to her impending destiny. This was not very easy: the very idea of sitting for her likeness gave her a tremor, only appeased by the most skilful treatment. The Dean appealed to her benevolence, to her goodness, to her generosity, in assisting a deserving young man, who just required a helping hand to enable him to climb to the summit of distinction: Miss Luton talked of the dear little girls, and of Major Eyre in India, and what a delightful surprise it would be for them all to have a good likeness of grandmamma—and what a welcome gift to her son by the next parcel: and so on, till the poor old lady, whether convinced or not, was silenced into compliance, and went to her arm chair, the following day, as she would have done to the guillotine.

If it be true that there is a right and a wrong way of doing everything, it is specially true of sitting for your picture; which seems to require as much innate genius as to illustrate the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. To sit in an easy position, without changing it for two hours;—to keep up a conversation sufficiently animated to give play to your features, but not sufficiently exciting to make you laugh, gesticulate, or sigh—to keep up a pleasant smile without becoming insipid—an agreeable expression when your irritability is becoming insupportable—an intellectual elevation of countenance when you are sinking with ennui and vacuity—requires a mind of no common order to accomplish with success: and Mrs. Eyre, excellent as were her moral qualities, was not gifted with the mental faculties in any superlative degree. Never had artist such a model. First it was her cap: it was not the one she wore generally—not the Dean's favourite; and the bow was put on crooked: she should never look like herself, and nobody would know it when they saw it. Miss Luton ran up stairs, found the favourite cap, and removed that difficulty. Then the light annoyed her eyes, and she wanted to know if it would be the same to Mr. Ryder if the blind was let down:—and when that was proved to be out of the question, if she might sit with her back to the window.

"You see, my love," said the Dean, who conscious that nothing would have induced him to submit to the penance, was eager to convince her it was nothing to



signify, "if the light is not thrown on your countenance, Mr. Ryder cannot see it, and he will be forced to draw as much on his imagination as on his canvass."

"Well, and if he does, I dare say the portrait will make a much younger and prettier picture."

"Perhaps it might, my love, but not so much like a portrait."

"He ought to have begun mine five and twenty years ago; I was better worth looking at then."

"As he was then in petticoats, my love, he could hardly have done you justice."

"And I am sure it is not doing *him* justice to give him an old woman like me to copy. Miss Luton, my dear, is it like?"

"It will be, ma'am, presently," said Miss Luton, for the fifteenth time.

"Ah, well: but I was going to say, my dear Dean, only you put me out—why didn't *you* have yours taken, instead of mine?"

The Dean had one of his little attacks of deafness, and moved quietly away. Edward cast an imploring glance at Kate Luton, to entreat her to talk, and keep his model amused, as she was changing the posture of her head every minute. So Kate, as a last resource, fetched in little Mary, as a great favour not to be sufficiently appreciated by that young pupil, and sitting as near grandmamma as the artist's eye would permit, plunged into an interminable story of adventures and

escapes, invented on the spur of the moment, which so interested the good old lady, that she was kept quiet and wakeful at once, for a good hour and a half: such a feat as would under ordinary circumstances have appeared incredible.





## CHAPTER VIII.



AND it was evening in Grosvenor Square ; and the Countess Moore's carriage had rolled from her door, conveying a gay party to some elegant dinner table ; but the Countess Moore was not among them. She was on the sofa of her boudoir, languid, suffering, and alone. The weariness and lassitude to which she had been subject at intervals for the last few weeks, had become too oppressive to shake off, now that the spirits were dejected, and the heart aching with a load of grief,—the more unbearable, that it was forced to be concealed. Even her cousins, though wilfully blind to any change that could reflect on the wisdom of their counsels—thought it would be as well that she should stay quietly at home that evening, and go early to bed : so they took her carriage and went off to their party, and left her for the first time since her entry into gay life, disabled from the brilliant contest.

It was evening, and not a sound reached her ear but the roll of occasional carriages, and the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece, and now and then the

murmur of the bleak wind, that swept in gusts round the corner of the square: melancholy sounds all to a solitary listener,—peculiarly so to the sensitive nerves of Angel Moore. Sadly and wearily she reclined on her silken couch, her throbbing head leaning on her hand, and more than one tear finding its way among the drooping ringlets, and glistening unheeded on the cushion. For in silence and loneliness thoughts would press thickly on the mind, and conscience would be heard. A voice was speaking to her soul, sternly, rebukingly, as that of an offended parent; and unused to any language but praise and love, she felt crushed and terrified by its severity. What had she been doing? what madness had possessed her to be so obstinate, so blind, so impetuous, and thus affront her earliest friends, and irrevocably offend the man whose affection was dearer to her than life? For she knew enough of Templeton's character to feel assured, his esteem once forfeited, was forfeited for ever. How often had she heard him express his contempt for the young, frivolous beauties that crossed his public path; and how proudly and fondly he would turn to her, as combining in her person and mind, all the graces indispensable to the admiration of the world, all the amiable qualities that could command his own! And how she had hoped and promised to justify this approval! how she had dreamed of becoming, what Kate Luton had described, the object of history's veneration, as the guide of Britain's chosen guide, and the

support of her loftiest pillar ! And now she had lost all this ; forfeited her heritage ; missed her high destiny ; thrown away the priceless jewel of a disinterested and devoted love ; and worse, far worse than even this ; she had sinned against her conscience, against her convictions, against the warnings of religious friends, against the vows put up in God's sanctuary. She had allowed herself to be led into scenes against which her right feelings revolted ; violating Sabbath sanctities ; listening, without remonstrance, to impious witticisms, and hearing all the lessons of her childhood treated as idle dreams : prayer neglected, good resolutions forgotten, and day after day spent in pleasure, without a thought on duty or on a better world. And now she was tasting the reward of all this—well for her that it came so soon ! well for her that her frame was too slight to bear the fatigue, and her spirits too sensitive to endure the loss of peace ; and that before she had gone further on the broad flowery road, she found it hedged up with thorns.

Aye, better for thee, Angel Moore, to drop one by one those silent repentant tears, wrung, though they may be, from the heart's core ; better for thee that yearning void, that gnawing self-reproach, that bows thy bright head into the dust of humiliation ; better sickness of body, heaviness of spirit, disappointment, decay, or death,—than to gain the whole world and the glory thereof, and remain deaf to the voice of Heaven ; repeating now in whispers of tenderness, now in stern

tones of warning, "*Know thou, that for all these things, God will bring thee into judgment !*"

But Angel Moore had yet to learn all this. Sorrow was so new to her in itself, and this particular sorrow so grievous to bear ; that it seemed as if no heart had ever suffered before. The languor that had so mastered her determination to *be* well, and to *look* well ; what could it portend ? whence did it arise ? It was not like fatigue ; she had often been tired before, and slept the sounder for it ; now, her nights were troubled and feverish, and the morning found her more weary than when she lay down. Was she on the verge of a severe illness ? Her mother's early decline was a fearful precedent. Could it be, indeed, that the sentence had gone forth against her youth, and that she must meet eternity, unforgiven, unprepared ? The thought was too terrible to bear : she repelled it as a weakness, and turned to find comfort elsewhere.

In her present state of depression, the very idea of her usual routine of visits and pleasures was insupportable : and as to amendment, to vigorous exertion, to leading a useful and profitable life, as she had once resolved—how could she hope to accomplish such a work, now that her strength and her spirits were exhausted, and Hervey lost for ever ? No, there was nothing left, but to do as she had been advised, and accept the invitation of her foreign friends, to spend the rest of the winter in Italy : change of scene might heal her wounded spirit, and the mild climate recruit

her health, and all these morbid feelings might be suppressed before it was too late. She exerted herself to become composed, rose from the sofa, bathed her eyes in rosewater, and shook back her disordered curls. Pride was beginning to resume its position, and she was ready to blush for the traces of tears too visible on her cheek. And Tatham at that moment, entering with a small parcel, she was pleased to think her prying eyes had not discovered her a few minutes before.

"If you please, my lady, that boy has just called, who was here yesterday morning, and he left this piece of music for your ladyship."

"What, little Warden? is he gone?"

"Just gone, my lady: he waited to know if there were any orders, and he was told your ladyship was too indisposed to see any one."

"That was a great mistake, I want to see him. Quick, Tatham, let one of the men run after the boy, and bring him back, and show him up here directly."

Lady Moore's orders were never to be hesitated upon: and in less time than could have been expected, David made his appearance, much flattered by the honour, and not in the most elegant attire for a lady's boudoir.

"And so you have actually been at the pains to find this piece for me, my boy?" said the Countess, as soon as they were alone, "I am afraid you have taken a great deal of trouble."

"It was a great deal of pleasure;" said David, "you said you wished for the piece, and that it was out of print; but I knew I had seen it somewhere, and I hunted in all the music shops till I found it."

"It was really very good of you, David: what a zealous little friend you are!"

"Oh, my lady, if you want to make me happy," said David, "you will often let me know of something you wish or want, that I can try and do for you. It is such a pleasure."

"And why, my boy?" asked the Countess, smiling. "You have many friends of your own to serve and work for: why should I be such a favourite?"

The boy looked full at her, with his large, dark eyes that spoke so much in a glance. Then the colour rushed into his cheeks, and over his forehead, and he could only turn his cap round and round in his hands, and stammer most unintelligibly.

Lady Moore, pitying his confusion, and reading that in the cause to which woman's nature is never insensible, changed the subject at once, and making him take a seat, which he did on a footstool, as near her as he dared, began to talk to him of his own affairs; and drew out the whole story of the caricatures, Mr. Dance, and the loss of his situation.

"And so, David," said the Countess, after a pause, "there is nothing you like so well as being a chorister?"

"Oh nothing, nothing."



"You would not care for musical employment anywhere but in a cathedral?"

"Why, I do not say that, because the music is the same, wherever you sing, but I do not like singing anything so well as the praises of God: and they always sound best in His own house."

"The praises of God? and at your age, to care only for that?" said Lady Moore, hardly conscious of what she was saying, till she saw the surprise in the boy's face. "I do not mean that it is not very right, David; but it is not usual, so young as you are."

And both were silent for some time, her own thoughts being too painful for utterance, and his having flown far away.

"Do you know," said David, presently, looking seriously up in her face, "I used to sing to my mother every day when she was dying. She said it made Heaven nearer. Do you think it did?"

Lady Moore could not answer, but she looked at him fixedly, and her lip quivered.

"Are you ill?" asked the boy, alarmed. She shook her head. "But you are so white, and your eyes look so sad, and you look so very different to what you were in the spring. Oh, Lady Moore, dear Lady Moore, do come back to Elchester. We have been hoping and hoping so long, and everybody wants you for something. Marian, and father, and Edward—they are always talking of what will happen when you come; and you could speak for me to the gentlemen ;

and they could not refuse you ; and I should get back into the Cathedral again. Will you promise to come ? ”

Lady Moore stroked his head, and allowed him to kiss her hand : then leaning back in her chair, said, faintly, “ Sing me one of the songs you sang to your dying mother.”

It was indeed a strain that angels might have paused to listen to ; that to the ear of a sinking believer might well have seemed one of their own. To the boy himself, full as it was of touching associations, it was almost too exciting to continue ; but what its effect was on his listener no mortal eye could read. She sat with half-closed eyes, and clasped hands, still and silent ; and except from a deep sigh once, and the large tears that glittered on her eyelashes, it would have seemed as if she heard him not.

It was not till after the singer was gone, prouder of his evening reception and of the sweet praise bestowed, than ever courtier was of a successful audience,—to boast of her charms to Miss Claribel and Oscar, and describe his evening in a letter to Marian—it was not till she was alone that the pent-up feelings in Lady Moore’s bosom found vent. Pride, resolution—all by which she had endeavoured to silence the voice within, gave way before the burst of emotion, and as if by an impulse she could not resist, as if a voice had said “ Come,” that would take no denial—she sank upon her knees to pray.

But how could she pray ? It was so long since she

had done so, except as a form, though her heart was bursting, and her hands clasped in anguish, that she scarcely knew how to approach the Heavenly Throne. The words of the Church Service came first to her relief: those words that had so impressed her in the Abbey, and that are in themselves so comprehensive: but before she had uttered many words, her head sunk in her hands, and the confession and the entreaty were lost in passionate weeping.

Her friends, in the meanwhile, little guessing how her evening was being spent, were in earnest consultation, at every interval, as to what their next move should be. So far, success seemed to have attended their plans. Without being quite aware how matters stood between Angel and Hervey, it was sufficiently evident that there was a coolness somewhere: he had passed her with a bow, and he had not called: and her paleness and dejection showed what she was enduring. Lord Frederick Orme began to hope more boldly than ever, and the ladies Borradaile, whose favourite project it was to establish him in Templeton's place in their cousin's affections, did all they could to encourage him to persevere. The scheme of a winter in Italy had originated in this hope: if Angel Moore were once fairly away from other influences, the breach between her and the great statesman must become irreparably widened, and nothing would be easier than for Lord Frederick to join them, and press his suit when her heart was still smarting from

the coldness of her betrothed. The agreeable Italians, who had accompanied them from Ulverstone Castle, were charmed at the prospect of carrying back with them the graceful English beauty they had admired so much, and they pressed forward the project with warm hospitality. And for the next two days, no pains were spared, no manœuvres left untried, to induce the young Countess to promise consent. Her uncle and nominal guardian, an easy, indolent man, who thought if her rents were duly paid, and her banker's book correct, his duty was done,—stirred up by his daughters to interfere, did at last take his niece aside, and with pompous kindness, request to be informed of the state of her affections: but her only answer being a burst of hysterics, he was fain to let things take their course. Lady Georgina, more skilful and more persevering, argued and entreated by turns; and though Angel, hoping against hope, withheld her promise, her cousins knew enough of her disposition to feel tolerably satisfied of the result.

A spirited argument had been carried on at the breakfast table on one of these mornings, and the resistance of Lady Moore, weary of opposition, had grown fainter in proportion to the vivacity of her assailants, when a letter was put into her hands, that after glancing hurriedly over, she rose to read in private. A laughing attempt to bar her progress was repulsed so gravely, no one dared carry it further, and in the security of her boudoir, she was able to re-

cover quietly the emotion caused by this unexpected missive.

It was but a few lines in a trembling hand, but love, forgiving, yearning love, breathed in every sentence, and Dean Eyre's tears as he wrote, had more than once blistered the page.

"Once more," he began, "I ask of my dear Angel the greatest favour she can do for her old friend. Come to me, if only for a day. I have heard by accident of your being in London, and of your not being well: a little change may do you good, but my motive is more selfish than this. The longing that I feel to look upon your face, will not be satisfied without it. Come to me, Angel, and relieve me of the anxiety about you that oppresses me night and day. Not a word shall hurt your feelings, not a step shall be taken to interfere with your liberty, or cross your plans: but let me see your face before you leave England, for I may not live till you return. Fix your own time; ours is at your entire disposal: our hearts, our all,—you need no assurances to tell you you have a child's portion there: and as a child, dearer than words can tell, will you be received to the heart of

HENRY EYRE."

"My God, my God, I thank thee!" burst from the lips of the young Countess, when she concluded, "I prayed to thee for deliverance, and the deliverance is come!"

She wrote immediately, for fear her resolution should fail.

“ If anything could bring a heart like mine to a true sense of its conduct, it would be such unmerited kindness. I do not know who could have told you, but it is true that I am not well : I shall not be, till I have implored your pardon and blessing on my knees : but I am better than I deserve, as you will own when you know all. As soon as I can name the day I shall arrive, I will send you word ; meanwhile, my kind, and best friend, do not forget to pray for me, and think of me as kindly as you can.

“ Your’s gratefully and attached,

“ A. MOORE.”

This done, the Countess rang the bell, for her trusty Robert ; and desired it might be posted immediately. He bowed, and was retiring, when his mistress, who was hastily writing another note, called him back,—  
“ Do you know if Mrs. Hope is in town ? ”

“ Oh yes, my lady : she called yesterday. Mrs. Tatham was informed, and I thought she would let your ladyship know.”

The Countess looked up quickly. “ I am not told half enough, Robert, that I ought to know. That day at Ulverstone Castle, when Miss Luton called, why was I not informed till she was gone ? ”

“ My lady, I came into the room to tell you, and

Lady Georgina stopped me, and took the card, and said she would show it to you herself," said Robert, eagerly. "And Miss Luton waited a long time, my lady, I know, and I thought your ladyship saw her in the library."

Lady Moore pressed her hand to her forehead as if to clear off the bewilderment that was gathering over her ideas. "Never mind, Robert; you are not to blame. Take this note to Mrs. Hope, and bring her back with you as soon as you can."

Mrs. Hope was Angel's favourite nurse, whose arms had rocked her in infancy, and who had only quitted her when she made her entry into public. She had retired on her savings, which from the liberality of her young mistress were considerable, and passed her time among her numerous kith and kin in turns, popular everywhere, not only from her property, but her cheerful nature. It was a peculiar kind of cheerfulness too, rather startling till you were used to it: she always insisted on looking at the worst possible side *first*, and picturing all the evils that could by any means happen under the circumstances; and then would set blithely to work to see, as she said, what could be done. Accordingly, when hurried by the zealous Robert, she arrived in her young lady's presence, and saw the delicacy of her cheek, and the worn expression of her countenance, her first greeting was anything but encouraging, though in the most cheerful tones.

"Well, my dear child, and so here you are at last, after being away so long! And you do not look at all well; you are much thinner, and paler, and quite knocked up, I see: I dare say you feel very ill, if the truth was told, don't you, dear? Sleep badly? no appetite? nervous headaches? tired in the morning? Yes, yes, I thought so, I thought so. Well now, tell me what I can do to make you better, before things grow too bad to be cured."

"Nay, we are not driven to that extremity yet," said Lady Moore, smiling, "you know I am not to be frightened by your prognostics, nurse: I understand them too well. I want to know if you will take a journey with me."

"Will I? Oh yes, to be sure: where do you want to go? To some outlandish place, of course, across the sea, this nice weather, to catch bad colds in bad inns, where they know nothing of English comforts, or how to dress a decent dinner for a delicate appetite. Yes, I'll go, my darling, by all means. Tell me when, and I'll be ready."

"I cannot fix the day, but I can relieve your mind of half your anxiety: I am not going abroad—not just yet. I am going down to Elchester. I do not feel strong, and it would be a great comfort to have you with me, instead of my maid, whom I cannot trust. In short, I want to be taken care of, nurse, as if I were a baby still: I believe in some respects, I am not much better, after all."



"No, I dare say not," said nurse Hope, pleasantly, "I dare say you are as mischievous and obstinate as ever, going your own way to work, let who will try to make you go theirs: teasing everybody's life out, as you used to do mine. Very likely, indeed. And pray how is Mr. Templeton, if you please? It is a long time since I heard anything of *him*."

"O stop, nurse, stop! do not name him! I cannot bear it!" and clinging round her neck she hid her face in her bosom; and then by degrees, came out the whole of her sad story: how she had vexed him and trifled with his wishes; how she had been persuaded to act contrary to his express desire and entreaty; the misunderstanding at Ulverstone Castle, followed by a letter from himself, so full of serious reproach, she had answered it in a fit of resentment, in a style that had offended him beyond call: he had sent her a brief stern adieu—he had passed her in the street with a cold bow; and had not even left a card since she came to town.

"And now," she continued, "they want me to go abroad, and I have not made up my mind whether to go or not: but Dr. Eyre has written me so kind an invitation, I must visit him first. I am so worn with all this, nurse, that there is no saying how I may stand the journey: perhaps I may never come back: and if you will only go with me, I shall know I am safe."


"My darling, you know I would go with you to the world's end; as you say, we never know what may

happen. The train may overturn, or the boiler burst, or a mad person get into the carriage, or fifty things. I'll go with you, never fear, and all will come right, please God. And as to Mr. Templeton, why it is a bad business, to be sure: and perhaps he fancies you don't care for him, or somebody has set him against you, or he is jealous, or he does not love you as he did, or something: there's no knowing. All we can do, my darling, is to hope the best: something is sure to turn up: it will all come right in the end, see if it does not. There are bigger fish in the sea, says the old proverb, than ever came out of it yet."

Her mind once fully made up, and her plan fixed, Angel Moore summoned courage to break it to her party. They began their usual chorus of persuasion, but perceived it was this time, powerless. All they could hope was that she would soon tire of the dulness of Dr. Eyre's house, and her conscience, acquitted towards him, be ready to agree to their scheme afterwards. They tried hard to wring from her a promise of spending Christmas with the Ulverstones, and Lord Frederick Orme, at every opportunity, seconded their arguments by the eloquence of his glances and whispers. Nothing would induce her, however, to make any such promise: her resistance was gentle, and her manner to them all, sweet and kind; but it was resolute, and they saw her depart at last, with a feeling of depression and undefined alarm that they found it difficult to account for.



## CHAPTER IX.

LCHESTER was all alive: the grave composure of its quiet citizens had received more than one shock lately, since the canvassing had begun for the election; and now the whole city was thrown into excitement by a public demonstration, got up by the Wat Tyler Club, in behalf of the popular candidate, Mr. Kite, who gave them a banquet on the occasion, and more ale and spirits than were quite consistent with the dignity of patriots; and the consequence was, that what with these stimulating libations, inflammatory speeches, music, and cheering, these zealous partisans found the banqueting hall too narrow for their emotions, and forming themselves in two or three strong parties, they sallied forth, to proclaim "Kite for Elchester" on the ruins of all contumacious opposition. This was the opportunity waited for by one or two who had their private grudges to satisfy, and who had kept sufficiently cool to be able to lead the others.

Edward Ryder, who had been giving the finishing touch to Mrs. Eyre's picture, the most successful like-

ness that ever crowned the efforts of "genius against difficulties," was returning leisurely home, when he found himself stopped by a crowd, and heard a cry for help. The next minute he perceived his old enemy, Mr. Dance, in the hands of a boisterous party, who were hustling, pushing, and insulting him by sticking cockades in his hat and coat, of the colours to which on all accounts, he was so hostile. The poor verger, between fear and wrath, was nearly fainting with suffocation, when Ryder dashed in to his rescue. One or two respectable passengers assisted him, and after a brisk skirmish, succeeded in carrying him off, Edward protecting his retreat, and proving himself more skilful in the noble art of attack and defence than his peaceable habits had led them to believe. His former visitor, the Wat Tyler, found himself handled so much more roughly than he had at all expected, that he suddenly disappeared altogether: and the spirited nature of the interference so took the assailants by surprise, that they made no serious opposition. Mr. Dance was conveyed to his own house, and every attention bestowed on his agitated nerves. A little brandy restored his speech, and the first use he made of it, was in piteous tones, to deplore the downfall of the Established Church, and that the sun of England was set for ever!

"Not yet, sir," said Ryder, "this is nothing but a smoky fog, that will roll away presently. You are not hurt, I hope?"

This was more than he could hope or believe; but after his deliverers had carefully examined the state of his limbs, and ascertained that there were no bones broken anywhere, and when they had put up the shutters and secured the back door, and taken all the precautions they could against invasion of his retreat, they were obliged to leave him to recover at leisure. The street where he lived, was comparatively quiet, but as Edward walked on, he saw many respectable shops closing, and shutters being put up, wherever the inhabitants had an idea of being marked for annoyance. People were hurrying to their homes, talking eagerly of what was going on, and what they feared might still happen, and one, passing close to Ryder's elbow, said to his companion, "What a shame it is, to be sure! there's a whole gang of them gone off to break old Warden's windows, because he wouldn't vote for Kite: it is too bad, isn't it? but it is no business of ours."

"Marian! Marian!" thought Edward, and he rushed on: the crowd was growing thicker, and more excited, and it was with the greatest difficulty, when he reached the street where Warden lived, that he could struggle forwards at all. He heard the crash of stones, the hurrah of the mob, and the uproarious cheer of "Kite for ever! No Mowbray! No Templetonians! No aristocrats!" and then a sudden rush of the foremost against the door of the shop, that showed there was an intention of pillaging as well

as insulting. Maddened at the sight, Ryder struck right and left, and by stupendous exertions succeeded at last in making his way to the front. He found the work of plunder beginning vigorously: watches, clocks, and machinery—there was a general scramble; and a good deal had been carried off already. Edward rushed on, calling for Marian, but suddenly found his arm arrested, and that old Warden was close at his side, "She's safe, Ryder: I took care of that the first thing. She has taken her aunt to the Deanery. Do not get yourself into trouble about me: there is no help for it: I spoke to them, but they would not listen, so they must e'en do as they will. It is hard to bear, but I can bear it."

"It shall not, it must not be borne!" cried the young man, his indignant excitement heightened by this stoical resignation. "Here! here!" he shouted, springing forward and waving his hat, "all good citizens, all real Englishmen, help for Matthew Warden, the best citizen of Elchester!"

"Help for Matthew Warden!" was echoed in the crowd by many who had longed to interfere, but dared not begin. "We'll not allow pillaging! it's a shame! down with the thieves—down with them!" and the most resolute pushed their way on, and formed round Edward Ryder. He leaped upon the window sill, and turned on the rioters with a fierce energy that made the boldest draw back.

"What do you mean by this? what right have you

to attack an honest man, an industrious man; one who has worked hard all his life, a long life of toil and struggles, and always nobly, and always well? Is there one among you he has injured? is there one he has defrauded? is there one that can point a finger at him, and say, "I have a charge against that man?" Let such a one stand forward, and declare it now!"

There was a murmur: and more than one voice bore testimony that they knew no harm of the old man, but he wouldn't vote for Kite.

"Not vote?" repeated Ryder, spiritedly, "and who is there here that does not acknowledge an Englishman's best privilege, to vote as he pleases? I say, gentlemen of Elchester, is this British liberty, that our votes are to be bullied out of us by such treatment as this? I for one, am for standing up for our privileges, and every true man among you will do the same! A cheer, I say, for true British liberty, and for Matthew Warden, the first clockmaker of Elchester!"

The appeal was successful: the cry of the rioters was drowned in the cheering, and a determined charge was made, that cleared the shop and the street of the Wat Tylers, though too late to rescue a considerable portion of Warden's property, which had been carried off by the cooler hands, ever alert on these occasions. The people crowded round the old watchmaker, expressing their sympathy with a warmth that touched even his stoic nature: he bowed to them all, with

manly composure, but wrung young Ryder's hand with a quiet energy that showed how keenly he felt.

For he was a ruined man: he had seen his favourite works, his darling pieces of mechanism, broken or seized upon, before his eyes—his model of the new clock, his papers, his plans—all were gone, without his being able to point out the plunderers, who seemed to have known exactly where to search and what to lay their hands upon. Years would not suffice to repair the mischief, especially to one who had seen so many years already; and many a renowned stoic might have honoured the serenity with which the old man endured what would have crushed a less resolute spirit.

"Come in, Ned," he said, putting his arm in Ryder's, with more gentleness than he had ever shown to him, "my girl did not see this, thank Heaven! and it might have been worse. It won't do to attract more notice than we can help, so if you please, we'll put up the shutters, and keep the cold wind out, at any rate."

It so happened, that this was the day on which the Countess Moore was expected at the Deanery, and the Dean as soon as he heard of the disturbances in the streets, set off, unfit as he was for the exertion, accompanied by his servants, to meet and escort her safely home. But it had also happened, that the same train which conveyed Lady Moore, her nurse, her two men-servants, and her carriage and



horses, conveyed also the no less important freight of Miss Claribel, and her MSS: no publisher having been found sufficiently enterprising to risk print and paper in behalf of the regeneration of the human family. And as Miss Claribel, with the noble disregard of superior minds, had not taken the trouble to announce her return home, of course nobody expected her there; a circumstance which suddenly occurred to David when they were on the point of starting. Fortune favoured them in one respect: Lady Moore arrived at the station at the same time as themselves, and beckoned with a smile to David to enter the same carriage; a privilege to which Miss Claribel, intellectual as she was, was by no means insensible; and she laid herself out, with stupendous effect, to enlighten her mind by her sublime theories. Angel Moore, wrapped up in furs, reclined languidly in her corner of the carriage, without venturing to enter the lists with so formidable an opponent; and left the cause in the hands of nurse Hope, who being herself the widow of two husbands, was qualified to be a judge. The brisk skirmish that went on at every tranquil interval between these two, kept up with great spirit on both sides, served to beguile her attention during the journey; the very thing at which nurse Hope was aiming, and it stimulated her into keener repartee, and such vehement arguments as Miss Claribel had never encountered before. Whenever the contest grew keener than she liked, Lady Moore in-

terposed, on Miss Newton's side, so that the latter became firmly convinced she had made a convert, and at last begged permission to dedicate the work to her ladyship. Her ladyship, caught in the snare of her own politeness, could not but accept the honour, and did so with much grace, and a request that her name might be put down for a dozen copies : at which David rubbed his hands with glee, and nurse Hope held up her hands in feigned amazement.

"Anything to make her smile," she thought to herself. "If I believed it would do her good, I'd take a dozen myself, and read them too : I can't say more, I'm sure. This queer old lady is mad, that's a settled thing : quite mad. Well, perhaps she won't be violent ; so, after all, things might have been worse."

When they reached Elchester, Lady Moore insisted on taking her fellow-travellers in her carriage, and not all their protestations could prevent her ordering the coachman to drive first to Miss Claribel's door. By this arrangement she missed Dr. Eyre and his followers, and his anxiety at her non-appearance was very great. He feared there had been some new counter-plot to mar his hopes, but his alarm would have been greater if he had known the risk she ran.

To reach the freehold of the Newtons from the station, the carriage had to descend the steep street, and directly they turned down it they found themselves in a dense crowd. The coachman moved cautiously on, and for a little way without molestation : but presently

the mob began to shout, to crowd round the carriage, and to throw handbills and cockades against the glasses. The horses, already excited by the motion of the railway, began to grow restive. Lady Moore let down the front glass.

"What is it, Robert, can you see?"

"An election affair, my lady, I think, and they are breaking into a house."

"Kite for Elchester! No taxes! No Templetonians!" vociferated a score of voices as the carriage moved on.

"This is pleasant," said nurse Hope, smiling. "I dare say they will frighten the horses, and they will run away down the hill; but we shall not be much hurt, perhaps. There's no knowing."

"Oh, aunt, aunt!" screamed David, in agony, "it is your house they are attacking, and they are throwing Ned's paintings out of the window!"

It was too true, though with no personal intent against the great authoress herself. Edward's enemies, shrewdly judging that he would be on duty at Warden's house, and having, as they believed, a long score to rub off against the too skilful artist, had sent a detachment of the club to ransack his lodgings for caricatures, and avenge their offended dignity by destroying his easel. A resistance they had not expected greeted them at first in the person of Helen, who kept the door closed against all their efforts for some time, and, when obliged to retreat to the staircase, de-

fended it with a shower of missiles of various kinds and sizes, from a bootjack to a portmanteau, so valiantly as to entitle her to the honours of a capitulation. It won her nothing better, however, than the threat of a ducking, which she escaped by a charge into the midst of the enemy, worthy of Waterloo, overturning more than one by the impetus of the movement, and making good her retreat into the yard of the next-door neighbour.

"Never mind the girl," shouted the leading Wat Tyler; "follow me, and let's see what new caricatures are preparing for Christmas!" And at the moment our travellers approached the house he was in the act of holding up at the window an unfinished picture, recognised by David at once.

"Oh, Lady Moore, stop them! speak to them! It is Edward's favourite piece—it is his Samuel; they will spoil it, and what will he do? Oh, will nobody stop them?"

Lady Moore's window was down in a moment, and she was hanging half out of the carriage, with her purse in her hand.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen! save that picture! it is mine! I will pay you what you please. Oh, will you save it for me? Indeed, I will repay the favour—I am the Countess Moore."

The imploring voice, the graceful attitude, the beautiful countenance, half arrested the hands of the rioters before they knew who she was; nor could all

their republican principles resist the influence of the presence of rank and elegance. A few voices replied, "Yes, yes, you shall have it," and one, who had begun to grow ashamed of his part in the proceedings, dexterously caught it as it fell, and held it up to public view.

"This aint a caricature!" he called out. "I say, it's a very pretty thing, do you know. I should like it myself. It's a likeness—it's little Warden, the chorister!"

"So it is," said several others, and they began to push one another to get a glimpse of the picture, which a minute before they would have torn to pieces. "Upon my life, it's just him: aint it, now? I say, youngster, show your face this way a minute. Yes, here you are, larger than life; a little bit flattered, but that's nothing. Here you are," handing in the picture, "and we'll drink your ladyship's health as soon as you please."

Lady Moore threw them a couple of sovereigns, too thankful to escape so well; but those who were looking from the window set up a loud yell at this, as unfair and unconstitutional. "They do not wear the colours—they are not the right sort—don't let them pass—take off the horses—Kite for ever!" a roar that was caught up immediately by the crowd below, swayed by every fresh influence, and ready to follow the lead of the last speaker. Miss Claribel, whose courage had prompted her at first to alight, and make

an effort on behalf of her property, shrunk back at the ominous sounds: Lady Moore turned pale as death, and nurse Hope was just observing, "I dare say, now, they mean to upset us, there's no knowing," when the horses, maddened by the noise, and by one or two snatches at their bridles, burst from the driver's control, and set off down the hill full speed. The cry of consternation that burst from the spectators pursued the inmates as they were whirled along, and each read in the faces of the others the terror that none could suppress.

"Well, well," muttered nurse Hope, "at this rate, they must stop soon. We shall be overturned, I suppose: there's no knowing. Sit still, my dear, and don't faint: don't give way. It will all come right: the Lord will take care of you, darling. There, I said so: I knew we should get upset. Let all the windows down. Sit still, all of you: we shall do yet, please God."

The carriage had reached the bottom of the hill, and swept round the corner with fearful rapidity. The people fled in dismay on either side, or there would have been some severe accidents; but Warden's furniture, scattered about the street, was a more serious obstacle. The horses grew still more frightened; the wheels got entangled; there was a shock, a crash—and the carriage was down.

A crowd was round it in a moment. Edward Ryder was the first to cut the traces, and Warden to

speaking encouragement to the sufferers, of whom the uppermost was nurse Hope, and whose head presently appeared, rather ruffled, but still cheerful.

"If you'll just let me out, we shall do," she said; "it is all right: only be quick, for Lady Moore is fainting."

Help was rendered with all the energy of enthusiasm, and the Countess was about to be lifted out, when she faintly resisted the offered succour.

"The boy—the boy: he is the most hurt: take him first."

"You first, madam," said old Matthew, sturdily, lifting her as if she were an infant. "Do not be afraid: my arm is strong, though it is old. I wish I had never a heavier burden to carry than your ladyship."

"Oh, Mr. Warden! never mind me—it is your boy, your own David: go to him—do go to him!" and Angel Moore, to whom generous feeling supplied the place of strength, extricated herself from the old watchmaker's arms, and urged him on to the carriage.

The bystanders had just extricated Miss Claribel, and were raising David, who was quite insensible, with his arms clasped round Edward's picture. There was no blood, no sign of fracture, but his face was like that of a corpse, and a groan of horror burst from all who looked upon it. They thought the boy was dead at first. His father stood gazing upon him, with his hands clenching his white hair, paralysed

with this last blow, that stripped him of all in one day; but nurse Hope was prompt in taking another view of the matter.

“Don’t all crowd over him: he’ll be better presently. He’s no more killed than I am; he might have been, to be sure: but you’ll see, he will come to presently. Ah, that’s right, young gentleman, just take care of my lady; take her away, can’t you? Where is the Dean’s house? she will be much better there. And you, some of you that are gaping here instead of bustling about, where does a surgeon live? Quick, run and fetch one, and put this dear child to bed. It’s a frightful business, to be sure, but it might have been worse.”

Her orders were instantly obeyed, as far as they could be, and David was carried into his home, his own bedroom being at the back, where the stones had not reached the windows. His father and aunt attended him, and a surgeon was in the house in a few minutes. Warden, who had in part recovered his firmness, desired Ryder to see the Countess Moore safe into the Deanery, “and then,” he added, “you can bring back Marian. Break it to her gently: she will bear it best with you to comfort her. My boy!—my boy!”

News like these fly on the winds, and the Dean, who arrived before his guest, had just been met with the fearful intelligence that the mob had attacked Lady Moore’s carriage, and that Lady Moore was danger-



ously hurt. In all the agony of this stroke he was hurrying out to her rescue, when she herself appeared, leaning on Edward Ryder's arm, pale, trembling, and agitated, but otherwise safe and sound. With tears of joy and thankfulness he clasped her in his arms, and bade her welcome again and again. She could hardly speak; indeed it was only by the exertion of every nerve that she had kept herself from fainting; but a soft whisper fell on her old friend's ear, that he was not so deaf as to lose, and that thrilled the tenderest chord of his heart, "*Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and against thee.*"

The news of this accident, and the precarious condition of little Warden, made a great sensation in Elchester. The Wat Tyler club durst not meet for a week, and shunned the eye of the public as much as possible. Votes for Kite went down suddenly in the market, and the feeling appeared universal, by order, by sympathy, and by hearty goodwill, to wipe off the disgrace of the whole transaction from the reputation of the city. Some of the principal rioters were taken up and punished, and a vigorous search instituted after Matthew Warden's property, but without success. Among so many, it was impossible to swear to any particular aggressor, and it appeared too probable that some experienced thieves had mixed with the crowd, to seize the opportunity of plunder under cover of the political excitement of the rest. Next to the loss of

his plan and model of the new clock,—a loss that there was no time to repair,—it seemed that the old man felt most keenly one theft, that was comparatively small. Some one had carried off David's bird. It had been hanging up in the shop ever since its little master went away, the sight of it being more cheering to old Matthew than he chose to confess, and in spite of the weather, it had often surprised the neighbourhood by its song: but it was gone; no one knew how, no one had seen it taken. And all agreed that the chance of recovering so valuable a pet was very small indeed.

"It seems childish, womanish, to care about a little creature like that," was Warden's own apology to himself, when lamenting the loss with Marian, "but you remember how he loved it,—how it helped him to hope when he was downhearted,—and how he used to say, so long as Bully went on singing, he was sure Lady Moore would come back. And now she is come; and what can she do either for him or for me?"

The days passed on: and the boy regained consciousness, but his illness was trying and severe. Marian and his aunts were his nurses, and Mrs. Hope visited him frequently, and helped them all with her experience and activity: always beginning by a remark that it might end in typhus, or consumption, there was no knowing; but winding up by cheerful persuasions that it might have been much worse, and that he would soon be all right again. Whatever money could pro-

cure was supplied for his wants by the Countess's orders, and whatever care and kindness could do, was done for him by all his friends: and the surgeon gave hopes, only he must be carefully nursed, and kept from all excitement.

The shock on the nerves of the young Countess, in spite of her efforts at heroism, made her really ill for the first two or three days, during which time all that the ingenuity of her friends could devise was resorted to, in order to keep her cheerful and composed. Painful subjects were scrupulously avoided, and though there was a momentary agitation at the first sight of Miss Luton, the smile of the latter removed it at once. Angel felt their kindness, but it would not do: her burdened heart could find no rest until she had confessed the whole to the Dean, entreating his forgiveness for her neglect of himself; the only blessing she dared now ask at his hands. As to any interposition with Hervey Templeton, it was what she could not bear to think of, and he was forced to promise not to write, as he was eager to do. Templeton had sent him a few lines, requesting information about the accident, which had reached the London papers, and how her health had been since: but not a word of love, not a message of courtesy. He seemed to have sternly crushed every tender feeling, the moment she threw away his esteem; and to try to regain that love without esteem, would be worse even than losing both.

The Dean could not deny this, and he tried to feel

satisfied, and to be content to let things alone, and hope for the best. But this could not go on. It was too plain to the perceptions of all around her, that Angel Moore's punishment was heavier than she could bear: she might bow, and she did bow, submissively to the sorrow she had brought on herself; and she might acknowledge "it was good for her to be afflicted," when consoled by sacred reading, or religious ordinances, but the fact remained the same—her heart was breaking; sleep, appetite, spirits, all were gone, and every day gave more indelible evidence of their loss. The bright smile, the bird-like bursts of song were never seen or heard now: her smile was sadder than her tears, and the music of her soul was dead.

"This cannot, must not go on," said the Dean to Miss Luton at last, "the child will die before our eyes: die, as Ishmael must have done, without the angel's voice and the opened fountain: die of that unutterable thirst for a loved one's presence, that is woman's heaviest affliction. We have gained one point in bringing her here; she has assured me she has no wish whatever to leave us yet, and that she has given up all thoughts of Italy. That is something to be thankful for. If it had not been for that letter of poor little Warden's to his sister, about the evening he spent with her, I should never have written, I know: I felt too angry. But who could be angry with her now? Templeton could not, if he saw her as we do."

He looked at Miss Luton as he spoke, and saw in

her face she was entering into his idea. "Mr. Templeton cannot be sent for."

"Of course not," said Kate.

"And I have promised not to write."

"Then you cannot do it, of course."

"Then there is but one thing left, and we must set about that forthwith."

He saw her coming at this moment, so had only time to whisper his plan, which Miss Luton approving with a nod, left him to put in practice.

"Come here, my dear Angel," began the Dean, as she entered, "I want to have a little talk with you. Have you come to any settlement yet with young Mr. Ryder?"

Lady Moore coloured deeply: it was one of the thorns in her peace that she had neglected him so long: but she was only waiting now for an opportunity.

"Very well, that is all as it should be. You will do it gracefully, I know, my love: but there is one thing I wish you to take into consideration. Young geniuses are so much more sensitive about their fame than their fortune; it is often easier to heal a wound by a distinction than by a cheque. He is a young man of great merit, and deserving every encouragement: cannot you give him a little more employment?"

"Anything you can suggest; I am quite willing," said Lady Moore, "I am very anxious to be out of Mr. Ryder's debt, and should be glad to find some means of making him an apology."

"I think you approved Mrs. Eyre's portrait?"

"I think it admirable."

"Then I tell you what you shall do, my love," said the Dean, who, considering his dignity, certainly showed some artfulness here, "you shall sit to him, for me. You shall make me a present of your likeness, and let him have the benefit of taking it, and in that way you will please all parties. And I shall invite him to stay in the house till it is finished, so that you can choose your own hours, whenever you feel equal to the exertion. Thank you, my love."

The Dean took his hat and cane, the latter no elegant ornament, or magisterial ferule, but a sturdy well-tried support, such as his failing limbs required now; and set out for Matthew Warden's house, where he concluded young Ryder would most probably be found. The old watchmaker was hard at work in his usual corner, and the external injuries to the shop had been repaired; but a melancholy blank was visible in nooks and corners, formerly consecrated to choice pieces of mechanism, rare old watches, or valuable new ones: plundered on the day of the riot. Whether his thoughts were dwelling on his losses, or on the illness of his son, they were so absorbing, that the opening of the door failed to rouse Warden's attention, till addressed by name. Then he rose, bowing respectfully: for the Dean's character secured him respect, quite independent of his office.

"A sad clearing out there has been here, indeed!" said Dr. Eyre, after the first enquiries after David;

"it must be cruelly disheartening to you, Mr. Warden; I admire the perseverance with which you can resume your labours."

"My children must live, Sir: and as long as I have them to work for, I have an object. As you say, it is disheartening to an old man to have toiled in vain, and to find he has bitter enemies at a time of life when he most wants friends. But I deserved it, sir, I deserved it."

"How did you deserve it, my good friend? I mean at the hands of your neighbours? True, at God's hands we all deserve chastisement."

"Aye, sir, true enough, but it is not that I mean. I had set my heart on an idle ambition: I was proud of it; I thought too much of it. I was not content with plain honest labour, but I wanted to be spoken of, and looked up to. In short, sir, the idol I set up in my mind, was to make your new clock. I had an invention,—an improvement, I should say,—that would, I hoped, get me a name: but for that I sacrificed my time, my thoughts, my children's comfort,—even my custom: I can see it all now. I have had time, sir, lately, sitting by my poor boy's bed, to think over these things; and I feel how wrong I was. And now I am punished as I deserve, for my foolish vanity is overthrown, and the treasure I had by me, and prized so little—I may lose that too."

"I understood David was better, Warden. Miss Luton brought a favourable report yesterday."

"Miss Luton is very good, sir: she is always good. She has been the best friend my daughter ever had. But as to David—look here, Mr. Dean: it seems to me there are some children God picks out from among the rest, as he does Sunday from the days of the week, and puts them aside, and says to everybody who looks at them, 'Those are mine.' There's a holiness about them, a sweetness, a love of Him and His works and His word, that puts us men, and our sins and ignorance and hardness, quite to shame. And it's so with that boy of mine; and when I look at him, I feel he is only fit for the world of angels, and so I dare not hope to keep him here."

His wrinkled features worked with convulsive emotion, in the endeavour to speak with firmness: but looking up at his visitor, and seeing the tears of warm sympathy in his eyes, the father's agony would not be restrained, and his head dropped on the counter between his arms, as if he would shut out the light of day.

But there was one at hand, who seemed gifted with some inward instinct that told her at once when he needed comfort, and what kind to bestow. His daughter was by his side in a moment, and her arm thrown gently over him,—that slight arm, so strong in its tenderness, that had been his support and shelter so often!

"That's right, that's right," said the good Dean, kindly, "remind him of the blessing he has left,



Marian : there is no blessing like a pious and dutiful daughter when old age is creeping over us. Neither can you bring any stronger argument to convince him, there is work for childlike and heavenly natures in this world, as well as in the next. Tell him to hope there may yet be a harvest in which his latter days may rejoice, from the seed time of early piety that makes him tremble over his boy. Lift up your head, my friend," he continued, with impressive earnestness : "lift up your head, for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth : receive it then as love, and not as wrath. And bear with me a little, while I speak on what you so regret—your desire for reputation and distinction in your line of life. I have seen a great deal of such desires, Mr. Warden, as you know : and I hold that very ambition *to do best*—that 'little more,' of the Italian painter, to be implanted in noble minds by the Creator, to help them on to noble ends. Aye, I do : for I have seen it : I have watched that generous emotion dawn and glow till it broke through a cloud of bad habits that nothing else could have stirred. True, it may be perverted, it often is ; there is no gift of heaven that has not been :—but its intrinsic value is the same. We are accused of being a traffick-ing and money-loving race, Mr. Warden : and in part the accusation is true : let us not then, when we feel in ourselves, or see in the young about us, a spirited desire for superiority of work, independent of gain or guerdon, but the honest praise, which is the only

praise worth having; do not let us crush or scoff it away, as vain and idle: but let us use it as the means afforded for helping the world to grow better. And now, after this long sermon, talking of this subject brings me to another: where is your young friend Mr. Ryder, to day?"

"He was here just now, sir," said Warden, who had now regained his composure, "he went out to fetch something for David. He loves the child, sir: and he is a kind-hearted lad himself. But as I tell him, and this girl, Mr. Dean, and as you'll tell her too, I'm sure—it wont do for young things to marry without something to depend upon; and that's what his profession is not, and can't be. Now don't you begin to cry, Marian, or I've done: you know it's all true."

"Well, well," said the Dean, smiling at Marian, "time will show, Mr. Warden. I have great expectations of Mr. Ryder's success, I assure you: and as I have a sitter waiting for him, I must request he comes to me as soon as he possibly can. Meanwhile, if you will allow me, I should like to take a look at my little chorister."

And the Dean climbed to the top of the house, and laying aside hat and stick, sat by David's bedside, and talked to him gently and kindly, praised his patience, encouraged him to bear on cheerfully, told him little things he most wanted to know about the chants and anthems, and a little friend of his own, ill

at the further end of the town : and then prayed by him, with a paternal tenderness and simple fervour, that did more to calm the feelings of the wearied watchers around, than any consolation addressed to themselves. He was just going away, when the boy faintly called him back.

“ Please sir, was Lady Moore hurt ? ”

“ No, my child.”

“ Then she wont go away till I have seen her ? ”

“ I hope not.”

“ I wish I might send her my love ? ”

The Dean smiled, and promised to deliver it, and the boy seemed satisfied, for he turned and went to sleep.

Edward Ryder was returned by the time Dr. Eyre had descended, and walked home with him. What their conversation was, is not recorded, but the artist took up his abode at the Deanery that night, and put himself entirely at his kind friend's disposal.

And so through those quiet December days, a December so mild after the severity of the previous month, that the buds in Mrs. Eyre's garden had begun to shoot, under the delusion that it must be April ; one dream of beauty filled our artist's soul, the image of Angel Moore. It was a glorious study, that beautiful face and form, with the languor of a silent grief just hovering over its radiance, like the mist about the rising sun : grief that had only added to the freshness of youth the tone of sensibility that goes direct to the

heart of the beholder : that had tempered the careless vivacity of spirits into a sweet thoughtful gentleness, more lovely far. And Edward gazed, and studied, and worked, and dreamed over and of his picture, till he well nigh forgot the object for which it was wrought, and lost sight of the original in his own ideal.

It was finished at last, and everybody pronounced it perfect. Even old Warden was warmer than usual when admitted for a view, though he still, when pressed by the successful artist, maintained his old ground, that it was only *beautiful*—not *useful*. The Dean advised him to suspend judgment on that question, till he was quite certain he was right.





## CHAPTER X.

**I**T was Christmas Eve, the opening of England's best loved festival, when winter looks bright in London, and the world of labour ceases to roll. The season of meetings and rejoicings, and family bonds drawing closer, and family differences melting away: when those who have many blessings pause to count them over, and those who have few, for awhile forget their scarcity: that hallowed time, endeared from infancy, as the spring of the Christian year: full of budding promise, and fresh hopes, and new life to the winter of the soul. Christmas Eve! . . . when the clerk bids adieu to his desk, and the teacher to his class, and the shopman to his counter, and the workman to his bench, his forge, or his loom: the jubilee trumpet, that bids the weary rest for once in the year, in the middle of his six days' toil: never was a season when it is more precious to be near those we love—more terrible to feel that they are lost!

The shadow of that heart desolation, which gathers round the ruin of an idolised image, lay darkly on that

sacred vigil, on the brow and spirit of Hervey Templeton. Friends had dined at his house; and talked of what they should do on the morrow; had been full of their own plans and schemes, and friends and homes; and had left him wishing him a merry Christmas; and dispersed to be ready for night trains, or early coaches, lest the fond, perhaps the bright eyes, waiting for them, should be defrauded of an hour. His private secretary, a struggling cadet of a ruined lineage, had gone home to cheer his mother and sisters with stories of the great minister's kindness, and persuade his dark-eyed cousin to believe they should soon be rich enough to marry: clerks, messengers, servants—all had their plans of enjoyment—he had none. To him, the return of this hallowed season was fraught with a bitter remembrance, peculiarly its own: for the last had been spent with Angel Moore, in the first glow of mutual love and confidence: a vision of happiness so exquisite, as maddened him now, but to think upon.

“Only a twelvemonth ago, and she was mine, heart and soul, my own, my treasure, my idol—oh, how I loved her!—and now,

‘I am shamed through all my nature, to have loved so slight a thing.’

“Madly weak—perversely wilful—unkind, untrue—I will think of her no more!” He kept his resolution a few minutes, and endeavoured to fix his thoughts on one of the subjects canvassed that evening, the erec-

tion of a new School of Design for poor students : but the very suggestion of art and beauty threw him back on his own lost ideal ; and in the bitterness of his heart, he vowed he would believe in the beautiful no longer. For of what avail could it be to those he wished to elevate, if they were taught to follow a deceitful meteor, that would leave them at last in darkness and disappointment, even as it had left *him* ?

“ No ! ” he continued, pacing to and fro in his deserted dining-room with impatient strides, “ no ! let them doubt ! let them distrust ! let them cultivate the sneer, the sting, the poison of satire, and fence their imaginations from beauty !—they cannot do it too securely, or too soon ! Blind that I was, in my fancied wisdom and penetration, to believe in that angelic exterior, and take for granted the perfection within ! But it is over ; the lesson is learned, and never, never to be effaced again ! ”

His old servant, whose attachment to his master was his most attractive quality, as his bluntness and perverseness made him at times rather a trying companion ; interrupted this reverie by announcing that he had lighted the lamp in the library, upstairs, and put the papers and letters all ready, according to orders.

There was something unusually excited in old John’s manner, which his master could not help commenting on, though it was difficult for John to do wrong. “ Have you much company below this evening ? ” he asked, drily, as he ascended the stairs.

"Well, sir, there are your old pensioners, the two soldiers, and the one-eyed mate, and the old folks, all drinking your health in the kitchen; and there's another lot on 'em in the servants' hall, a trying it on with snap-dragon; and there's a bevy of young button-hole makers have been brewing tea in Mrs. Stokes's parlour ever since five o'clock. And what with them all, and the beef, and the coals, and the flannel, and the half-crowns, I'm at my wits' end, to be sure."

"That terminus is soon reached, John, by those who live so near it as you do. Any parcels or messages left to-night?"

"Well, sir," said John, deliberately, stopping to cough behind his hand, "I won't pretend to say there mightn't be a parcel."

"Which means there is one: from where?"

"That's more than I know, sir."

"From whom, then?" repeated Mr. Templeton, with marvellous patience.

"That's more than I can take upon me to decide, sir."

"What is it, then, John? for I see you have examined it already?"

"Well, sir, that's just what I daren't presume to name."

"Oh! something uncanny, perhaps?" said his master, smiling, for John was renowned for his ghost stories, and fairy gifts, in all of which he was reported to be a firm believer.

"Well, I should rather say it *was*, sir."



John's hand was on the library door: he hesitated a moment to turn the handle. His master, indulgent as he was to his humours, could just then ill bear any extra irritation, and signed to him to move out of the way. The old man, agitated between dread and exultation, fumbled over the lock: Templeton put him hastily aside, and pushed open the door.

Was it indeed a fairy vision,—a spirit guest,—or a midnight dream? whence did it spring from the earth, that face of eloquent loveliness, meeting his own, eye to eye, pleading for audience in the name of its altered nature, or its drooping sadness, or its shadowy, pensive smile?—He stood as one transfixed; his resolution, his firmness, his resentment, rolling away, like the mists from a mountain's crest.

That would have been a proud triumph for the artist, could he have been there to witness it. But such moments are not for other eyes to watch; and even rough old John, as soon as his master started back, had the delicacy to close the door behind him, and leave him to gaze on it alone.

Now was Hervey Templeton's time to prove to himself that his judgment was correct, and his resolves sincere. Now was he to show that his faith was dead in woman, and that his vision was too keen for beauty. Now or never, if consistency was his object, must he show it at once, by turning his back on that radiant image, and suffering Art and Memory to plead in vain. He could not do it: the sight of her face, so changed,

yet still so touchingly the same,—the mute appeal of her presence there, inviting him to be reconciled,—woke up in his soul the passionate yearning, he had imagined quelled for ever. No, that smile was not cold . . . those eyes could not be heartless . . . that seraph beauty could not clothe an empty mind, or a low worldly spirit : mistaken, misguided, impetuous she might be ; but she was Angel Moore still :—more fascinating with all her faults, than any other woman without them : and come what might, false or true, loving or cold, he would put her to the test yet once more. The Dean's card in the packing-case showed where she still was, and Templeton knew enough of his old master, to feel convinced of the motive that had induced the experiment. If Dr. Eyre had thought her unworthy of his remembrance, he would not have been at such pains to fix her there : and if Angel Moore was still careless or resentful, she could never look like this.

The feasters in his buttery and hall were startled in the midst of their gaiety by the loud ringing of the library bell ; and John, just in the act of squeezing the lemons into the punch-bowl, was in such a hurry to answer it, he ran with one in his hand. He almost feared to find his master ill, and could scarcely have been more startled if he had, than he was when he met him in the gallery. His eyes were bright with animation, and his manner, usually so calm, excited and impatient.

"Is there a train to-night, John? Quick!"

John flew down stairs, flung the lemon through the stair-case window, and in an incredibly short space, returned, bawling, "No, Sir! Six to-morrow morning—stops at principal stations—Elchester 9. 15."

"Then pack my bag to-night, call me at five, and have the carriage ready for that train; do you hear? Good night, John; enjoy yourselves while you can: a happy Christmas to you."

And Templeton shut his study door, and turned to the heap of labour laid out for him, as if it was morning, and all his work yet to begin; and the hours of night passed, and beheld him toiling on, with the soft eyes of that marvellous picture watching, and cheering him still.

The breakfast hour at the Deanery was later on Christmas day than usual, for the Dean had a complete levee of pensioners that kept him for nearly two hours: and then there were family prayers, and in his exposition of the daily Scripture, he was perhaps a little more diffuse than was his wont, in his earnestness to persuade all his hearers that "*the joy of the Lord was their strength*;" an argument intended for all, but specially aimed at that young, stricken spirit, that was in such deep want of its quickening power. But when the party went at last into the breakfast parlour, there was a pretty commotion, and not at all to be wondered at. For there, on a table in the win-

dow, was a huge basket, brimming over with lovely parcels, tied up so invitingly, and ticketed so distinctly, there was nothing left for anybody to do, but to rush in and take violent possession.

“ Oh ! that’s marked Rosa, and that’s for Mary, and that’s for me—do give it me ! and here’s something for Miss Luton, and for grandpapa, and grand-mama too—everybody has got something ; everybody but Lady Moore ! Oh ! why is there not something for her, too ? ” And then such frantic struggles with knots, such pitiless waste of good brown paper, such desperate onslaught with sharp breakfast knives, to cut the string, in spite of the moral lesson contained in “ Waste not, want not,” as nearly was the death of good Mrs. Eyre. So Lady Moore and Miss Luton hastened to disarm the joyous proprietors ; and then speedily appeared such charming presents as nobody had ever dreamed of even hoping for ; much less having entirely for her own. And there was such a beautiful shawl for Mrs. Eyre, so light that Mary could carry it, so warm it would defy even the chills of the Cathedral : and some books for the Dean, in costly binding, of a rare edition and hopeless type, that made the good old gentleman’s eyes glisten as much as the children’s : and a dressing box for Kate Luton, elegant and useful, and full of contrivances for making more space than could be believed in, unless you saw it, and little excuses for putting in something more, that would take the possessor some time to find out :—

everything exactly what everybody most wished for, and the very best of its kind. But there was nothing for Lady Moore—what a hard thing that was ! Little Mary felt so sorry for the mortification she must be enduring, that she brought her her new Noah's Ark, with all the animals designed by artists, and of a size perfectly alarming, and begged she would take her choice of them all, so long as she did not mind not having the lion or the monkey, or the cat, that looked so much better than life: a real fur cat, and no ill-natured claws to spoil your pleasure in stroking it.

"Ah!" said Dr. Eyre, wiping the dew off his glasses, "I begin to suspect Lady Moore's Christmas present came before ours. I begin to think she has received the gift of a kind, generous, feeling heart, that has its greatest delight in giving pleasure to others. But my child," he continued, drawing her fondly to his arms, "how often have I told you I will not have you do all this for me?"

"Lady Moore has given all the things ! and that's why there is nothing for her: oh, how kind—what a darling she is!" was the juvenile chorus, echoed in more measured, though not less earnest tones by the eldest. Kate Luton felt her share of the attention deeply; for thoughts of her old home, her buried parents, her widely scattered kindred, her two brothers, one in the navy, with a hopeless desire for promotion; the other, a curate, with a large family, equally hopeless of a living—had come, notwithstanding all the cheer-

ing influence of a Saviour's nativity, to shadow the serenity of her looks that morning. No Christmas holidays for Kate: she had nowhere to go: Charles was at sea, and Herbert lived too far off: and in the yearning for family faces, and the sound of her Christian name, that she could not subdue, the gift of Lady Moore, and the look of earnest, touching regard that accompanied it, came most seasonably to cheer her spirits.

Peace being at last restored, and the happy children sent off to boast of their riches in the nursery, and cross-question Mrs. Hope, on whom Lady Moore laid everything, the elders sat down to breakfast; but were not long left undisturbed. First Johnstone, slightly fluttered, summoned out his master; then the Dean sent for Mrs. Eyre; and then they both sent for Miss Luton: and while the Countess was wondering whether they should ever breakfast at all, and what could be the meaning of all this, the Dean came back alone.

"No peace this morning, my love, you see: first one thing, then another, and now *you* are wanted for a minute. Will you come?"

"What can *I* be wanted for?" asked the Countess, rising immediately, but only supposing there was some little festive surprise in store, and resolved to be as much surprised as possible.

"I believe I was wrong in settling your Christmas present had come so early," said the Dean, as he led

her towards his study, "I suspect there will be something turning up for you after all." He placed her in his own arm-chair, and she felt his hand tremble with nervousness. "Oh, Dr. Eyre, what is the matter, what is coming?"

"A Christmas gift, my child; the first of blessings—peace, love, reconciliation. My prayers are heard—I shall see you happy at last before I die."

Angel Moore sprang from her seat, with a cry of mingled hope and terror; there was a tall figure in the door-way, and a face on which she dared not look. A few seconds of almost unconsciousness, and then she found herself alone with Hervey Templeton, and pressed wildly to his heart. There was no coldness or dignity of pardon—all the strong passion of his earnest nature was pouring itself forth in the gush of tender love with which he again and again repeated her name: dearer to him than ever—lovelier in his eyes than ever—never, never to be torn from him again. But she glided from his embrace before he could stop her, and sank down upon her knees.

"No," she said, repelling his eager efforts to prevent the humiliation, "no! let me make peace with my own conscience, which will not be satisfied with less. When I woke from my dream of folly, and saw what I had done, I vowed to myself, Hervey, that whenever I met you again, I would entreat your pardon at your feet, even if you spurned and rejected me. All of which you accused me was true: self-will,

vanity, carelessness, neglect—all but want of love to you. I did not show it in my conduct, I do not deserve that you should believe me: but your anger broke my heart, Hervey, and if you forsake me, I shall die!”

His powerful arm would be master now: he raised her from the ground, and supported her standing: and compelled her to turn her eyes to his, those eagle eyes, that faction dreaded, and before which intrigue and treachery ever shrunk, unveiled. And there they read each other's hearts, with no whisperer to come between them; and they could give themselves up fearlessly to the conviction, of being mutually loved and trusted in. For Templeton knew at once that she spoke the truth, for all that fashionable gossip had told him to the contrary: and more than once, during the explanations that followed, in the first delight of returning confidence, when there seems no end to the questions, the solutions, the regrets, the assurances, by which the tangled past is made smooth,—did it occur to his upright mind, that young, inexperienced, and tempted as this slight being was, in the snares and storms of life, he had perhaps failed in his post of watcher, and judged her too harshly and too soon. And something of this he began to express, but she would not allow him to go on.

“Do not attempt to weaken the lesson I have received: do not be too indulgent to me, Hervey; I am too weak and vain to bear it. It has been a terrible



warning; but when one is happy again the recollection of pain soon passes: and if ever I am to become, what now alone I would live for—a worthy companion for the first of men, it can only be by a humble remembrance of all that I must have lost, but for God's mercy, and his!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Is it really Christmas Day, Marian?" said David, as she sat by his bedside that morning while her father went to church: "it feels so mild, it is almost like spring. Do open the window, just for one minute."

Marian covered him with a shawl, and then complied with his request. It was indeed remarkably mild for the time of year, and she lingered by the open window to enjoy the fresh air, and listen to the Cathedral chimes, that were ringing out their welcome to the most beloved of days. "How sweet the bells sound!" she exclaimed, turning to David; when to her consternation, she saw he had hid his face. She ran to him immediately, and took his head on her shoulder. "What is it, darling? are you in pain?"

"No," sobbed the boy, "no, it isn't that, Marian. But I do so long to be there again, and the bells seem to be calling me, and I cannot go. And I shall have no voice to sing with, even if I get well, I am afraid: the doctor said I must not try for a long, long time; and what shall I do, Marian, if I am never to be a chorister again?"

"David, darling, do not murmur: you have been

so patient and good, I am sure you will try and take this patiently too: God is so good and loving to us, should we not bear our little troubles to please Him?"

"But, Marian, it is because I cannot serve Him in the Cathedral that I am so sorry."

"Well, dear, but if He chooses you should not, will not you try and serve Him somewhere else? Do not you remember that line of poetry Edward repeated one day, of Mr. John Milton's, who wrote that great poem when he was blind—

'They also serve, who only stand and wait?'

"Yes, I do. I like the sound of that. I will try and stand and wait, or lie and wait, rather, as I cannot quite stand yet. How nice it is, Marian, when people write things one can remember, just when one has no good ideas of one's own handy. Mr. John Milton never thought his line of poetry would fit my case so well, I dare say. O Marian, what a thing it would be if I should ever make anything, write any music, suppose,—which would be a help to other people years after my death! Do you think I should know it when I was an angel?"

Marian could not tell him: but she believed that people would be all the happier in heaven for leaving comfort and help behind them for others: and she agreed with him, it was the best and noblest thing in the world to try for. She knew that Edward thought so too, and he had told her it was for that very pur-

pose poetry, music, and painting had been given by God to the world, and that whoever employed them to hinder people from growing better, instead of helping them, was like a traitor who betrayed his trust. They both agreed anything would be better than that; and then they talked of what David might be able to do, when he got well, even if he was not strong enough to sing, or could not regain his place in the Cathedral. He would learn music thoroughly, as Mr. Belton had said he should: and he would study composition, and try manfully to excel, that he might some day compose anthems and church music, that would be the joy to others, they had been to him. David confessed he had murmured about the loss of his post, and had not been quite able to forgive Mr. Dance, or to feel as kindly as he should to good-natured Monsieur Valmont: but now, if Marian would get the Prayer book, he would like to say the morning prayers with her, and ask forgiveness for all his bad feelings. The Cathedral bells had stopped, so the service must be just beginning, and it would be something like being at church, after all.

Marian did all he wished, and afterwards read him a hymn from a book Miss Luton had given her, beginning with these words,

“ Wake me to-night, my mother dear,  
That I may hear  
The Christmas Bells, so soft and clear,  
To high and low glad tidings tell  
How God the Father loved us well.” KEELE.

When her brother, much refreshed and happier in mind, had at last fallen asleep, Marian went down stairs to see after her father's dinner, and be ready to receive him with a cheerful report. That he would bring a visitor with him was by no means improbable: and Marian was more anxious on the subject than usual. For the fact was, though she would not acknowledge it even to herself, ever since Edward Ryder had begun Lady Moore's portrait, he had hardly seemed to have a minute to spare: his visits were hurried, and his manner much more absent than usual, as if he was always thinking of his picture, even when he was not doing it. It was very natural, perhaps: and Lady Moore was so kind, and so very beautiful, and dressed so elegantly—it would be very strange if Edward did not admire and speak of her: and of course he was anxious the portrait should succeed, and she was wrong and silly to think anything about it:—Marian had said this over to herself a dozen times, and she said it now: but it mattered not: the secret trouble would lurk there still, and nothing but the sight of his face, frank and affectionate as ever, would finally root it out.

A hand was on the door: she flew to open it—Matthew Warden entered alone.

"Well, my child, how is David?"

"Quite comfortable, father: and asleep," said Marian, smiling as cheerfully as she could.

"Thank God for that mercy. Ah, it is no use looking out, my girl: Mr. Ryder is not there."

"Is he coming, father?"

"That is more than I can say: I asked him, and we were just going out together when my Lady Moore turned round, and beckoned him, with such a smile as I have not seen on her face since she came; and of course he went off directly."

Marian turned to hang up her father's great-coat, and found a speck of dirt that required a great deal of rubbing and brushing, so that she did not show him her face again for some minutes.

"The service was very fine," continued Warden, "and the Dean gave us a sound, good sermon; all that wasn't Greek—I missed my boy's voice, as I always shall; but Mr. Dance shook hands with me very civilly after service, and hoped he was better: and promised to call upon me very soon. I was going to make peace between him and Ned Ryder, only he ran after my Lady, and then it was too late. What's the matter with you, Marian? Come here this minute, child, and let me see your face."

The face could not be hidden now: burning as her cheeks were with shame at her own weakness, the tears would run down, and Marian could not stop them. She had had a great deal to try her lately in the constant nursing of David, and this little disappointment overthrew the equanimity that had borne so many heavy ones.

"I feared it would come to this, I always feared it!" said Warden sorrowfully, "but young heads will not

believe old ones know life better than they do. I feared he would not hold out long, if a fairer face and higher blood came in his way. It's the nature of them all, my girl, though it's bitter for you to feel it now. And it's just what his profession must lead to, studying handsome faces, and dancing attendance on great people, which he must do to get patronized: I always told him so—but I own, I believed at last he meant what he said."

"Oh! so he did, father! he is all that is kind and true and good: it is all my fault for expecting more than I should; it is indeed," pleaded poor Marian, "it is only that I was looking forward to his being here all to-day: but it does not signify, he must be attentive to my Lady Moore, and she has been so kind to us, and David loves her so; it is very wrong of me to be so foolish on Christmas Day. I have quite done, and my aunts will soon be here, and we must be ready, so now be quick, father dear, and get out your best brandy for me to set the pudding on fire."

Warden shook his head, but his daughter would not stay to hear a word more. She bustled about her hospitable cares as if there was no such thing as vexation, and no such person as Lady Moore, and if the choking in the throat would prevent her talking, the plates and spoons made double noise to cover her silence. Presently arrived her aunts, in holiday garb and with them to her greatest surprise, M. Oscar Valmont. A general invitation from Miss Claribel, when in town, had

occurred to him opportunely, when he was at a loss where to spend his Christmas, and he had appeared by the first train just in time for breakfast: and the ladies had ventured to assure him of a kindly welcome at their brother-in-law's table. After what David had said, Marian could not but receive him kindly, though her father looked ominously grave: and Oscar took all the rest for granted. He flung himself into her service instantly, helped her in her preparations: fetched chairs, heated plates, and made himself surprisingly useful, talking all the time, and whenever Miss Claribel could hear him, expatiating on the Spartan repasts, the classic fare on which the human family would thrive, when Parthenocracy was in the ascendant, and man's sway banished from the culinary republic.

A quick step on the pavement, a brisk rap on the door, and Marian's heart was leaping with agitation. Edward bounded in, flung his hat to the ceiling, whence it rebounded on Oscar's head, caught Marian by both hands, and covered them with kisses.

"I have won you, Marian, I have won you, as I vowed I would! Our trials are over, my beloved, faithful one: and now at your father's hand I claim his plighted promise!"

But Marian, between anxiety and joy, remorse and delight, could hardly stand, and it was necessary to go to work more soberly. So Oscar was turned out of the parlour without ceremony, in spite of his protestations; a glass of water gave Marian a little colour,

and then Edward fetched in old Warden, and insisted on being heard.

"It is from Lady Moore herself," he said, "I have permission to tell you all. She had offended Mr. Templeton, and he would not forgive her: he resolved to see her no more, and fancied his love was gone; and as you saw, her heart was breaking with the sorrow. The Dean proposed to me to try what my art could do, and spurred my ambition to achieve this glorious conquest. I tried, oh, how I tried!—night and day I gave myself up to the subject; I watched every expression, every feature, every line of her face, that I might draw it with truth, so as to speak straight to his heart. And it *did* speak, Marian—and directly he saw it, his pride melted, his love returned, and he came this morning, and they are happy again: so happy, it makes one's heart glow to see them: and it was to tell me this Lady Moore called me to her just now. Now, Mr. Warden, as a man of honour and justice, can you fairly say Art is never of use? You promised me Marian's hand when I could maintain her, and when I could do something useful: this pocket-book will show you how rich I am growing—Mr. Templeton will bear witness to the rest!"

"Mr. Templeton!" repeated Warden, slowly, turning a glance on his daughter, in which was mingled considerable satisfaction with a little embarrassment, "and was that then Mr. Templeton himself, in the Dean's pew, who walked with my Lady Moore?"



"Yes, none other but himself: our great, patriotic Templeton. Oh, Marian, dearest Marian, have you not a word for me after all?"

Then Marian's emotion burst forth: she could not restrain it any longer, and as her sobs made her confession almost inarticulate, her father was obliged to come to her assistance, and frankly acknowledge they had both done him wrong.

"I am a man of few words, Mr. Ryder, as you know, but those few shall be true ones, as long as I have breath to speak them. I have seen you tried, and you have borne it well. And if it is as you say, and your portrait has done such a wonder as that, it follows, that old as I am, and young as you are, I was wrong, and you were right. I have learned a good deal lately, Ned: and what's more, I have learned to own it: I shall not forget how you stood by me in the riot. God bless you, my lad: there's my hand; a hard-working one, but an honest; and there is one dearer still," putting Marian's into that of Ryder; "and it is all I have left in the world to give you: but I give it you with all my heart."

And with all his heart Edward Ryder received it, though he had considered it his own a long time ago; and he would not hear a word of Marian's self-reproaches, but began to expatiate on the immense fortune he was about to make, and the sums he had made already, and the absolute necessity for setting up house-keeping on the spot, and even hinted at the day being

fixed ; but Christmas dinners must be attended to, even when people want to be married ; Oscar was putting it on the table, in spite of all Miss Claribel could say, and it was imperative that Marian should fly to the rescue, if she wished her cookery to do her credit. Their little help-mate in the kitchen, a meek young Briton from an orphan asylum, was standing in helpless alarm at this foreign invasion ; and the most outrageous infringement of British culinary laws was on the verge of perpetration, when the young mistress appeared and took matters into her own hands.

That would have been a very happy Christmas dinner, if David could but have been of the party : but David was getting better every day, and he was quite well enough to be told the good news, and rejoice. And first one and then another, came to sit with him by turns, and keep him quietly amused, and Mr. Dance actually called after evening service, to enquire how he went on, and bring him a bag of oranges : and made friends with Warden completely, and spoke very handsomely to Ryder about his behaviour in the riot, and was magnanimously civil, though distant, to Oscar. And being informed of the domestic event just proclaimed through the household, was pleased to drink a full glass of wine to the healths of the betrothed, and wish them all manner of happiness and success. It came out afterwards, that the Dean had been speaking to him about them in private ; had shown him the notice in the paper, of the Elcheater sketches, which

proved how truly the artist had appreciated his subject ; and partly by soothing, partly by gently rebuking the partiality of the verger, had brought him to a conviction of his own injustice. And Mr. Dance, a well-meaning man at heart, thought such an attention as he was showing them now, an ample amends and apology for all he had ever said or done. His advances were well received ; Edward shook hands with him with great cordiality, and apologised at the same time for any hasty expression he might have used in the heat of argument, and confessed, when he was so critical on Elcheſter Cathedral, he did not know half its beauties, nor that he ſhould ever love it ſo well : but that now he could quite underſtand the partiality of all its officers, and even Mr. Dance's affection could hardly outſtrip his own. Whereat Mr. Dance again ſhook hands with him, and prophesied he would be an honour to the city. Oscar followed on the ſame key, and made ſuch a long ſpeech in praiſe of Elcheſter, in general, and in compliment to Mr. Dance in particular, as fairly won that gentleman's ſuſceptible heart ; and when he finally begged permiſſion to take his likeness the next day, and blot out, as well as he could, the affront he had offered before, by exhibiting his features to the public in their own ſtriking benignity, the good verger was quite in a flutter of ſatisfaction, and conſented as modestly as if the happineſs of the nation depended upon it. When he roſe to go, Oscar inſiſted on walking part of the way with him.

"Ah, Mr. Warden," said the verger, as he took leave, "I am very sorry now, we shall not have your plan for the clock: for I am convinced your apprentice Greenlow—"

"Don't name him, sir, if you please," said Warden, his face flushing, "don't name him! He wasn't engaged in the riot, they say: but he has never been to enquire after David, never looked me in the face since. A lad I treated like a son! It is Christmas day, sir, and I wish to feel kindly to everyone, so I would rather not think of Tim at all."

Mr. Dance departed, but the opportunity was too fair, of giving Tim a lecture, so he walked straight to his shop. Oscar accompanied him to the door, and then sauntered about according to custom, wishing people would not shut up their shops on fête days, and longing for an invisible coat, by which he could slip in, and caricature them all unseen. Gaunt and Greenlow's back premises looked into a narrow passage, down which the young Frenchman turned by way of variety, just as the slipshod attendant of the firm, opened a back door to admit the milkman. The milkman being in a jovial mood, wished her a merry Christmas, and this opening led to more conversation, and Oscar was watching them with a vulture's eye, when his ear was caught by a whistle he remembered at once: the first three bars of Weber's last Waltz, and the last five of God save the Queen. The milkman heard it too, but his musical ear being of a different quality, he only

asked, "Who's that a tuning up so lively? One o' your Wat Tylers turning loyal, eh?"

"They're always making some noise or other," growled the old woman, and she closed the colloquy hastily: but not in time to prevent Oscar from forming a tolerable guess as to the whereabouts of the imprisoned singer.

He laid his plans accordingly.

"And after all," said Mr. Templeton, as the party at the Deanery were sitting round the fire that evening, "what is the name of that clever artist of yours, Doctor? I never heard it distinctly from any of you, and it is a name I shall set down in letters of gold."

"Before you do that," said the Dean, signing the others to be silent, "I have something to say to you, Templeton. The right hon. gentleman being in his place, I wish to ask him a question, perhaps two or three."

Mr. Templeton stretched out his legs, leaned back in his chair with folded arms, and looked as unpromising a subject for inquisitive curiosity as could well be imagined.

"Only look at him," said Angel Moore, much amused, "he supposes we are going to entrap him into a hasty exposure of his foreign policy and home resources. Do convince him quickly, my dear Dean, that those are the last things any of us are likely to be inquisitive about."

"As to *convincing* a statesman," said the Dean, drily, "that is a mere form of speech. Burke tried it and failed.

'He talked of convincing, while they thought of dining,'

and I have not ambition enough to attempt what great Edmund found impossible."

"Admirably begun, my dear sir," said Mr. Templeton, without moving from his composed attitude, "I await your questions."

"Then have you any objection to tell me whether you are not in the habit of assisting young artists privately, with money, and means of improvement?"

"That he cannot deny," said Lady Moore.

Mr. Templeton admitted the fact.

"And among these young men, did you ever meet with one of the name of Ryder?"

"Ryder? an officer's son? yes." Templeton's radiant brow became dark.

"I was sure of it, I was sure of it!" cried the Countess, eagerly, "I knew it was the same! Now do tell us all you know of him."

"If it is the same," said Hervey, gravely, "I fear there has been some great error somewhere. All I know of him I will tell you at once. Some time ago, among other applications, I received one from this young man's father, a retired officer: describing himself as dying of a lingering complaint, without means of providing for his son, and sending me a specimen

of the boy's talent for drawing. The letter was short, manly, and touching. You may suppose among the numbers I receive, I am forced to discriminate: and this struck me at once. I inquired about Captain Ryder's character, and heard everything to his credit. The boy's drawing was surprising for his years: and I thought I would try the experiment on him I had begun with a few others: I would enable him to try, if the true artist spirit was in him. But I knew how fatal to the exertions of a young beginner would be the notion of a powerful patron: and I provided against all possibility of his discovering my name. Time went on, he seemed to be going on well—every specimen sent through my lawyers showed improvement, and though I had very little time to think of him at all, I was so far satisfied, I hoped a real genius had been saved for England. But a few weeks back, I heard from my solicitor, that a young man had called from Mr. Ryder, the artist, and had, in the most insolent and unheard of manner, put in a claim to some money or property he supposed was kept back from him: declaring no one ever paid a pension who had not some reason for it, and threatening legal proceedings. The paltry ingratitude, mean covetousness, and vulgar impertinence of such a measure decided me at once: I stopped his pension, and never wished to hear his name again."

"Then for once you judged too hastily," said the Dean, and he at once explained the whole affair, and the bitter distress of young Ryder at the folly of his

friend. And then he called on Miss Luton, as the one who knew him best, to tell all she knew in his favour, which she did warmly. From all the evidence they could bring forward, it was clear, that so far from being unworthy his benefactor's kindness, Edward Ryder had in every way justified his expectations, and finally rendered him the noblest recompense in his power, by making the genius his generosity had fostered, the instrument of blessing to himself. And Lady Moore confessed, with tears in her eyes, that after deluding the young man with brilliant prospects of patronage, she had in her numerous engagements, forgotten him altogether, until she saw his paintings in the Winter Gallery: she had done what she could, since, by way of amends—but it would be the greatest comfort if Hervey would take it in his own hands: it was an act of justice, and no one could do it so well.

No one could. Mr. Templeton gave the strongest proof of his love of justice that a man in his position and reserved habits could give. He went alone the next morning to Ryder's lodging, and had an explanation, face to face. He frankly acknowledged both the benefaction and the hasty judgment that had caused its withdrawal: and perhaps in his whole career had scarcely ever received more gratifying homage than in the enthusiastic reverence with which Edward expressed his gratitude and devotion. That one he had admired at a distance, as a soldier might his distinguished commander, should prove to be the tutelary



genius, who had cheered his father's last moments, and opened the road of honour to himself, was, indeed, enough to kindle enthusiasm in a less ardent nature than our hero's; and his beaming eyes, his glowing cheeks, his faltering utterance, spoke his feelings more eloquently than the most fluent speech. Mr. Templeton, who had meant to stay but ten minutes, remained nearly an hour, and indulged, as he seldom had time to do, in a full discussion of the arts he loved so well. Grateful to the young painter, not only for the performance that had wrought such a marvel, but also for affording him that rare and precious satisfaction, the sight of a benevolent purpose justified by success—the minister's dignity relaxed more and more; the quiet habitual composure of manner warmed into a nearer semblance of his younger days, before bitter experience had dimmed his hopes, or weakened his trust in man. The strong lines softened, the brow grew smoother, the eye relaxed its steady watchfulness, and sparkled with the play of thought and fire of imagination; and Edward Ryder, on whom not a change was lost, could hardly believe it was not a delusion of fancy that placed such a man on a footing of equality with himself, in free and social converse.

It was rarely, indeed, that Hervey Templeton was thus transformed: better had it been for him could it have happened oftener! Alas! to the royalty of intellect is the same penalty attached as to the royalty

of birth: the crown will press on the brow—the sceptre weary the arm, whether held over the bodies or over the minds of men. More surely, more sternly than the hand of time, had the war of public life done its work on that face and frame, growing old before their time in the weary struggle, among the prejudices of party, and against the bitterness of opposition—*“to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God!”* If anything had been wanting to deepen the enthusiasm of Edward Ryder, it would have been found in the conviction forced on him by near observation, that not even the purest patriotism, the most enlightened philanthropy, the most determined zeal to work out the right and true, could rescue this great mind from the common sentence—*“All that cometh is vanity.”* His countenance showed it; his dark hair silvered showed it; it spoke in the occasional melancholy of his voice, in the chastened view he took of the life that had once been so full of sunshine; all confirming the truth so beautifully illustrated by our sacred poet,\* where the failure of human intentions, the disappointment of benevolent hopes, are at once foretold, and comforted by the remembrance that

“The Son of God, in doing good,  
Was fain to look to heaven, and sigh.”

The interview between the statesman and the artist,

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\* Keble's Christian Year.

both so earnest in their aim, so different in their earnestness: the one conscious that the sentence of decay was already gone forth against his overburdened strength, the other buoyant with the confidence of genius, that would not believe it could either fail or fade,—made a lasting impression on both. It won them each a friend, such as Edward had dreamed of in his warmest visions, and Templeton had ceased to believe in. The position of patron and client ceased from that day; separated as they were forced to be, by their different pursuits, and by the usages of society, their regard never suffered diminution; and in spite of all that has been asserted of the necessity for equality in friendship, it continued to increase in strength, without Edward's ever forgetting their difference of station, or Templeton's ever giving him cause to remember it.





## CHAPTER XI.



THE day had arrived on which the question of the new clock was to be decided. Parties ran very high on the occasion. The Wat Tyler Club, though much fallen in public confidence, yet ventured forth again in a body, and issued great placards in favour of "Gaunt and Greenlow, the friends of reform, of equality," of everything and everybody, particularly themselves. The election contest had subsided since the failure of the demonstration, and Mr. Templeton, in a quiet way, had done a little canvassing for Col. Mowbray, the government candidate, during his brief stay in Elchester. It was confidently whispered that the great man took a lively interest in the affair of the clock, and marked was the glee with which Gaunt's party exulted over Warden's loss, which put him out of the question. The Countess Moore, too, had subscribed liberally, and had been known to wish for his success; so, on the whole, those whose inclinations were with the new shop held the robbery, shocking as it was, to be rather a fortunate coincidence.

Gaunt and Greenlow preserved a guarded silence on the matter. Their tenders went up to the committee in proper form, and in due time, notwithstanding the prognostics of Mr. Dance. The meetings of the Club at their house had been discontinued since the riot, and they appeared to ignore all that was said, printed, or whispered in their favour. Such modesty was not without its reward.

The weather continued so mild, David was able to come down stairs, and sit in an armchair in the back parlour. He had been prepared for the melancholy change in the shop, but in his weak state he felt it keenly. His bird, too, was gone; they had kept it from him as long as they could, in hopes of its recovery, but now he was obliged to be told, and manly as he was, the tears would come, though, whenever his father looked at him, they were vigorously brushed away.

"Ah, my poor lad," said Mr. Goss, who had looked in to see how things were going on, and give vent to his private opinion of the rival firm, "after all, my Lady the Countess hasn't done *you* much good: her bird only got you ill-will, and her fine promises can't get back your father's property, and her smart carriage and horses nearly broke your neck. You're not quite so mighty fond of her now, I've a notion, eh?"

"Not fond of her? of Lady Moore?" repeated David, his pale face flushing crimson. "Why, what harm has she done? What has she ever been but all

that is kind, and beautiful, and good, and especially so to me? Not love her? I *do* love her, Mr. Goss, and I don't care what ill-will I get for her sake, and if they took everything I had in the world, I should love her only the more!"

The goodnatured visitor tried to calm this indignant burst, expecting to be scolded by Marian for exciting him. He knew no harm of her, he said, and he didn't mean none.

"Then you shouldn't speak as if you did," retorted the little champion, "and when I am well again, and grow big and strong, I shall just like to see anybody who dares speak against her at all, that I shall."

"Against whom?" asked a sweet voice in the doorway. The boy started in his chair—Mr. Goss no less; the shop was full of ladies, Mrs. Eyre and her grandchildren, Miss Luton, and the Countess Moore herself, who had pushed the inner door gently open, to ask her little friend how he did.

"Who is that you are going to fight for, David?" she repeated. "I hope it is on the right side."

"That you may be sure of, my lady," said Warden, from behind the counter. "If David fights at all, it will be for your ladyship, and no one else. The child loves you so, my lady, they were obliged to promise you'd come and see him before you went away, or he would never have rested in his bed, I know."

"Loves *me*!" repeated Lady Moore, with one of

those lovely blushes that generous feeling always brought into her cheek. "What have I done to deserve it?"

And she glided past the admiring Mr. Goss, slightly acknowledging his reverent salute, and bending over David's chair, kissed him on the forehead.

"There, my dear boy, I have kept my word. I promised you a kiss when I came back to Elchester, and I promised Mr. Templeton should see you; but as he is very busy, and cannot come to you, will you come with me, and see him?"

"Oh yes, with you, where you like," faltered David, too weak as yet for all this excitement, but keeping fast hold of her hand. "But how shall I go? I mustn't walk, Marian says."

"Nor do I mean you should—Marian knows all about it. I am going to take you in the carriage. Nurse Hope has a sofa and table all ready for you: and you are just to do what you please, and sit up or go to sleep, whichever you feel inclined. Shall you not like it?"

"Very much, indeed. But what will father do, all alone? And he has not even Bully to cheer him. Oh, Lady Moore, those unkind people stole my bird, which I had taken such care of because you were so good to me!"

"That was very unkind, indeed; but they shall not steal *my* bird, whom I mean to take greater care of still, for the good he did to me. And never mind

father just now ; he is going to be very busy, and he will not want either of us for a long time to come."

So David, almost too happy, was muffled up and placed in the carriage, with Marian and Mrs. Eyre, and carried off to the Deanery, leaving the Countess, Miss Luton, and the little girls to finish their errand, and follow on foot.

" Well, to be sure ! " exclaimed Mr. Goss, when they were all gone, and he could emerge from obscurity, to talk to his friend at his ease, " your boy may well be fond enough of that pretty face : I'd be fond of her too with half that encouragement. It's enough to make any one vote for Mowbray, if only just to please her. And such orders too, Warden, as she gives you ! I say, you think better of the aristocracy, I take it, Matthew, than you did last year, eh ? "

Before this difficult question could be answered, Edward and Oscar rushed into the shop.

" Mr. Warden, Mr. Warden ! you are wanted, if you please, this minute. Where's your hat ? where's your other coat ? Yes, wash your hands if you like, but don't stop for any dressing, for our orders are to bring you immediately."

" But what is it ? what's up now, gentlemen ? " cried Mr. Goss, while the old man, as calmly as he could, presaging something of interest, though not daring to enquire, made his brief preparations for compliance. " Can't you just say, ay or no, is there any news ? "



"News? yes," said Edward, "they have chosen Gaunt and Greenlow: much good may it do them! Now, my dear sir, are you ready? Take my arm."

And away they hurried him, leaving the amazed butcher to stare after them all down the street.

"Did you say, Ned," began Warden, with forced composure, "that Gaunt and Greenlow are the men?"

"Yes, sir: or rather an apology for such. Their estimate was the lowest, and they introduced a new invention, or improvement in the machinery, which I cannot explain, but which caused general approval."

Warden groaned; he drew his arm away, and half turned round. "I can't go on, Ned Ryder. It is no use. I am old and weak, and wicked, God forgive me; and I had better be alone."

But they each caught an arm, and made him march whether he would or not. The Committee Room was at the bank, and a crowd were collected round the door. The young men pushed briskly forwards, and Warden was in before he knew where he was going.

The room was full of gentlemen; the hum of voices gradually dropped on his entrance, and in a few minutes, his composure returning, the old man was able to look about him, and recognise the faces he saw. The Dean, Mr. Templeton, and a great many of the clergy were there, and Colonel Mowbray, the candidate, and two or three magistrates, and no end of important persons, not forgetting Mr. Dance, whose en-

couraging smile, as he came in, was intended to prevent the watchmaker from being overcome.

Business was now begun with Warden, by a few questions about the loss of his property, and whether he could identify any part of it. He was sure he could. A cloth was drawn aside, and a cage produced, containing a bullfinch. Did he know that bird? The glow on his withered cheek at the thoughts of David, spoke for him. "I'll swear to that bird, your worship, anywhere."

"And will you swear to these," producing a bundle of papers, "and to this?" uncovering a wooden model of a clock: "because, if you can, Mr. Warden, we have a much abler mechanician in Elchester than we gave ourselves credit for."

"Your worship — Mr. Dean — gentlemen," said Matthew Warden, his whole frame quivering with agitation, "if those papers are mine, as I believe them to be, they are my plan for the Cathedral Clock, of which this is the model, and the new improvement in the construction is entirely my own, for I have been years bringing it to perfection. I had hoped to see the new Clock made by it: and even now, gentlemen, as you have been pleased to give it to other hands, if you approve my idea, you are welcome to make what use of it you please, and I will show them all about it, if Tim Greenlow doesn't know it already."

"On that head," said one of the magistrates, "think we can make you quite easy, Mr. Warden

Your improvement was certainly known to those gentlemen, for they inserted it in their own plan. Bring in that prisoner, constable !”

To Warden’s astonishment, the constable appeared, holding the arm of Timothy Greenlow, who, directly he saw his old master, fell on his knees, and begged for mercy. It was all Gaunt’s doing—all the Club’s fault: they had silenced, and threatened, and beguiled him, or he should never have thought of such a thing, never ! And now he, innocent as the babe unborn, was to be punished for their offences !

The magistrate stopped this appeal by calling for evidence, and then the whole began to explain itself.

There had been no end to the mischievous reports against Warden and Ryder that Timothy’s jealousy had not prompted. He had helped to set people’s minds against David, had fomented the attack on Edward, and had been an instigator of the riot on the demonstration day, though he kept out of sight. That he had any share in plundering Warden’s shop could not be proved, but it was certain that he helped to conceal the stolen goods, on the papers and model being given up to him, by which he hoped to rise to eminence on the ruins of his old master’s hopes. How Oscar discovered the bullfinch, we described before: but his manner of making it certain was highly characteristic of that melo-dramatic manœuvrer.

“ I go,” he said in his evidence, “ to that shop, when nearly full: I enter with the *air militaire*; I

strike the counter with my fist, *à l'Anglaise*; I say to this gentleman, before his customers, 'Sir, I am come to demand of you, satisfaction for your language about me and my friend.' That gentleman, though very brave, turns pale; he begs me to walk in the inner apartment, to avoid *scandale*, till he can speak to me in private. I bow with dignity, and I walk in, and as nobody is there I draw the bolt behind me; open the door to the staircase, and glide up the stairs like a cat: listen every where, peep cautiously, holding my breath lest it betray me: and at last find the room I seek. The door is locked. I listen, I think I hear a chirp—I remember Blondel and Richard Cœur de Lion, and I begin to whistle, very softly, "*La dernière pensée de Weber.*" *Point d'affaire.* I try again, the national air of Albion: that little loyal heart wakes to the responsive chord, and sings in answer. I could swear to him then as I have done now. Then I fly down the stairs, I undo the bolt again, and when Monsieur comes to ask what was my business, I am sitting there as if it was nothing at all."

Oscar, after this important discovery, communicated with Edward, and they went together to the proper authorities. Every precaution was taken to prevent the thieves taking alarm, and the opportunity was seized of the firm being summoned to the Committee, for the officers to take possession of the house, and search for the property, now restored. Many of the watches had been conveyed away, but the specimens

of clock-work, and all the curiosities, less valued and more dangerous to dispose of, were found on the premises, besides the bullfinch, who had played so distinguished a part in their recovery. The paltry spite that had induced this theft, thus met its deserved reward.

By some mistake, however, Mr. Gaunt, more acute than his junior, caught scent of the proceedings, and absconded, leaving Timothy to bear the whole. Timothy, the more his guilt was proved, grew profuse in his contrition, and entreaties for pardon; Matthew Warden interceded for him, but the magistrates had no choice, and he was committed at once. After this painful part of the business was over, the Dean came forward, and in the name of the Committee, made a short speech to Matthew Warden, and announced that their choice had fallen upon him, as the most skilful and approved of all the competitors; to which all the gentlemen gave a hearty "Hear, hear." And then Colonel Mowbray made a short speech, in which he regretted what Mr. Warden had suffered from his staunch political opinions, giving him credit for much more loyalty than he deserved, and hoping his fellow citizens would only respect him the more, and emulate his example; which as a stroke of electioneering, was dexterous and well-timed. And then Mr. Templeton spoke a few words, as a man who knew the value of them, and he expressed his belief, from the specimens before them, that in Mr. Warden they possessed a living proof of what he had long believed,—the strong

intellect and power of invention among the working professions of the country, only waiting opportunity to become distinguished. He congratulated the good town of Elchester on possessing not only such a Dean and clergy,—they were beyond his praise—but such a genius in art as Mr. Edward Ryder, and in mechanics as Mr. Warden.

The news that Gaunt had fled, and Greenlow was in custody, and their house in the hands of the police, spread rapidly through the town, and drew a crowd from all parts about the door of the bank: the report was quickly circulated that Warden had been selected, and that Mr. Templeton himself had complimented him; and when all the business was finished, and the committee and visitors came out, they found a most animated reception awaiting them. “Three cheers for Mr. Templeton!” was the first shout, begun by some loyal partisan, shrewdly conjectured afterwards to be Mr. Thorpe. It was vigorously seconded, and unanimously echoed from street to street, as the Dean’s carriage, containing Dr. Eyre, the minister, and Col. Mowbray, drove briskly home, Mr. Templeton lifting his hat in return now and then: the Colonel bowing on all sides with the deepest courtesy.

That day was never forgotten in Elchester, and the sight of the statesman’s face did more in establishing confidence in his government, than all the leading articles of the newspapers had effected in a year. “Did you see him?” was the general question, “oh! he’s

a noble looking gentleman, let them say what they like,—I'll vote for Mowbray, I know, to-morrow.—Here comes old Matthew,—and the painter; give 'em a cheer too—Hurrah !”

“ Hurrah !” echoed Mr. Goss, who, wherever there was a commotion of any kind, was sure to be in the middle, “ hurrah ! and again hurrah ! for Templeton with his own lips declared they were the cleverest fellows he had ever set eyes upon, and he ought to be up to a thing or two, if any one is ! Three times three, and one cheer more—hurrah !”

So with cheering, and handshaking, and congratulations, enough to astound both the old and the young man, at the marvellous increase of popularity they had attained, after so much neglect; Warden and Ryder went home in triumph : even Oscar came in for a share of public approbation, as having been the detector of the thieves, whom everybody vied now in crying down. They had still more reason so to do, than they were at first aware of, for when the affairs came to be examined, it was discovered that the firm were in debt all over the town, and had even borrowed money on the credit of the new clock, of which, on good grounds, they had felt so secure.

We do not imagine our readers feel much curiosity respecting the fate of such unprincipled individuals, so leave them for the present to fade into the obscurity they deserve.

Warden's first anxiety was to carry the good news

to his sisters : and while he and Edward and Oscar, all talking at once, were giving them explanations in different ways, who should arrive but Marian from the Deanery, full of joy and messages. The Dean had brought the news home, and Lady Moore had herself told it to David, and said she must wish Mr. Warden joy in person ; and Mr. Templeton had said he must see more of that sensible and ingenious old man, and Mrs. Eyre said directly, they must all come and drink tea there that evening : and then David said their aunts were coming to see *them*, and the Dean immediately hoped they would come too, and Mr. Ryder of course, and Mr. Ryder's friend : and she had run home to tell them, and as they were not there, had followed them to Aunt Claribel's.

Well, now, as may be imagined, there was no small bustle and agitation : great solemnity of council on the subject of dress and etiquette ; a little excitement on Miss Claribel's part, and a great deal of nervousness on Miss Susan's, at the idea of drinking tea with the Countess Moore. Miss Claribel, indeed, after a moment's reflection, recalled the respect with which that lady had treated her in their journey, which she could only attribute to admiration of her abilities ; and forgot the rival claims of her two best silk gowns, while debating whether there could possibly be time to draw up a concise synopsis of her work, to present to Mr. Templeton. It was such an opportunity ! how often she had intended to do it, and put it off, and now



it was too late : Marian was arranging, and brushing, and pinning, and would not even let her look at her desk : and there was no remedy, but to make vows against procrastination for the future. "It is a warning to me, quite a warning," she repeated, more than once, "it is a warning always to be ready : one never knows what may happen."

"Well, that's true enough, sister," said Warden, "but I always understood you *did* know what would happen, and a great deal more besides."

"Dear brother !" interposed Susan, anxiously, "how could anybody suppose we should be asked out to tea to meet a Countess ? I am sure if we could have foreseen such a thing, I would have had a new cap at any rate : I am afraid this one, though I cannot see it, is not quite what she is accustomed to see, and she may think it disrespectful. You must make my excuses, Marian, love, and keep close by me, to tell me if I do anything very rude."

"That would indeed be something to tell of," said Marian, smiling, as she arranged the cap in question on the gentle head, and looked at her with affectionate admiration. "I could almost wish you would be rude for once, Aunt Susan, just to see how you would set about it."

So in due time they were all ready, and to the Deanery they went, and rather narrowly at first did old Warden watch his intended son-in-law, to see if by word or gesture, he showed the least symptom of

being ashamed of his connexion. But their reception was so cordial on all sides, the old man soon forgot to be suspicious : and certainly had little reason to be so. His own appearance in his Sunday dress, on which Marian had bestowed not a little attention, with his white hair, intelligent countenance, and simplicity of manner, was such as would have won respect immediately, even from judges less disposed to concede it. Mr. Templeton singled him out at once, and kept him talking on the hearthrug for full half-an-hour ; on machinery, and metallurgy, and foreign and home manufacture, and the rate of labour and wages, and many other subjects, of absorbing interest to the old watchmaker, who little expected to find the great minister so well-informed on all these matters ; and at the same time so ready to accept information. From business they went to political matters, and Templeton encouraged him to speak out, and heard all he had to say, to complain of, or to suggest, with an indulgence he was not in the habit of according to theorists in general : and then spoke himself, in few words, but well chosen, for they went straight to the old man's heart. It was generally observed, indeed, from that day, that old Warden's opinions had modified considerably : his remarks were less cynical, his views of society less bitter, and his vague notions of the tyranny of government exchanged for a firm reliance on the integrity of Hervey Templeton. " He's an honest man, Sir," was the answer he gave when taxed with

inconsistency, "and he is a feeling man, and he is a clear-headed man. He knows what we want, and he is wearing himself out to help us to it; but he says, and says truly, that to become really wiser and better, we must help ourselves, and that every one who knows so much as to knock a nail in straight, should take care that none of his neighbours knock 'em in crooked."

We cannot say that Miss Claribel derived much encouragement from her introduction to the minister, who, not even to please Lady Moore, would be entrapped into the smallest argument with her on Parthenocracy, or human improvement. In the Dean, however, she found a more courteous listener. His old-world politeness would not even allow him to look wearied; but when she had quite done, he gently asked if she was acquainted with the writings of Sharon Turner?

No; Miss Claribel had never seen them.

So the Dean supposed, and he begged permission to lend her a volume, in which she would find this particular subject philosophically and practically discussed; and when she had given it a careful perusal, he would be happy to renew the subject again.

David had been brought down from the school-room, and laid on the sofa by the fire, with the three little girls to attend on and pet him, which they had been doing with untiring devotion all the afternoon. Whether it was very good for him in his weak state, nurses and physicians may question; but it is astonish-

ing what dangerous things people do sometimes without being the worse. The children had brought out all their new toys, and little Mary had a wonderful story to tell, how Lady Moore had got all these presents for them, without their knowing anything about it, but nothing for herself: and then after breakfast, grandpapa had come into the school-room, just before church, looking so merry, to say Lady Moore's Christmas-box was come, and they must guess what it was. And they had guessed and guessed, but they could not find out, and all their guesses were wrong: and what did David think it turned out to be after all? Nothing in the world but Mr. Templeton. Wasn't it very odd? How could anybody be anybody else's Christmas-box?

Miss Luton, leaning against the back of the sofa, and hearing this, smiled at Marian, and then said she thought David knew somebody else who had received a present of that kind. And as Marian smiled and blushed, Lady Moore came to know what the joke was; and as soon as she knew, declared it was very true in her case, and she thought Marian would agree with her, in determining to keep their Christmas-boxes as long as they lived. "And there is another treasure we have to keep, Marian," continued the Countess, laying her hand on Kate's, "though I am afraid I come but second in her heart, after you: a real, faithful friend, who will not shrink from speaking the truth at the hazard of offending. I have learned to value

her by experience, and my endeavour must now be to enable her to value me !”

“She is indeed a kind, dear friend,” said Marian, earnestly, “if your ladyship only knew half I owe her, half she has done for me, and taught me,—the good advice and kindness I have had from her:—don’t stop me, dear Miss Luton; I must speak, and my lady knows what you are as well as I do.”

Lady Moore looked round at Mr. Templeton, who, notwithstanding his conversation with Matthew and others, appeared to be aware of every movement of hers, and almost to know everything she said. One beckon of her finger brought him to the back of the sofa, where the three friends were still standing.

“We are in a difficulty, Hervey, Miss Warden and I, from not having ready eloquence at command. We want to express our gratitude to Miss Luton, the best friend in need that we ever had, and we do not know how, because she is so much cleverer than either of us: is it not so, Marian?”

“Yes, indeed, my lady,” said Marian, innocently.

“There, Hervey, you hear what Miss Warden says. Now, as you are more clever still, we must beg of you to take it in your hands, and speak for us both, as well as yourself.”

“You must give me full particulars, then, said Mr. Templeton, smiling, “if I am to have the honour of being your spokesman.”

“Must we?” said Angel Moore, “must we indeed,

Marian? That will tell hardly on me; but I must submit. The truth is, Hervey, that Marian and myself found ourselves in the same trying position—(Mr. Ryder is not listening, happily)—loved by men of whom we did not feel worthy. No, Hervey, I will not be interrupted; and you need not be afraid of my saying this too often: I may think very differently by and by. So it was, however, at that time; and we had both the same friend to advise us, and that friend was Miss Luton. And the advice she gave—do you always bear it in mind, Marian? I have it laid up in my heart, though I forgot to put it in practice. It is not yet too late, not yet," she continued, her eyes sparkling and her cheek flushing with the deep emotion that was almost too much for her fragile strength, "I thought once it was, but I have been spared; and not, I trust, in vain. And if ever I appreciate my destiny in any degree as I should, I shall owe it to the monitor who showed it to me first!"

Hervey Templeton's deep, expressive eyes met her's with the tenderest, most trustful love; and then rested on Kate Luton's bent head and moistened lashes. He remained for a few moments in silent thought; and then gently drew Kate by the hand into the deep, recessed window, apart from the others.

"I did not need reminding, Miss Luton, of my debt of gratitude to you. If I have been backward in acknowledging, it has been from my ignorance how to repay it."

"Indeed, Sir," said Kate, deeply moved, "your goodness over-rates what I have done. Lady Moore's generosity and kindness are unceasing; and if any word or action of mine has the honour of your approbation, I am indeed over-paid."

"You are, indeed," he said, "as the world's payment goes; for services like yours, Miss Luton, go too often unacknowledged altogether. And here lies my difficulty—that yours is almost the only profession which I am powerless to assist. You, on whom so much is laid, who have such a serious charge, such a heavy responsibility,—you stand so independently alone, that all the patronage of England cannot lift you a step. Yet there is so much in common between us, in our aim, and calling; sentinels both, you on the outposts, I about the citadel,—that I must and will hope, Miss Luton, for the privilege of your friendship and regard."

"Oh, Mr. Templeton! *mine*? Can you doubt for a moment, of the respect and honour in which you are held, even at a distance; how much more when your goodness is personally felt and known?"

"I have not now to learn," said Hervey, with his thoughtful, almost melancholy smile, "that enthusiasm will gild public characters, till they hardly know themselves again. Believe me, Miss Luton, this honour and respect are heavily counterbalanced by the expectations they raise, beyond the ability of man to satisfy. Esteem from hearts and understandings like

yours, on the contrary, strengthens the mind to deserve it. Now that I have confessed my inability to serve you, will you serve *me*? You did so once. You went through a painful service in my cause. Can I ever forget that evening, and that disappointment, and your honest courage, and gentle consolation? And now, Miss Luton, look at her," (for Angel Moore had left them to their tête à tête, and was watching them with her clear, sweet smile from the farther end of the room), "look at her, so young, so gifted, so gracious, so unutterably dear—without mother, sister, or guide; left to me—a man, about as fit to lead her through life, as to touch her harp, or her needle-work, or her flowers. Be her friend still, Miss Luton, by helping her to be a friend to herself; and in so doing, prove yourself mine, and rely on my undying gratitude."

He put Miss Luton's hand respectfully to his lips: she expected he would then break off the conversation, as the force of compliment could no further go: but he had something more to say first.

"Although *you* are above my reach, Miss Luton, and all my good wishes can only remain wishes still, the same restriction does not exist in all members of your family. Mrs. Eyre tells me you have two brothers."

Kate Luton's cheeks grew crimson. "I have indeed, sir." She was almost breathless.

"One in the church, I believe? I have looked



down the Clergy List, but as he is not there, I fear he has no living? Where does he reside?"

Kate eagerly gave Herbert's address: poor Herbert! with his curacy and large family! she longed to pour out a torrent in his praise, but her voice was half choked.

"And your other brother is in one of the services?"

"In the navy, sir: a lieutenant on board the *Argus*."

Both names went down in the minister's pocket-book; that precious muster-roll, to be inscribed wherein, so many struggles were made, so much interest courted! Miss Luton's eyes were dim with tears, and she listened breathlessly for what should follow.

"To promise patronage indiscriminately," he said, gently, "would be unworthy both of you and me. I can only promise this. Their characters shall decide their fate. If their testimonials prove them to be in their professions, what you are in yours, no influence shall be wanting on my part, to prove how valuable excellence is in my eyes, whenever I am happy enough to find it."

"Oh, Mr. Templeton! God reward you! I ask no more!" cried poor Kate, bursting into tears; and before he could prevent it, she had kissed his hand in her turn; which brought my Lady Moore flying from her distant corner, to know what all this was about. And when she knew, she sent Hervey Templeton away, and begged Kate would be so very good as to find Mr. Ryder's picture, the 'Samuel,' which she had

rescued from the rioters, and which Mr. Templeton had not yet seen: and so gave her an opportunity of escaping before Mrs. Eyre detected her tears, which would have caused a great commotion.

The picture was produced: and greatly admired. The sight of David himself, reclining there with his pale face and large bright eyes, gave additional interest to his image. *The boy that God loved* — who could not see that name stamped on the pure, spiritual expression of the face, on which there appeared already so much more of heaven than earth? It struck even the old father himself; who looked first at the picture and then at his child, till the tears dropped on the canvas: and when Mr. Templeton began to say he must have it when completed, to adorn his gallery, Warden broke in almost abruptly. "I beg your pardon, sir: you have the best right, I know, and deserve whatever England has to give you: but you are kind at heart, and you will forgive what I say. That picture must be mine, sir: I do not know what Mr. Edward Ryder considers its value, but if it cost me half my shop, I wouldn't let it go into other hands. Edward Ryder, do you hear me?"

"Yes, he hears you," said Mr. Templeton, "and if all be true that is told us, you have paid him a higher compliment than my gallery could have done. You must allow me one satisfaction, however, Mr. Warden: that of presenting it to you myself." He held out his hand to Edward with much kindness, and then turned

suddenly upon Oscar, who had been remarkably quiet all this time. "That is well worth caricaturing, sir, is it not?"

"Sir," stammered Oscar, much taken aback.

"I think we were fellow travellers on Christmas morning, were we not?" pursued the minister, "I thought I recognised your voice to-day: you were talking with your companion about caricatures in general, and one very clever one in particular. It was too dark to distinguish faces at the time, but I am sure it was your voice."

"*Monsieur—mais je vous demande mille pardons,*" said poor Oscar, now scarlet, as he recalled that jovial dialogue with a fellow-passenger, and his boast of a political caricature he had just executed. His distress and embarrassment were so overwhelming, Mr. Templeton could not pursue his attack. He turned it off with a compliment; professed himself quite unequal to standing French wit, as well as English opposition, and ended by inviting M. Valmont to call on him in town, and he would try and find him some worthier subject for his clever pencil: a promise that he kept so skilfully, Oscar was never tempted to turn his art against him again.

The party was about to break up, on David's account, when the Dean petitioned for one Christmas chant, before they separated, they knew not when to meet again. Hervey was to leave the next morning;

Lady Moore two days afterwards ; and it was doubtful what change of scene or fortune might not occur to prevent such a reunion. Let their last words be those of praise and harmony. And as Miss Luton had a low soft voice, and Lady Moore a warbling soprano, and the Dean did not think himself too old to join a little, and Edward could throw in a very tolerable bass, there was no difficulty in arranging parts, even without David to assist ; who, in unwonted silence, but intense happiness, lay on the sofa, with Mr. Templeton standing opposite, listening to those dear and harmonious voices, proclaiming, "*peace on earth—good will to men.*"

Our story opened with sacred song—to its echoes let it close. In drawing a picture of human life, we can but show it as it is, joy and sorrow—good and evil,—*light and shade*. So must it be to the end. We dare not foretell, to the best, or most favoured of our characters, a continual noontide, or a cloudless sky. Not the noblest aim, not the staunchest perseverance, can ensure such a destiny, even for a day ; and those whose fortunes we have been following, however bright their present prospects, must yet be looked upon as travellers and pilgrims, through a way of many snares and many storms. We would therefore part with them as we see them now. Singing the Saviour's nativity,—proclaiming his glorious mission,—at peace with one another, and steadfast in goodwill towards

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the world; and in the warm glow of gratitude that gave to their voices the fervour of worship, carrying out the full meaning of the Apostolic injunction, "Is any afflicted? let him pray;—is any merry? let him sing psalms!"

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